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May 20, 1916

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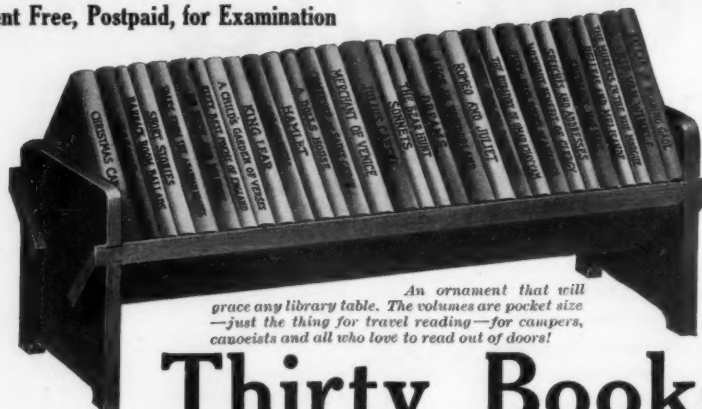
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THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

IS THE SUBMARINE CONTROVERSY SETTLED?

A GREAT DIPLOMATIC VICTORY for President Wilson is what the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, the Cologne organ of the powerful Center party in Germany, sees in our State Department's latest note to Berlin, in which we accept the Imperial Government's compliance with our demands and reject every suggestion of a condition attached to this compliance. With our acceptance in good faith of Germany's pledge to "do its utmost to confine the operations of the war for the rest of its duration to the fighting forces of the belligerents," and with Germany's final acknowledgment of responsibility in the *Sussex* case, many papers both here and in Germany believe that our long and ominous controversy over the U-boat warfare is now happily ended. Our note itself makes clear that "a scrupulous execution henceforth of the now altered policy of the Imperial Government" will "remove the principal danger to an interruption of the good relations existing between the United States and Germany"; and American papers are virtually unanimous in approving the manner of the President's acceptance and in hoping that a break is permanently averted. Since this acceptance, calls for no formal answer from the German Government special interest attaches to the comment of the German papers and to the tone of the press dispatches from the German capital. A Berlin correspondent of the *New York Sun* reports that "the feeling of friendliness in Germany toward the American people, in both official and unofficial circles, is such as had not existed since the *Lusitania* sank a year ago." And he goes on to say:

"It is taken for granted that President Wilson's reply settles the entire question, as it indicates that Germany's declarations have been accepted by the United States. Germany never intended that its statement concerning the course to be pursued if the President could not bring the Allies to terms should be considered in any sense a condition modifying the announcement concerning the new submarine orders. It is, therefore, willing to rest on Mr. Wilson's declaration that no conditions can be accepted. Germany also is willing to be judged from now on by deeds and not words. . . .

"There is, of course, behind the new friendship a feeling that the United States will now of its own accord insist upon securing its rights from the Allies, but the German people are willing to leave that to the American people. There is no question that the notes recently exchanged between the United States and Germany were really meant for the people and not for the Government. This also explains why all the notes were published in the newspapers before they were received by the

Governments. President Wilson's latest note was carried in a news-agency's report fully twelve hours ahead of the official communication.

"The show of special friendliness by the German Foreign Office toward the American Embassy did much to allay popular hostility in Germany. Then came the invitation to Ambassador Gerard to visit the Kaiser at the great army headquarters; his stay of four days there was unprecedented. No other Ambassador has been similarly honored. There were also cordial conferences between Mr. Gerard and Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg before and after that visit. . . .

"Just now, Germany seems to be in a mood to go far to meet American ideas, which may result in better relations between the countries."

President Wilson's "great diplomatic victory" will assure his reelection, infers the Cologne paper quoted at the beginning of this article. And this means, it goes on to say, that "he will be President until the end of the war, and that Germany will have to reckon with him throughout the conflict." Despite a deep undercurrent of resentment in Berlin because of the "provocative tone" of our reply, reports Karl H. von Wiegand to the *New York World*, "there is much satisfaction that the crisis is ended and the situation closed." "The German-American crisis, with its danger of a rupture," declares the *Berlin Zeitung am Mittag*, "is now a thing of the past"; and it points to the *Sussex* acknowledgment as evidence that Germany is prepared to act uprightly and assume the consequences of its mistakes. Commenting on our reminder that the United States could not accept a conditional pledge for the safety of its citizens, the *Berlin Lokal Anzeiger* says that this is "demolishing a man of straw":

"The German note contains no such condition. It merely expresses an 'expectation' and 'does not doubt' that after the German-American dispute is settled the American Government will hold Great Britain to the observance of its duties under international law."

A conciliatory article in the *Berlin Morgen Post*, while repeating the complaint that American neutrality "leaves much to be desired," declares that the outcome "refutes those critics who declared that President Wilson desired a breach." The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, while not pleased with the tone of the American note, remarks:

"The chief thing is that our Empire's leaders have achieved their purpose. We may now assume that the German Empire

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will remain at peace with the United States, disappointing the dearest hopes of our enemies."

On the other hand, Count von Reventlow, in the *Tageszeitung*, expresses by implication the idea that Germany's "expectation" really amounted to a condition; and Theodor Wolff, editor of

Evening Sun remarks that the sinking of the *Cymric* "already casts a shadow on the new pact which Germany has made with us."

The main parts of the German note were quoted in these pages last week. Our State Department's reply is dated May 8, and reads in part as follows:

"Accepting the Imperial Government's declaration of its abandonment of the policy which has so seriously menaced the good relations between the two countries, the Government of the United States will rely upon a scrupulous execution henceforth of the now altered policy of the Imperial Government, such as will remove the principal danger to an interruption of the good relations existing between the United States and Germany. . . .

"In order, however, to avoid any possible misunderstanding, the Government of the United States notifies the Imperial Government that it can not for a moment entertain, much less discuss, a suggestion that respect by German naval authorities for the rights of citizens of the United States upon the high seas should in any way or in the slightest degree be made contingent upon the conduct of any other Government affecting the rights of neutrals and non-combatants. Responsibility in such matters is single, not joint; absolute, not relative."

While this note was on its way to Germany, Secretary Lansing issued an explanatory statement to the American people, which ended with the following paragraph:

"While our differences with Great Britain can not form a subject of discussion with Germany, it should be stated that in our dealings with the British Government we are acting as we are unquestionably bound to act, in view of the explicit treaty-engagements with that Government. We have treaty-obligations as to the manner in which matters in dispute between the two Governments are to be handled. We offered to assume mutually similar obligations with Germany, but the offer was declined. When, however, the subject in dispute is a continuing



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THE SITUATION.

—Cassel in the New York Evening World.

the *Tageblatt*, complains of the "intentionally supercilious" tone of our reply. "The basis of German-American peace," says Dr. Wolff, "is still seriously shaken."

By way of Bern and London comes what purports to be a summary of Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg's speech at the secret sitting of the General Committee of the Reichstag on May 5, when the submarine controversy was under discussion. According to this summary, which may or may not be accurate, the German Chancellor said in part:

"A great mistake has been committed in overstating the value of the submarine campaign against England. Our naval experts no longer believe in the probability of reducing England to starvation and ruin by submarines, even if the war lasts another two years. It is true that these instruments can inflict a frightful amount of damage, but this damage would be insufficient to outweigh the danger to ourselves of America's hostilities. It is folly to underestimate the consequences of a conflict with America, nor should we risk only America's enmity. Our information leads us to believe that other neutrals might follow America's lead. The Imperial Government has weighed every factor and is convinced of the necessity of avoiding a breach with America.

"These are the hard facts of the present situation. We have worded a reply such as may reserve future liberty of action. If the situation changes we may cancel our concessions to America and resume unrestricted submarine operations, but for the present we must overcome our feeling and pursue the policy most conducive to final victory over all our enemies."

While a few of our own papers criticize President Wilson's latest note on one ground or another, some thinking he should not have replied at all, and others, like the *New Haven Journal-Courier*, preferring "a more direct method of dealing with the impudent German reply," the majority verdict on this side of the water is unquestionably one of approval. "The people of the United States hear their own voice and read their own thought" in this note, declares the *New York Times*, and this idea is variously expressed in many quarters. Here and there an editorial voice is raised to question Germany's good faith in her latest pledge, and here and there a German-American paper criticizes the "harshness" of President Wilson's reply. And the *New York*



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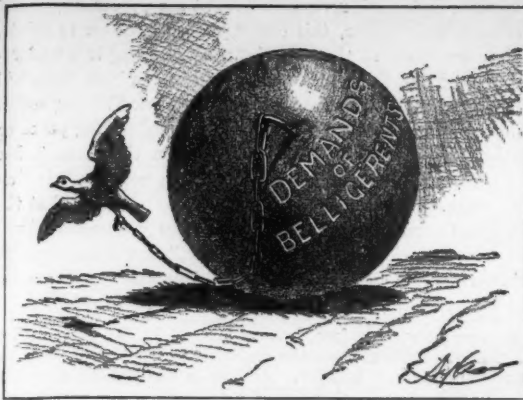
OTHERWISE, IT FITS.

—Cassel in the New York Evening World.

menace to American lives, it is doubtful whether such obligations apply unless the menace is removed during the pendency of the proceedings."

The treaty here referred to was negotiated before the war by Mr. Bryan when he was Secretary of State. In a Washington dispatch to the *New York Herald* we read:

"The terms of this treaty provide that whenever any issue shall arise the two Powers signatory to the treaty shall endeavor during a year to seek a settlement of the issue through diplomatic negotiations. If this effort fail, then the Powers shall submit the issue to a joint commission which shall investigate and report. This commission does not have any



CAN'T GET FAR.
—Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger.



WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS.
—Bradley in the Chicago Daily News.

CARTOON IMPRESSIONS OF PEACE PROSPECTS.

powers, similar to those of a court of arbitration, to declare a form of settlement and require its acceptance by the Powers, but it is merely to investigate the matter and report the facts and suggestions regarding settlement. Another year is allowed for this investigation. If any trouble comes it must come after this procedure has been followed for the two years.

"Thus it was made clear to-day that Germany can not hope for 'pressure' or 'action' by the United States against Great Britain, even if the United States were disposed to do this, for at least another year. That finally ends, if it were not already ended, the idea that the United States would seek to placate Germany by twisting the lion's tail and attempting to destroy the blockade."

FEELING EUROPE'S PULSE OF PEACE

THE BROADEST HINT Germany has yet given the Allies that she has a "well-developed yearning" for peace is, oddly enough, to be found in the Imperial German Government's *Sussex* note to the United States. This is the judgment of the *Boston Herald* and other journals on the passage in which we read that if the German Government is resolved to "go to the utmost limit of concessions, it has been guided not alone by the friendship connecting the two great nations for over one hundred years, but also by the thought of the great doom which threatens the entire civilized world should the cruel and sanguinary war be extended and prolonged." The *Boston* editor can hardly be called a pro-German when he remarks that the official who wrote the latter clause was not thinking of the doom of English, French, or Russian civilization, nor of *Kultur* in this country, for his people have never credited us with having very much of it, but it was simply a case of "blurt-ing out what the rest of the world has long since recognized, namely, that anything which makes for an extension or pro-longation of the war is sure to weigh in the scale against the Teutonic Empires." The succeeding paragraph of the German missive, which the *Chicago Tribune* deems perhaps its "most significant passage," reads as follows:

"The German Government, conscious of Germany's strength, twice within the last few months announced before the world its readiness to make peace on a basis safeguarding Germany's vital interests, thus indicating that it is not Germany's fault if peace is still withheld from the nations of Europe."

A forecast of possible peace terms is given in an interview to a Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune* by "a German whose long residence in both countries and whose intimate knowledge of German affairs enable him to speak with the highest authority." While this personage insisted that he was giving only his own estimate of conditions, the correspondent assures us that beyond doubt his views represent the concrete

terms on which Germany will make peace, and he summarizes them briefly as follows:

"The establishment of independent States on the east and south as a buffer against Russia. It is not insisted that these States shall be under German influence—merely that they shall not be vassals of Russia. This includes Servia.

"The Dardanelles to be in friendly hands.

"The freedom of Belgium and the return of the French territory now occupied. In return, Germany to get back her colonies and enough other colonial territory to give her free room for expansion.

"The freedom of the seas, along the lines President Wilson has outlined, which are understood to mean that peaceful commerce, both neutral and belligerent, shall not be interrupted again by war. The extent to which this can be accomplished is admittedly doubtful, but on it would depend very largely the details of the other terms.

"No indemnities.

"No attempt to hold an alien people in subjection, except in small numbers where the strategic and linguistic frontiers do not correspond, as around Metz."

The peace-hint in Germany's note, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, would seem to be "a direct intimation" to President Wilson that the German Government would "welcome from him a suggestion of mediation looking to peace." Yet it is regretfully admitted that if the Entente Allies are "bent upon the annihilation of Germany as a first-rank Power, the removal of the dynasty of Hohenzollern, the enforced reduction of the naval and military power of Germany," of course this means "a long continuance of the war." In this connection editorial observers remark particularly the utterance of Lord Robert Cecil, British Minister of Blockade and Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, whom London dispatches quote as saying:

"Of Germany's peace-overtures, if such they are to be called, I will say little. It was only in last December that the German Chancellor declared that we believed it to be in our interests to attribute falsely to them peace-proposals. Yet the German Government now says that twice within the last few months Germany has announced before the world her readiness to make peace. Which is the truth?

"It may be that the Germans want peace. If so, it is because they fear defeat. It may be only that they want to appear peaceful. For us it matters not. Our attitude, at any rate, is unchanged. We drew the sword unwillingly. We shall sheathe it gladly. But we should be untrue to our trust, we should be betraying civilization, if we abandoned our task until we have reestablished in Europe the supremacy of law, the sanctity of treaties, and the right of all nations, great and small, to live their lives, to fulfil their destinies, free from the intolerable menace of Prussian militarism."

The *St. Louis Globe Democrat* asserts that Lord Robert puts "the worst construction" on the so-called peace-hint paragraph of the German note when he accuses Germany of "either falsely

posing before the world as a friend of peace" or of recognizing her defeat and seeking to "make terms instead of having to accept terms." Then this journal observes:

"We of America have let our wishes sway us in expectation of peace. Often we have entertained hopes in which the element of desire tried to magnify the element of expectation. Every American would rejoice if this country, as the leading neutral



UNSAFE.

—Tuthill in the *St. Louis Star*.

of the world, could shorten the war by inducing the belligerents to reach an agreement that would bring no humiliation to either side, and thus furnish the basis of future amity."

The illumination of a first-hand observer is shed on the situation by Mr. S. S. McClure, the publisher, who, on arriving from Europe on May 11, said in a press interview:

"I have visited all the belligerent nations and did not find a suggestion of peace anywhere, except in Germany and Austria, where the people desire peace, for commercial reasons only. By that I mean they wish to resume their business relations with other nations, but not because they fear defeat. The English, French, Russians, Belgians, Italians, Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, Bulgarians, and the Turks are all confident of victory for their respective armies and determined to fight on to the end.

"The shortage of food in Germany and Austria has been much exaggerated in the newspapers, because Germany has everything systematized. In normal times there is a scarcity in those countries during April and May, but this situation will be relieved by the crops, which are said to be in good condition.

"The food-supply is bad in Constantinople because the inhabitants have always depended upon the Black Sea route for their provisions, the city having only a single-track railroad to connect it with the rest of Europe. Prices in the Turkish capital were high when I was there recently, sugar costing 75 cents, coffee 55 cents, and flour 22 cents a pound.

"The German Government has tried to improve the food-supply by sending 800 motor-trucks to Constantinople to bring in foodstuffs from points not reached by the railroad."

Despite Washington rumors of a plea of Pope Benedict to President Wilson in the interests of peace, a correspondent of the *New York Evening Sun* in that city informs us that—

"Mediation by the United States is not seen among Allied diplomats as a short cut to the end of the war. The view has been expressed that when there is any reason to believe the belligerents can agree on terms, representatives of the nations will get together in conference without neutral aid. It is conceded that for an effective interchange of views the British Premier and the German Chancellor have already found in the press a pretty adequate device."

Tho some diplomatic representatives at the Capital are skeptical of immediate peace, this correspondent goes on to relate, still they are confident that negotiations "resulting in a declaration of peace and a revision of the map in the Near East will begin in the next six months." The *New York Tribune*, which with other journals avers that the Allies are not talking peace or thinking it, claims that "if Germany is in the market, her terms should be announced," for until then peace-talk is "an empty sham." But the *Springfield Republican* tells us that the crisis with Germany through which we have just passed shows "how near America is to this great war," and fears that "if it should be indefinitely prolonged, American participation could not perhaps be avoided," and this journal adds:

"This country, therefore, has an interest in the situation so vital that its right to seek the conclusion of peace can hardly be questioned in any quarter. And upon this ground of America's interest, as well as upon the high claims of civilization and humanity, the President might base his offer of mediation at the earliest day."

WHAT TO DO WITH MEXICO

HOW MANY MORE MURDERS of Americans by Mexican bandits must be committed along the border before the Administration realizes the duty of the iron hand? This is the clamorous inquiry of adverse critics as they note the raid on midnight of May 5, at Glenn Springs, Texas, and those near Dryden and Eagle Pass, which followed within a week. The raiding force at Glenn Springs is estimated at from 75 to 200 men, who killed three soldiers and a child and looted a factory and several stores. While this was happening General Scott was busy "dickering" with General Obregon at El Paso, remarks the *Washington Post*, which pictures the United States standing like "an impotent and trembling giant, scoffed at by Mexican cutthroats, who believe they have proved America, with all its strength, to be too proud or too cowardly to protect its own people or punish their murderers." This journal



"VIVA UNPREPAREDNESS!"

—Harding in the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

among others adverts to the fact that there were only nine American soldiers, members of the Fourteenth Cavalry, on guard at Glenn Springs, which leads the *Boston Transcript* to deduce from the raid the moral that the Mexican situation must be seized more firmly and decisively "if we are to be protected from murder and rapine."

Meanwhile Washington dispatches informed us that the

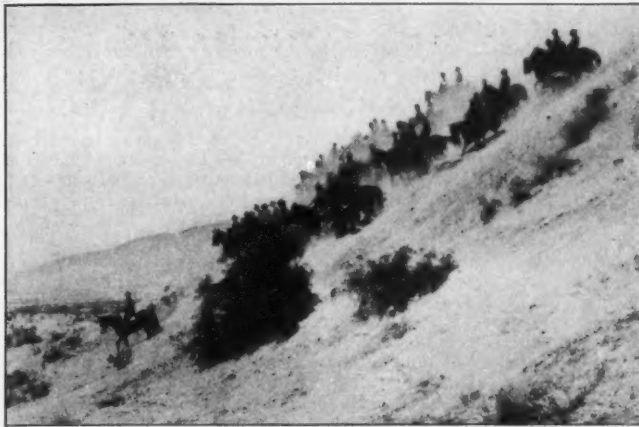
President and his advisers were convinced by the Glenn Springs raid, in some ways more daring than the personally conducted foray of Villa into Columbus, N. M., that Carranza is far from being in a position to control the situation in northern Mexico, and that the time is not near when American troops can be

One "fortunate" result of the Glenn Springs raid, according to the *New York Times*, was that it "opened the eyes of Carranza," who for the first time saw his true position in Mexico, and ours. Consequently, this journal goes on to say, he instructed General Obregon to "lay aside the discussion of our withdrawing the American forces from Mexico and to make arrangements with General Scott for a joint patrol of the border as a protection against raids." To the extreme advocates of armed intervention in Mexico the *New York Sun* says that "never was there more reason to be unmoved by fugitive rumor and to remain cool," and the *New York Evening Post* observes:

"Such an appeal as that of Governor Ferguson [of Texas] will, we are sure, meet with little response. 'To enter Mexico and assume control of that unfortunate country,' to undertake to establish stable government there 'whether it takes ten or fifty years to do it'—this is not a program to which any considerable fraction of the American people would give countenance except under the pressure of the most unmistakable necessity. We are not going to be stampeded into any such momentous proceeding by the success of a few outlaws in breaking once more over the border. That steps must be taken to prevent the recurrence of such outrages every one agrees; but we can not place our whole future relations to a neighboring country of fifteen million inhabitants—not to speak of the South-American Republics, whose sentiments would be affected—at the

mercy of every possible turn which sporadic outlawry may take. Nothing is more noteworthy than the sober and responsible attitude which the American newspapers, with few exceptions, have displayed during these trying weeks. It is evidently felt, by press and people, that the Administration, and the army officers on the spot, are facing the situation in the best possible manner; and so long as their exertions hold out the hope of a restoration of security along the border without intervention in the affairs of Mexico, their hands will be upheld by public opinion."

But the *Chicago Tribune* claims that "the only intelligent



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HEAVY GOING—

withdrawn from Mexican soil. In fact, instead of withdrawing, it seems that eleven companies of coast artillery from fortifications from Galveston to the State of Delaware have been ordered to San Antonio, Texas. This force approximates 1,000 men, says a Washington correspondent of the *New York World*, who adds that this is the first time such a step has been taken by the Government. In addition, six battalions of artillery, three infantry regiments, and two battalions of regulars and the National Guard of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico have been sent to reinforce the troops along the Mexican border. The *Brooklyn Eagle* gives the present distribution of the United States Army as follows:

Present strength, United States Army (roughly),	72,000.
Now in Mexico, with punitive expedition . . .	12,000
On border-patrol duty	22,500
On duty in Panama	6,100
Stationed in Hawaii	9,352
Stationed in the Philippines	13,073
Stationed in Alaska	759
Stationed in Porto Rico	683
Recruits of last fifty days (many sent to the border)	6,071
Left on duty at stations in other than border posts	1,000
Total	71,538

These 1,000 are distributed:

One squadron, Second Cavalry, at Fort Myer, Va., guarding National Capital.
Two squadrons, Second Cavalry, at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.
Three battalions, Third Field Artillery, on practise march from Fort Myer to Tobyhanna, Pa.
Five battalions, Fifth Field Artillery, at Fort Sill, Okla.

One troop, Thirteenth Cavalry, Fort Riley, Kan.
(NOTE—14,775 coast artillerymen—some of which are with border force—not included in above figures.)

As an additional symptom of the seriousness of the Mexican situation, Washington dispatches also reported that the State Department had issued warnings to Americans to leave the country as a supplement to similar orders given at intervals in the last four years.



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—AND EASY GOING, IN MEXICO.

By a special device attached to the wheels of their automobile-trucks our troops in Mexico are now enabled to use the Mexican railroads.

policy" with Mexico is the "pacification" of the country and the "establishment" of a Government strong enough to protect the rights of foreigners and to bring about stable conditions of political, economic, and social progress. And this journal adds:

"The death of Villa is a minor detail in such a program. If

he is removed, the conditions which give the United States concern will remain. We forced out Huerta, and Huerta is dead. But the element of the Mexican explosive which Huerta represented remains. Carranza is hanging on with his fingernails. He may disappear from the situation at any moment. Obregon may follow him, or Diaz, or Iturbide. The composition of the Mexican explosive will remain about the same, in most unstable equilibrium, or it will go up again in another destructive disaster.

"There is only one reliable stabilizer, and that is the United States. All those who look at the ethnic, social, and economic facts of Mexico squarely and not through the distorting glass of some doctrine recognize this to be the truth. Why can not it be recognized in Washington?

"It is late to be practical, candid, and resolute in our dealing with Mexico—perhaps too late to save much danger and difficulty in carrying out a really constructive program. But better late than never, better now than after years of further destruction and the perpetual danger of complications with Powers not at all averse to taking advantage of Mexican law-breaking and violence.

"It is a condition—a chronic condition—of chaos, not a Villa, that confronts us."

TRYING TO UPSET THE "PORK-BARREL"

TO SAVE TWENTY MILLIONS to the nation is the effort of Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, and those of his colleagues who are fighting the \$43,000,000 River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, and some editorial observers commend them unreservedly. The *New York Sun* calls the measure "vicious and wasteful," and urges that every parliamentary weapon that can be drawn against it should be used. Altho it may be exaggeration for Senator Kenyon to say that half the \$43,000,000 is to be poured into "waterless streams and dry rivers," remarks the *New York Evening Post*, there is evidence that a large number of items are "worse than doubtful." This journal tells us that during the time the bill was in debate in the House a member from North Carolina refused to support it because the appropriations for his own State were so "irrational," and it adds that in the Senate the Committee members have used their authority to "fill a grab-bag" with additions relating to their own States, but have stricken out one of the thoroughly sound items—that granting \$500,000 to deepen the channel of the East River, New York, used by our battle-ships entering the Navy-Yard. The *Post* ventures the prediction

that a filibuster will probably result in the appropriation of \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000, to be expended as last year by the War Department, but thinks it discouraging to have to go back to this "makeshift plan," and says what we should have is a Rivers and Harbors Commission with "large powers."

There are nineteen Senators on the Committee on Commerce, and we read in a Washington dispatch to the *New York Times* that twelve of these get the benefit of amendments. But two of the twelve—Mr. Kenyon, of Iowa, and Mr. Sherman, of Illinois—refused to sustain the majority, and the former presented a minority report to the Senate, which the *Times* correspondent quotes in part as follows:

"This bill, as it passed the House, carried approximately \$40,000,000. The Senate Committee has added about \$3,000,000, and has taken out two propositions: One of the projects for \$500,000 for the East River, New York, where the water is deep and the commerce is heavy; and the Cache River, Arkansas, where the water sometimes reaches a depth of six inches and the commerce is nothing. Just how both of these projects fell under the condemnation of the Committee is difficult to ascertain.

"The East-River project is considered so important that on February 11 the President requested the Committee on Rivers and Harbors of the House to insert this item in the bill. The Secretary of the Navy also urged it, as it seemed necessary to make such improvements in order that our battle-ships might reach the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, but such considerations seem of little avail as compared to appropriations for Cold Spring Inlet, Pamunkey River, inland waterways, Fishing Creek, Swift Creek, and other commerceless streams.

"The bill then, as presented to the Senate, carries approximately \$43,000,000. This bill, in the judgment of the minority, could not be justified in ordinary times. How utterly indefensible are such expenditures at a time when the resources of the nation are to be taxed to the uttermost in a policy of preparedness that goes to the very life of the nation! Wherever economy can be practised in Governmental affairs now is the time for such practise. This bill contains projects condemned by the board of army engineers. . . .

"In the opinion of the minority a national river and harbor commission should be established by law with large power, being made as responsible and effective a body as the Interstate Commerce Commission, with full authority to deal with all the intricate problems arising out of water-transportation, flood-control, and expenditures. Political and Congressional influence might in that way be eliminated.

"The minority submit that in the present time of great national expense and the condition of the Treasury, this bill ought to pass; but that in order for necessary work to be done,



LOVE ME, LOVE MY HOG!

—Westerman in the Columbus Ohio State Journal.



MOTHER HUBBARD—"Help yourself."

—Starrett in the New York Tribune.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.

a substitute providing for not over \$20,000,000 to be used in the discretion of the Secretary of War for carrying on the necessary work should be passed."

Some New York journals are especially sharp in their remarks on the elimination of the East-River channel item from the bill. *The Press* calls attention to the fact that altho "half the customs revenues of the nation" are collected here, New York can not get a river and harbor appropriation from Congress, and, by way of contrast, *The Evening Mail* notes that there is a Government pier at Lewes, Delaware, which has cost \$387,000 up to date, and yet "not a single vessel has so far been able to use it." Nevertheless, this year Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, has "managed to make another dip of \$10,000 into the river and harbor 'pork-barrel' for this useless pier."

In explaining why the Senate ignored the plea of the President, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Army board of river and harbor engineers for the East-River item, *The Evening Mail* says:

"The Navy Department has nothing to trade with the Senators in return for what it asks. Hence the difficulty of securing an appropriation for a real improvement. A Senator from Delaware, for instance, is ready to vote for an extravagance in Texas in return for a \$387,000 waste at Lewes, Delaware. The Texas Senator gets what he wants, the Delaware Senator gets what he wants—and the national Treasury is poorer by hundreds of thousands because of the rascally bargain.

"That is the way the nation's money is spent year after year by Congress. It makes little difference whether the Democrats or the Republicans are in control. The same old scandalous log-rolling goes on just the same.

"It is many years since a President vetoed a river and harbor bill. President Arthur vetoed one, and by so doing created a great deal of antagonism in his party organization. His veto lasted in the public mind, however, as one of the most creditable acts of his Administration. A President with the courage to follow Arthur's example might put an end to this annual waste of public funds."

The East-River project is not a local but a national concern, in the view of *The Globe*, which observes:

"The extraordinary state of opinion into which Congress has drifted is indicated by the attempt to throttle the project to give the Brooklyn Navy-Yard a thirty-five-foot channel for apparently no better reason than that New York Congressmen voted against fixing a date for the evacuation of the Philippines.

"Are there no men at Washington nationally minded? Are provincialism and narrowness so rampant that a majority is willing to hamstring the principal naval station of the country because it happens to be located within New York's limits?

"New York as such has no interest in getting big boats in and out of the Navy-Yard not shared by the remainder of the country."

Two years ago, the New York *Journal of Commerce* recalls, Senator Burton, of Ohio, became "a Presidential possibility" by defeating an extravagant and ill-balanced river and harbor bill. There is a different Senate now, but it has "an even greater opportunity for distinguishing itself by disinfecting the putrid 'pork-barrel.'" The case affords another illustration of the "need of a rational budget system" for this nation, whose revenue to the hundreds of millions is "recklessly and corruptly squandered every year," we are told by this journal, which adds:

"The wanton way in which this particular appropriation is used for the distribution of public funds for private gain has become a national scandal and ought to cover with disgrace every Senator or Representative that allows himself to be a participant in the dishonest distribution of the contents of what has come to be known as the Congressional 'pork-barrel.'"

"This is a time of all times for prudence and genuine economy in appropriations. Whether the proposal to expend \$43,000,000 on river and harbor improvements is excessive is not the real question. The manner in which it is distributed is the offense—not for real and needed improvements in many cases, but for local work on insignificant bays and unnavigable streams, for the sole purpose of spending the money among constituents of Congressmen for their political benefit."

UNCLE SAM TO CARRY THE MORTGAGE

DENOUNCED by its newspaper critics as "a crazy socialistic experiment," a "distillation of populism," a piece of "vicious class legislation," and a shameless "bid for the farmer vote," but confidently supported by its friends as a sound measure for the promotion of the country's agricultural interests, the Hollis Bill, generally known as the Rural Credits Bill, was passed by the Senate by a vote of 58 to 5, and was almost immediately given right of way in the House. Hence, as the Washington correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* remarks, "the prospect for rural-credits legislation, such as will meet with the approval of the Administration, is better at the present moment than at any time during the past few years." Yet John H. Rich, chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis, reports to the New York *Times* that thirty years of active experience with farmers in the West and Northwest "does not indicate to him that there is any demand, or any enthusiasm, among the agriculturists for any form of joint-credit loan associations such as proposed by the Hollis Bill"; and the New York Chamber of Commerce recently passed a resolution denouncing "any method of agricultural banking in the United States which requires the use of Government funds or postal-savings deposits." On the other hand, *The American Agriculturist* (New York), a publication which claims to have practically originated the whole campaign for rural credits in this country, calls upon the farmers of the nation to rally to the defense of this measure, and declares that the bitter opposition encountered by the bill can all be traced to "the financial middlemen who have so long exploited the Western and Southern farm-borrower":

"Some of those middlemen, and similar interests, are the ones who for years have exploited the farm-borrower and the investor in farm-mortgages.

"Middlemen have forced the Western and Southern farmer to pay the highest possible rate upon first-mortgage loans for two, three, or five years. Then the middlemen have turned around and sold those mortgages, or debentures secured thereby, to insurance companies, other corporations, and private investors at the lowest possible rate of interest.

"The big difference between what the borrower paid and the investor got represents the heavy commissions and enormous profits which for years have been absorbed by these mortgage middlemen. At the present time they claim to have outstanding \$500,000,000 of farm-mortgages which have been exploited as above described. No wonder certain interests are working tooth and nail to defeat the bill, unless they can get it twisted in their own interest."

The practical effect of the Hollis Bill is thus outlined by the same journal:

"If the bill becomes a law, any ten or more farmers who wish to borrow money upon the security of a first mortgage amounting to not more than 50 per cent. of the value of their farms may form a national farm-loan association. They must pay up in cash for its shares 5 per cent. of the amount they wish to borrow. The loans may then be cashed by the Federal land-bank of which the local association is a member. The bank may issue bonds against such mortgages, and the sale of the bonds will furnish additional money to loan. The borrower is to pay a little something on the principal each year, so as gradually to wipe it out. The rate of interest will depend upon the security and conditions in the money market."

The following are additional details of the plan as summarized by the Washington correspondent of *The Journal of Commerce*:

"The measure has been drafted much along the lines of the Federal Reserve Act, even tho its originators did obtain the basic idea for the bill from the rural-credits systems of Europe. Its operation is limited, however, to the making of long-time loans on farm-lands. The bill has nothing whatever to do with the question of personal rural credits. Some of the influential leaders in Congress are convinced that sufficient personal rural credits have been furnished through the agency of the Federal Reserve system. . . . The Hollis Bill provides for a system of

land-mortgage associations that are to be grouped into twelve districts which are to cover the total area of the United States. A Federal land-bank will be located in each of the twelve districts. It is presumed that these districts will coincide with the twelve Federal reserve districts. The land-banks will have capital supplied by public subscription, but if the public fails to subscribe sufficient capital the Government of the United States may advance the remainder necessary.

"The land-bank will be expected to have better knowledge of farm conditions and of the relative values of the lands within its district than any other agency in the United States. All of this data must be collected from original sources, and it will doubtless be several years before the records of the bank will be in such a condition as to prove of great benefit to investors. But until that information is collected the investing public will not have sufficient confidence in the new system to risk its money with it. This indicates but one of the great difficulties which the proposed system is certain to encounter. To encounter them at the very beginning of their existence, as is necessary, makes it that much more embarrassing.

"There appears to be very little expert comprehension of the problem in this Congress. The one idea which apparently predominates is the necessity of voting in favor of a measure which has been designed to meet the needs of farmers as a class. This desire to favor the farmer explains the overwhelming vote of the Senate last week."

This is "rural credits run mad," exclaims the *New York Sun*, in which we read further:

"What the country is threatened with in the legislation denoted by the Senate rural-credits bill is the grant of a large and ominous special privilege to farmers as a class. This bill and the House bill, which differs from it in no essential particular, enjoy Administration backing. They aim to set up a new banking system for farm patronage, not only under sponsorship of the Government, but depending first, last, and all the time on Government management and control through the Treasury

Department, on Government funds, and on Government credit extended to the guaranty of the proposed farm-land bank mortgage-bond as Government instrumentalities. Special favor is to be extended by statute to all features of the new system through tax-exemptions and through the authorization of farm-mortgage loans as collateral for acceptances discounted by the Federal reserve banks as security for postal-savings deposits and as security for Government deposits. Only those who have studied the pending legislation can have an adequate idea of the extraordinary connection which it proposes between farm-borrowers and Uncle Sam's purse."

And the *New York Times*, after naming several minor objections to this plan for "subsidizing the farmer," goes on to list its "radical defects" as follows:

"First, that there is no limit to the number of Federal land-banks that may be authorized by the Farm Loan Board, each with a minimum capital of \$500,000, for the Government to supply, and therefore no limit to the Government's liability on this account;

"Secondly, that there is no effective check upon the possibility of an enormous inflation of farm-land values, owing to the availability of capital at low rates of interest; and

"Thirdly, that this Government aid will be available not to the farmer who needs working capital, nor to the landless of little capital who wish to be instated on the soil, either of whom a State might some time subsidize for the sake of its food-supply, but only to the farmer who already is able to give \$2 of security for each dollar he borrows. For him mortgage-capital will be made very much cheaper. If that is not the result, the bill is a failure. For nobody else will working capital or personal credit be made either cheaper or more accessible. Under this bill immediately some three or four billion dollars of existing farm-land mortgages, bearing 6 per cent. interest, a little more or less, would be transferred to the Federal land-bank system and refunded at lower rates of interest."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

MR. TAFT has carried California—four years too late.—*Boston Transcript*.

THERE will be no steam-roller at Chicago, but many jitneys.—*Boston Transcript*.

GERMAN NAVY is too proud to fight the British, therefore let the United States do it.—*Wall Street Journal*.

WITH prolonged external control ahead, the Filipino can return to the hated paths of peace.—*Washington Post*.

ABOUT the only hope for Carranza currency is the discovery of a way to extract gasoline from cactus.—*Washington Post*.

FEARS are expressed that Roosevelt will refuse to support anybody who does not come from Oyster Bay.—*Washington Star*.

OUR entire army is now in Mexico, and the brave fellows can all get to know each other.—*Wall Street Journal*.

THERE is something of the calm serenity of a Henry Ford in the Old Guard's campaign to get the Colonel out of the trenches by June 7.—*Boston Transcript*.

"We have met the Germans and they are partly ours," but only, as it seems, on condition that we proceed at once to make the British theirs.—*Chicago Herald*.

WHY not turn over the problem of finding some reliable vegetable dyes to the young summer man who invariably attends a picnic in a pair of white duck trousers?—*Boston Transcript*.

CHICAGO social workers demand \$2,000,000 for a new jail. The idea is a good one, altho it must be confessed that the present establishment shows no falling off in patronage.—*Chicago Herald*.

CONSIDERING what the Crown Prince has done to the Germans at Verdun, the Turks should receive with apprehension the news that one of the Kaiser's sons will join their forces shortly.—*New York Evening Sun*.

A HEALTH and beauty expert was among the speakers at the ladies' military-service camp at Washington. The members evidently have no intention of abandoning the old method of making conquests for the new.—*Chicago Herald*.

WHAT'S one Congressman's pork is another Congressman's pie.—*Boston Transcript*.

JOHN BULL still seems to be paying more attention to our letters than to our notes.—*Columbia State*.

SPEAKING about the irony of fate, silver goes up as its great champion goes down.—*Boston Transcript*.

SOME of those Congressmen who insist on an all-summer session may be scared to go home.—*Columbia State*.

A NATURAL association of ideas should keep aviators out of Switzerland for fear of the holes in the air.—*Washington Post*.

ANOTHER thing the war has demonstrated is that the way to save daylight is to use more of it.—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times*.

TWO "punitive expeditions" would come very near to equaling one war.—*Philadelphia Record*.

THE Kaiser having disregarded their advice, German-American newspapers will now sever relations with Berlin.—*Philadelphia North American*.

IF silence gives consent, Justice Hughes has already used enough to accept a nomination and deliver an inaugural address.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

WHY don't the Henry W. Estabrook and T. Coleman Du Pont presidential booms economize on headquarters rent by using the same telephone-booth?—*Boston Transcript*.

WITH 250,000 Russian soldiers facing them on the French line, the Germans must be devoting considerable time to praying that they don't suddenly become homesick.—*Boston Transcript*.

A CONGRESSIONAL library employee has been fired for attacking the President. A Government official should not attack the President until he has resigned and murmured "God Bless You!"—*Philadelphia North American*.

THE Kaiser asks too much of the President in "confidently" expecting him to make "all" the belligerents obey the rules of humanity in war. There is the Kaiser's ally, the Turk; how can the President control him?—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.



"A PERISCOPE!"

—Harding in the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

FOREIGN - COMMENT



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THE BIRD-MAN'S VIEW OF A LIQUID-FIRE ATTACK ON THE FRENCH FRONT.

The long streak of white smoke marks the stream of liquid fire turned on the Allied trenches. Behind this are massed the German soldiers, waiting the signal for the first "wave" of the infantry attack. Meanwhile, as shown in the picture by the seemingly harmless little puffs of white smoke, the defenders are dropping shells behind the oncoming stream of fire, and several of these are bursting in the midst of densely packed troops.

WAR WITH GERMANY PREDICTED

"ONLY A MIRACLE CAN AVERT WAR," says the most brilliant editor in France, Mr. Gustave Hervé, of the *Paris Victoire*, a view exprest, in fact, in the almost unanimous verdict of the Allied press, who expect that America will very shortly be forced, whether or no, into a breach with Germany. They point out that Germany's concessions were made contingent upon America's action with regard to the British blockade and that Lord Robert Cecil, British Minister of War-Trade, has already made it evident that no modification of the blockade is possible. They expect, therefore, that the *status quo ante* will be resumed. Germany will sink other ships, and America will find herself at war before she knows it. While Lord Robert declined to comment on the purely American aspects of Germany's reply, he emphasized the fact that the British blockade had cost no neutral life. "The German Government," he added, "speaks of many millions of women and children who, according to the avowed intention of the British Government, are to be starved and who by their sufferings shall force the victorious armies of the Central Powers into an ignominious capitulation." In reply, he recalls that at the beginning of last month the German Chancellor made the following remarks in the Reichstag:

"I can understand that in 1915 the enemy would not give up hope of starving Germany, but I can not understand how cool heads can cling to it after the experience of 1915. Our enemies forget that, thanks to the organizing powers of the whole nation, Germany is equal to the task of the distribution of victuals. Our stocks of bread and grain will not only be sufficient, but will leave an ample reserve with which to commence the new year. We have not run short of anything in the past, nor shall we run short of anything in the future."

The introduction of the blockade condition into the German reply is for political effect, Lord Robert argues, and proceeds:

"It may be that the Germans want peace. If so, it is because they fear defeat. It may be only that they want to appear peaceful. For us it matters not. Our attitude, at any rate, is unchanged. We drew the sword unwillingly. We shall sheathe it gladly. But we should be untrue to our trust, we should be betraying civilization, if we abandoned our task until we have reestablished in Europe the supremacy of law, the sanctity of treaties, and the right of all nations, great and small, to live their lives, to fulfil their destinies, free from the intolerable menace of Prussian militarism."

Quite apart from the inflexible attitude of Great Britain regarding the blockade, the *Petit Parisien* thinks that war is inevitable anyway:

"Even if America accepted these proposals, notwithstanding the ungracious, and even discourteous, tone in which they are made, notwithstanding the bargain they involve, the conflict will break out afresh to-morrow over another inevitable incident."

And in similar strain *L'Intransigeant* (Paris) writes:

"Could mocking insolence be more carefully emphasized? If Roosevelt were in power the only reply would be Gerard's immediate recall. But we should not blame Wilson for acting according to his temperament. He wants a clear mandate for war from his country. So further negotiations may follow, but the result is certain. Germany will never sincerely renounce its submarine methods. America knows it and knows what must be done."

Le Temps (Paris) is certain that America will not allow the issue to be clouded by the introduction of the blockade issue, and the *Journal des Débats* (Paris) looks for trouble in the near future. London gives the reply a coldly scornful reception. To quote *The Daily Chronicle*:

"The purpose of the long rigmarole is simply to gain time. It adduces no new argument, it cites no unfamiliar fact or fable,

it makes no offer to the United States, except on terms which render it valueless.

"In their sleeves, no doubt, the performers of this cynical play-acting are laughing at the 'idiotic Yankees' and speculating whether the Wilson Administration will be put off once more by shadows and words."

GERMANY WANTS NO BREAK

THE CLEVERNESS of the German reply to our penultimate note to Germany is applauded in the press of the Fatherland, where the concessions made by the Kaiser's Government are regarded as placing the onus of a possible break upon the shoulders of the President. At the same time all the editors seem anxious to avoid anything approaching a rupture. Thus the semiofficial *Kölnische Zeitung* writes:

"We really have sufficient enemies, and our enemies do not make it easy for us to beat them. We all know that Germany's back will be broken if we do not win this war. That is why all other thoughts ought to be brushed aside, and why only reasonable ones ought to be entertained."

"We must therefore avoid difficulties which might bring about war with America, and leave upon President Wilson responsibility for such a catastrophe, if he wants it. All the same, we believe that the Emperor and his counselors had no alternative but to answer as they did. It must have been hard for them, and we must swallow our legitimate wrath. We can do it, as our way allows of a peaceful outcome on the basis set forth by President Wilson."

The Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* details the instructions issued to submarine commanders, and remarks:

"This is the final and utmost concession on which is pinned the expectation that President Wilson will now also induce England to return to the ground of old international law as concerns Germany's non-combatant population, otherwise Germany would have to keep her full freedom of making decisions."

"If matters go according to Germany's wish and will, the understanding thus prepared will be permanent. Whether it really will be depends on Mr. Wilson, and still more on the American people, whose oft-lauded sense of justice and humanity must now prove itself."

"The firm and dignified tone of the German answer deserves approval. With dignity it denies the characterization of our submarine warfare in the *Sussex* note, and openly holds up to Mr. Wilson the one-sidedness and partizanship of his policy thus far. No one has ever spoken to him so plainly before, and it was high time that this was done, if great evil for both of the long closely linked peoples was to be averted."

Another influential Berlin paper, the *Lokal Anzeiger*, seems anxious to make it clear that there is nothing derogatory to Germany's dignity in making concessions at America's request, for it says:

"The concession made by Germany in this connection is naturally, as the dignity of the Empire demands, born solely of the consciousness of German strength, German successes, and the justice of our cause. The German standpoint can less be subjected to just criticism, because of the fact that to the best of our knowledge

it rests upon the basis of written international law and humanity repeatedly emphasized by America."

The powerful *Frankfurter Zeitung*, however, is at pains to point out that Germany's abandonment of the present form of submarine warfare "is not definitive," but depends upon President Wilson's actions. It considers that the suspension of the submarine campaign—

"can hardly be expected to hold permanently if Germany's enemies continue their illegal methods of trying to compel neutrals, like Holland and Sweden, to participate in the economic blockade against Germany. President Wilson has gained a great victory. His position can become very great if he opposes England with energy in maintaining the principles of international law."

The Berlin *Tägliche Rundschau* emphasizes the "rights" which Germany gains by making sacrifices in the conduct of submarine warfare, but hints that America will not recognize them because the United States is, in the opinion of the *Rundschau*, a secret ally of the Entente Powers:

"After Germany has undertaken this doubly difficult sacrifice Germans are entitled to expect America to keep her promise to restore the freedom of the sea as

against all belligerents."

"It is now up to the American people to show before all the world whether its purpose was to protect the rights of humanity or to act as England's ally with a view to crippling us and frustrating our victory."

BRAZIL'S VIEW OF THE CRISIS—To judge from the Rio de Janeiro papers, Brazil appears to be watching the submarine crisis closely, and does not seem very hopeful of a successful solution of the problem. A *Noticia* is sarcastic at President Wilson's "temporizing policy," but *O Paiz* wishes to see the United States at the head of a league of neutral nations, a position which would, it thinks, result in a more aggressive policy at Washington. It says:

"If President Wilson had presented an ultimatum in the name of all neutrals Germany would have taken him more seriously. Germany perceived clearly the hesitations on the part of President Wilson and replied with a sort of counter-ultimatum. As Americans, we can not congratulate ourselves on the result of the tardy and indecisive step of the most powerful nation on the continent."

The *Journal do Commercio* insists that neutrals can not accept the legality of Germany's submarine methods, and looks with a tolerant eye upon Britain's blockade. It thinks that Germany is not sincere, for it proceeds:

"The reply sent by President Wilson will be followed by a continuation of submarine war unchanged.

"To believe that the submarines will modify their action in any manner without the German demand having been satisfied means that the Government of the United States will await the first torpedoing to declare a rupture. No person believes that the United States, having proclaimed its great hope across the world, will leave the world in painful disillusionment."



THE TROUBLE-SEEKER.

"Why look so far away for trouble? You can find it close at home."

—© Kladderadatsch (Berlin).



DUTCH APPROBATION.

UNCLE SAM—"If you are going to play that game, my German friend, you had better be careful whom you hit!"

—De Nieuwkraker (Amsterdam).

THE WITTENBERG-CAMP CHARGES

THE TERRIBLE CHARGES brought by the British Government "Committee on the Treatment by the Enemy of British Prisoners of War," in relation to the prison-camp at Wittenberg, are of such a nature that they lay upon Germany the strictest obligation to use every means of disproving them if they are not true, as is contended in the German press. The information upon which the report is based has been collected from a great number of prisoners repatriated from Wittenberg, and, in brief, the charge is that the authorities abandoned a camp of 15,000 prisoners of war among whom typhus had broken out, and that the prisoners were left to their fate without adequate medical assistance or supplies. The report, as published in the London *Morning Post*, runs in part:

"The epidemic broke out in December, 1914. Thereupon the German staff, military and medical, precipitately left the camp, and thenceforth until the month of August, 1915, with few exceptions, no communication was held between the prisoners and their guards except by means of directions shouted from the guards or officers remaining outside the wire entanglements of the camp. All supplies for the men were pushed into the camp over chutes. The food for the hospital and medical officers was passed in on a trolley over about twenty yards of rail, worked by winches at either end so as to avoid all contact between the prisoners and the outside world. No medical attention during the whole time was provided by the German staff.

"Of the six British Army medical officers brought from Halle Major Priestley and Captain Vidal were directed to go to two temporary hospitals outside the camp, Major Priestley to the Kronprinz Hospital and Captain Vidal to the Elbarfin Hospital. There were no infectious diseases at either hospital, and the general conditions at each were satisfactory."

Describing the conditions which these British medical officers found on their later arrival within the camp, the report proceeds:

"Major Priestley saw delirious men waving arms brown to the elbow with fecal matter. The patients were alive with vermin; in the half light he attempted to brush what he took to be an accumulation of dust from the folds of a patient's clothes and he discovered it to be a moving mass of lice. In one room in Compound No. 8, the patients lay so close to one another on the floor that he had to stand straddle-legged across them to examine them. . . .

"As regards the washing of patients in hospital, this was entirely out of the question. Until a supply of soap was obtained by Captain Vidal's efforts from England at a later date there was no soap forthcoming. The only supply was a small quantity secured from the officers' canteen, and that was kept for the very worst cases."

The report brings a terrible indictment against the German medical officer in charge of the camp:

"On one occasion only during the whole course of the epidemic did Dr. Aschenbach enter the hospital or even the camp. His visit took place about four weeks after Major Priestley's arrival and after some kind of order had been evolved. He came attired in a complete suit of protective clothing, including a mask and rubber gloves. His inspection was brief and rapid. For his services in combating the epidemic Dr. Aschenbach, the Committee understand, has been awarded the Iron Cross."

The Committee seem to have endeavored to be fair, as the following extracts suggest:

"As is obvious from this report, the condition of the camp was such that it was not possible for the American Ambassador or his staff to visit it until after many months. It was, however, visited by Mr. Lithgow-Osborne on the 29th of October, 1915, and by Mr. Gerard himself and Mr. Russell on the 8th of November, and their reports are on record.

"All accounts before the Committee testify to the great further improvements in the camp and its management effected by the Germans as a result of these visits.

"The Committee fully recognize that at the beginning of the war, when the sudden, and it may have been unexpected, rush of Russian prisoners overwhelmed the authorities, every allowance must be made for defects of all kinds in prison-camps, many of them hastily improvised. They have accordingly looked in every direction to see whether any justification or excuse can be suggested for the treatment to which these Wittenberg prisoners were subjected during the period of their visitation. They can find none."

The report alleges that the prisoners were flogged with rubber whips, tied to posts, and terrorized by savage dogs, and quotes the American Ambassador and his associates to show how this broke the spirit of the men. It considers that:

"The effects of such methods as have been described were manifest even on October 29,

1915, when Mr. Lithgow-Osborne visited the camp. After remarking that the authorities regard their prisoners as criminals whom fear alone keeps obedient, Mr. Osborne proceeds:

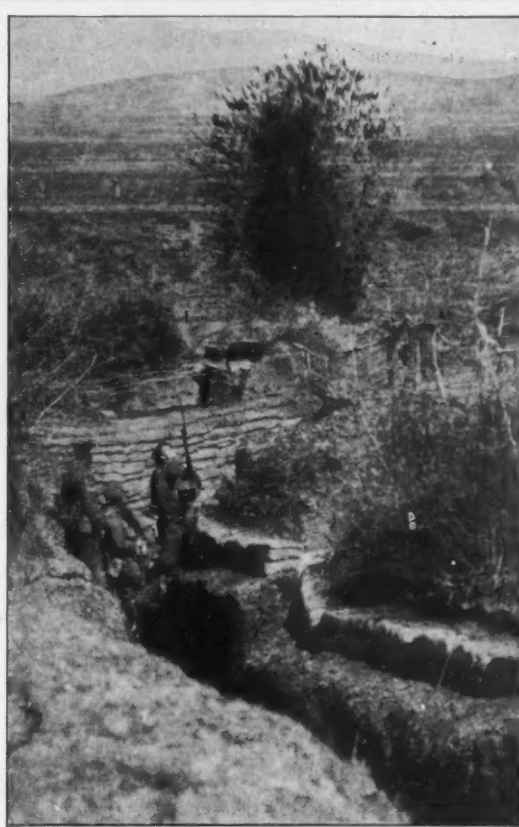
"In no other camp have I found signs of fear on the part of the prisoners that what they might say to me would result in suffering to them afterward."

"Mr. Gerard, speaking of his visit in November, says:

"The impression gained after careful examination of the camp and long conversations with the prisoners was even more unfavorable than I had been led to expect."

The official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* takes up the matter and gives a general denial to all the charges. It says:

"The English charges made respecting the prisoners' camp at Wittenberg are evidently inventions. As to the details, they shall be investigated, but it may at once be said that these accusations merely repeat former charges which were repudiated not only by Germany, but also by the more important journals of the neutral press. Further, the committee of American surgeons who visited the Wittenberg camp express the opinion that the general hygienic conditions were entirely satisfactory."



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WHEN THE AIRMAN MISSED.

An aerial bomb "caught" on the moment of explosion in close proximity to a British trench at Salonki. The man gazing skyward is watching for the next shot, which, for all he knows, may strike the trench more truly and annihilate himself and his comrades.

HOLLAND'S ATTACK OF NERVES

A REMARKABLE CRISIS of the war occurred when Holland recently convened a secret session of her Parliament, recalled all her military officers from leave, and stood ready for battle. At the time the most impenetrable mystery surrounded the cause of all this frenzied preparation, but the true and highly amusing facts have now transpired. It appears that all this hubbub was due to a notice pasted up in the window of a book-store in Amsterdam to the effect that the Allied Powers, acting through Great Britain, had presented an ultimatum to the Netherlands demanding the right to pass Allied troops through Dutch Flanders for an attack on the Germans in the rear. The enterprising correspondent of the Hague *Arondpost* saw the notice, telegraphed it to his paper, and immediately the seat of Government was in a panic. Just where this mischievous notice came from is told by the Amsterdam *Handelsblad*, which says:

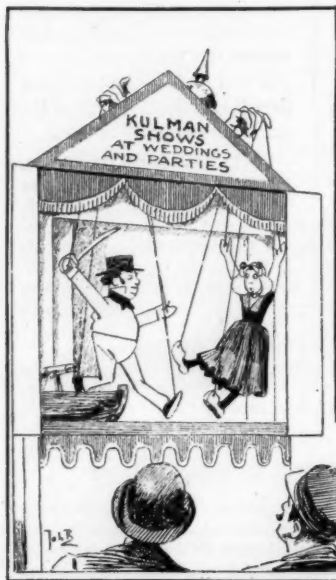
"We hear with certainty that the report published by the book-store as to an ultimatum from England was spread by the German Consul, Baron von Humboldt-Dachroeden. The consul says he received the report from The Hague and had every reason to accept it as correct, and therefore published it. Later he heard that it was only a question of possibilities, and he communicated that information to several persons."

The report, however, was obviously accepted as correct in Germany, for we find the correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* thus writing to his paper:

"From the best source I hear that, in view of the general military situation and of news which has been received and is worthy of respect about the possibility of a landing on the Dutch coast, the Dutch Ministry has felt obliged to put its Army into the highest possible state of readiness. Everything indicates that the Dutch Government is firmly determined to oppose by arms and with full emphasis every attempt at a violation of Dutch neutrality."

Similarly the *Kölnische Zeitung* remarked in an editorial:

"The fact that in certain circumstances Dutch neutrality will not be respected is proved by the example of Greece, and the calculation of our enemies may be that what they could not attain by military means through the occupation of Saloniki they may perhaps be able to obtain by pressure upon neutral Holland."



While these comments were being written, the source of the rumor was discovered. The Dutch Foreign Office published an emphatic denial that any suggestion of an ultimatum had been received from England. The British Legation at The Hague was furious, and, in a statement sent to all the principal papers in the Netherlands, said:

THAT BRITISH "ULTIMATUM."

"We're not frightened now; we can see who's pulling the strings."

—De Amsterdamer.

"As the British Minister is informed that it is impossible under the law of the Netherlands to institute proceedings against the *Arondpost*, he is obliged to take this unusual method of informing the Netherlands people that his Government has heard with great disgust of the methods employed to sow distrust of the British Government in this country, and it is hoped that any renewed efforts again to rouse sentiments in a similar manner will meet with the complete disbelief that they deserve."

Meanwhile the news filtered through into Austria, and the Social-Democratic organ of Vienna, the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, a journal which is as free-spoken as its Berlin colleague, *Vorwärts*, makes merry at the expense of Baron von Humboldt and Dr. von Kühlmann, the German Minister at The Hague. It says:

"The Consul-General with the name so famous in the intellectual history of Germany—we note here that it was not an Austro-Hungarian official—who spread the news of the ultimatum had no need to publish evidences in the press that he acted in good faith. Evidences of that can be given by the officials of the Amsterdam bank from which he—and with him a second member of the diplomatic service whose position and name would have seemed to intend him for greater coolness in the hour of danger—removed his money in the utmost haste and not without comic effect. The two gentlemen have now put their money back again."

Passing from gay to grave, the *Arbeiter Zeitung* deplores the incident as liable to cause Teutonic unpopularity:

"Let there be no mistake in the countries of the Central Powers. There is no trace of any change of feeling in their favor that many have imagined. There is no fundamental change in the feelings of the people, in spite of all the great apparatus of the press, moving pictures, and so on. The violent dislike of Germany which broke out at the time of the passage through Belgium, after the flight from Antwerp, after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and especially after the sinking of the *Tubantia*, is as much alive as ever. And one of the reasons may be seen walking about the streets of Amsterdam."

As one of the parties involved, beyond the official denials, Great Britain does not seem to have been much worried. In the press we find more mystification than anything else. For example, the London *Outlook* remarks:

"The crisis in Holland seems to be dying down. At its height it was probably the most remarkable crisis any country has known, for what it was all about was and still remains a mystery to everybody, even to the people most concerned. It seems impossible to believe that the lurid lies of German propagandists can have induced the Netherlands Government to believe that the Allies contemplated any violation of Dutch neutrality, nevertheless it is perhaps as well that the harboring of such intentions has been categorically and officially denied. On the other hand, it is almost as impossible to believe that any real immediate danger was presumed to lurk upon the German border, for even Germany's international stupidity is not so great as to prompt her wantonly to bring into the field against her so redoubtable a foe as the quiet and slow, but indomitable and tenacious, Dutch."

The Manchester *Guardian* quotes an interview given by Lord Newton, one of the Under Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs. Lord Newton is full of admiration at the way the "German diplomats offset the sinking of the *Tubantia* and the *Palembang*," and he continues:

"The Germans saw the just passion into which the Netherlands had been thrown by their insolent and brutal naval policy, and attempted to create a diversion of feeling. Accordingly, at the close of the Allies' Conference in Paris, the occasion was seized by Germany's intriguing agents to insert in some unwary newspapers the ridiculous rumor that Great Britain had demanded of Holland permission to land troops on her shores in order to attack Germany, and this coinciding with some quite ordinary military measures in process of being taken by the Netherlands Government, was used to raise a baseless scare in certain Dutch quarters. . . . Great Britain has no intention of trying to interfere with the bona-fide home trade of Holland, but in the exercise of her belligerent rights she concludes that she is justified in cutting off German overseas trade through Holland."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

PREPARING FOR PREPAREDNESS BY ROAD-BUILDING

THE FIRST THING the Romans did when they had conquered a province was to gridiron it with military roads. They took no chances, but built these roads so strongly and well that they would make the average American highway look like an Indian trail. Some of them are usable to-day. What will the average American "good road" look like in the year 3500 A.D.? Roads are a good element in any plan for military preparedness, besides coming in handy also in the piping times of peace. Writing in *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago, April 26), Major P. S. Bond, of the United States Engineer Corps, reminds us that mobility can take the place of numbers, whereas numbers, however great, can not well supply the lack of mobility. The usefulness of a substantial system of highways in war, Major Bond says, can scarcely be overstated, but it can be misunderstood, and frequently is. He goes on:

"Our freedom from wars, during long periods, has made the term 'military road' little more than a historical phrase in America. It calls to mind the Cumberland pike and suggests the conditions of military enterprise that gave rise to our constitutional provision for Federal military roads.

"Those conditions antedate the railroad. In the present state of affairs the longer hauls for the assembling of soldiers, munitions, and supplies will almost invariably be made by rail. Military considerations do not call for long single lines of road through the interior of the nation so much as for intensive systems of parallel and intersecting roads in the probable zones of actual warfare, in case of attack by a foreign enemy.

"To appreciate the tremendous usefulness of such road systems, it may be necessary to review some of the conditions of modern war as exemplified in Europe to-day. In speaking of innovations, I use the word with respect to popular American conceptions of war, which are still largely founded on the Civil War of the sixties. The European War has really developed very few innovations, from the standpoint of the military student. Attacks by gas and liquid fire, effective as surprises, have been among these few. The general nature of the struggle was either anticipated by military men or actually demonstrated in the other wars of the last two decades. I wish particularly to refer to some phases of modern war with reference to the use of highways.

"While less reliance than formerly is placed upon permanent fortifications, trench warfare between nearly equal forces tends to develop a condition of deadlock, in which the tactics are similar to those of a siege. Hence the routes of supply do not, under certain conditions, vary as much as in the old days of open fighting when one army would pursue another half across a continent on foot.

"Not only are routes of distribution more nearly permanent, but the volume and weight of the traffic are such as to justify

and require the most substantial kind of highways. Larger armies eat more food. Larger and more intricate guns consume immensely more ammunition. The British army in Belgium is said to have fired more shells in a single day than were used in the entire Boer War. These are transported from the railroad-terminals to the place of consumption very largely by motor-truck, and the effect on any but the most substantial roads can be imagined.

"Add to these conditions the mobility now required for very heavy guns. It can be seen that the placing and replacing of ordnance weighing many tons per piece—the saving of guns in case of a sudden retreat—would be virtually impossible under the conditions that prevail on most American highways during long seasons, or would impose the heaviest possible tasks upon the engineering arm of the service.

"We have pictures showing the kind of improvised roads upon which the resourceful Germans have been compelled to rely in Russia. They follow the principles of the old American corduroy road, with a foundation of stringers and transverse logs, on which are laid brush and dirt. The

contrasting advantages of level, durable road-surfaces, prepared in time of peace with an eye to the exigencies of war, are so striking as to make comment unnecessary.

"But the greatest advantage of motor-trucks and suitable motor-roads has yet to be mentioned. To appreciate it, one must bear in mind the broad nature of battle-tactics. War is not unlike football. An army must hold the foe in check at all points on the line, and relies for its success upon smashing attacks by the concentration of troops at some particular point. In the old days the plan of attack was often concealed from the enemy until the moment when it was sprung. Distance and natural obstacles to vision made it possible to work out a maneuver with comparative leisure. To-day the hostile aeroplane hovers overhead and conveys prompt information of the concentration of any considerable body of troops to any given quarter.

"To render such an attack effective, it is therefore necessary to make it a sudden attack, like the dash of the backfield in a football game. To be able to move a whole division by truck and auto to a critical point at a rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour would greatly facilitate both offense and defense. It is said that the battle of the Marne was won by the sudden concentration of French troops, using motor-transport over the splendid *chaussées* of France, upon the German left wing."

One road, Major Bond goes on to say, will not suffice for tactics of this sort. The ideal would be several parallel ones traversing the line of battle, with frequent cross-roads to facilitate the distribution of reinforcements. In war, football, or chess, he says, there is only one rule for success, and that is to oppose a lesser force with a greater at a crucial point. The largest army may not always win, because three-quarters of it may be out of action through failure of transport facilities. When this



Courtesy of "Motor," New York.

AN ALLY NEEDED IN A HURRY.

This tractor made eleven miles in 1½ hours, over bad roads, with a twenty-ton load, but serviceable highways would have saved half the time.

fact is digested, the immense tactical value of paving can be better appreciated. The writer goes on:

"The motor can thus lessen the fatigue of forced marches and increase their possible radius fivefold or more. It is also probable that motors will take over part of the work of transport formerly accomplished by rail.

"The unimproved highway is our weakest link to-day, from the standpoint of military transport. America has the railroads. It has the autos and auto-trucks. Whether the latter can be used, or whether we must go back to the age of the mule-whacker and the dreary march, rests with those who are responsible for our highway improvements. Any city within a hundred miles of our coast or frontier may some day be the base of military operations that will put its surrounding highways to the severest test. Very few would meet it creditably."



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THE HINDRANCE OF UNPREPAREDNESS IN ROAD-BUILDING.

An army's greatest enemy may lie underfoot, the result of the negligence of peace-times.

MORTALITY OF BOY-BABIES—In size and weight the baby-boys start life with an average advantage of four or five ounces over their little sisters, but the girls seem better able to resist the unfavorable influences that carry off such a large proportion of infants. A writer in *The British Medical Journal* (London, March 25) who discusses this fact seems unable to give any adequate reason for it. He writes:

"The first indication of a distinct pathological predisposition is shown by the greater mortality among male infants, so much so that even tho more males are born, by the end of the first year of life females may predominate. Tetany is said to be more frequent in boys and convulsions in girls, and the latter display an overwhelming liability to suffer from chorea. . . . The difference can not be due to any lack of care affecting the male infant; on the contrary, in most countries the birth of a boy is the source of special congratulation. No influence can be invoked to explain this excess of male deaths except a less resistance to disease—a proclivity that operates in all latitudes.

"Taking the coefficient of mortality among female infants as 100, that of boys has varied from 123 in England and 121 in France to 110 in Serbia and Japan. This proportion holds good even in countries with a high all-round infantile mortality, and the ratio is much the same during the age-period 0-5 years. In the age-period 5-15 the rates for the two sexes are almost identical, but after 20 years of age the mortality among females again falls. Speaking generally, it may perhaps be said that the boy reacts more violently to disease than the girl, is more easily knocked over than the latter, does not recuperate as quickly when the illness takes a favorable turn, and does not offer as much resistance when suffering from chronic affections."

THE SUCCESSFUL ENGINEER

WHAT CHARACTERISTICS make a successful engineer? The solution of this question has been regarded by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching as worth the trouble and cost of a special investigation, which is now being made by Prof. C. R. Mann. Professor Mann, we are told by an editorial writer in *The Electrical World* (New York, April 15), is laying emphasis on a group of factors which influence the advance of the engineer quite apart from his technical knowledge. One factor is what may be called the integrating function—organizing ability. This kind of ability, we are told, is being demanded in particular from the electrical engineer. He is now participating largely in the directing of human affairs. Says the editor:

"In the large groups of men employed by operating, manufacturing, and construction companies the individuals have to be functioned and coordinated to a common end. As these groups grow larger these individual duties become more and more diverse. Moreover, the different groups in the industry are being specialized so that organizing powers are needed to keep their interests bound together. This is a new phase of the engineer's work. Where once his attention was confined to the forces and materials of nature, now it comprises as well the actions and characteristics of human nature. Organizing involves two processes: dividing and recombining—analysis and synthesis.

"The first process has been successfully carried out by the engineer, not only in his own industry, but throughout the whole economic world. Solely as a result of his efforts have men been functioned. By his engines and apparatus has the division of labor been produced. The individual is no longer a Jack of all trades; he is a specialist. And as with the human unit, so also with the geographical. Each community is a specialist; railroads have allowed districts to concentrate on the industries to which they are best suited. The functioning of men and of groups has made every one dependent on one another."

These tremendous effects on industry were not the engineer's deliberate object in first devising his machines. His first step in organizing was made unconsciously; but it now behooves him to perform consciously the second step, by coordinating his units. So far, industrial output has been greatly increased; the danger is in limiting the creative output. The engineer must now confer the process of integration. He must study the human element in his organization. What this implies the writer goes on to explain as follows:

"This process means handling human machinery, and it involves an observation of men and a knowledge of motives. In this realm new laws apply. Men are not made as duplicate and interchangeable units. Their characteristics vary widely. Formulas are lacking, and a study has to be made of individuals.

"In his power-stations and in his manufacturing-plants, the electrical engineer and the electrical superintendent have two sets of mechanisms to deal with—the human and the inanimate. In an apparatus each wire and part has its duty predetermined with an exact knowledge as to how it will operate. Not so in an organization. There the structure is biological and the functions can at best be arranged only proximately. Allowance must be left for the creative powers of the men filling the positions. Their duties can not be squared off into rigid compartments; elasticity must be given. That men as well as machines and materials demand attention is not a new thought, but that this integrating function of the engineer has a broader meaning should not be overlooked."

GIRLS' SCHOOLS FOR BOYS?

THE COMMERCIAL TRAINING that we give in our schools is especially fitted for girls, but not for boys.

Nevertheless we continue to give it to boys and girls alike; in other words, when we want to train a boy for business we send him to a girls' school. This would appear to sum up the judgment of present commercial training passed by the Cleveland Education Survey and presented in its twelfth report, "Boys and Girls in Commercial Work," by Bertha M. Stevens. The proofs that present training fits girls but not boys for business are said to be numerous. Over one hundred employers have been interviewed and their opinions and practices are summarized. "Girls are used as they are received, for they have been shaped very well for the places they are to fill. Employers disregard the preparation of boys, and have proceeded as if dealing with unformed material." We quote further from an abstract of the report furnished by the Survey:

"Wages always offer an index of value in business. See what they show about the training of girls and boys. All girls with commercial training are divided into two classes—those with grade-school preparation and those with high-school preparation. More than half the high-school girls received advances of \$4 per month or more in two years' time. None of the grade-school girls did. Less than a fourth of the high-school girls, but more than half the grade-school girls, received no raise.

"Compare the boys. Those working the same time were divided into those earning \$20 or more per week and those earning less than \$20. Education has made no apparent difference in wage-earning. As many with any given training were small earners as large. . . .

"Wages show that girls' training for business is valuable and that boys' training doesn't produce.

"The experiences of the boys and girls at work back up the opinions of employers and wage-results. Interviews were held with one hundred graduates of a commercial school, good as such schools go.

"Of sixty girls, only one expressed general dissatisfaction with her training. Of forty boys, only ten approved of it in an unqualified way. Typical comments of boys are:

"It's too good for it! Boys who never went to commercial school are doing this work the same as I."

"I could have got that knowledge quicker than in four years. Business men want experience more than schooling, anyway."

"Employers don't make a note of it whether you went to a commercial school or not."

"I didn't need a commercial training to hold down this \$40 job."

"The positions held by girls and boys give further proof that present training fits girls and misfits boys. The two largely do different kinds of work. No wonder the same schooling gives different results.

NUMBER OF MEN AND WOMEN IN EVERY ONE HUNDRED IN EACH KIND OF JOB

	Men	Women
Machine-operators	1	24
Stenographers	9	36
General Clerical	11	19
Bookkeepers	11	20
Clerks	68	1
Total	100	100

"This table shows that boys for the most part go into positions where general abilities need to be applied to commercial work. Girls take jobs requiring specialized training or knowledge. As a result, the following recommendations are given for future commercial education:

"A girl needs, chiefly, specific training in some one line of work. She has a choice among stenography, bookkeeping, and machine-operating.

"A boy needs, chiefly, general education, putting emphasis on writing, figuring, and spelling; general information; and the development of certain qualities and standards.

"For students electing to go into commercial work, general education may be taught more effectively through the medium of commercial subjects than through academic ones.

"Boys' training looks forward to both clerical work and



From "L'Illustration," Paris.

ROAD-BUILDERS—AN ARMY CONSTANTLY IN ACTION IN FRANCE.

The work of repairing the roads for the huge motor-trucks bringing up men and supplies must go on constantly. Men are placed three yards apart along the military road.

business administration; but as clerical work is a preparation for business and is likely to occupy the first few years of wage-earning, training should aim especially to meet the needs of clerical positions.

"Clerical positions for boys cover a variety of work which can not be definitely anticipated and can not therefore be specifically trained for. But certain fundamental needs are common to all.

"Most of the specialized training for boys should be given in night continuation classes.

"Girl stenographers need a full high-school course for its educational value and for maturity. Girls going into other clerical positions can qualify with a year or two less of education; but immaturity in any case puts them at a disadvantage.

"Boys' training for those who can not remain in school should be compressed into fewer than four years. Immaturity in the case of boys is not a great disadvantage.

"Bookkeeping has general value in the information it gives about business methods and for its drill in accuracy.

"Much of the bookkeeping in actual use in business consists in making entries of one kind only and in checking and verifying. Understanding of debit and credit, posting and trial-balance, is the maximum practical need of the younger workers.

"Penmanship demands compactness, legibility, neatness, and ease in writing; also, the correct writing and placing of figures.

"The chief demand of business in arithmetic is for fundamental operations—adding and multiplying; also for ability to make calculations and to verify results mentally.

"Undergraduate experience in school or business-offices may be a valuable method of acquainting students with office practice and with business organization and standards."

CATCHING COLD

THE PHRASE "to catch cold" was in common use before the "common cold" was generally believed to be a germ-disease. Now that this belief has become prevalent, however, the verb has acquired new meaning and a cold is thought to be "catching"—that is, infectious—in the same way that measles or smallpox is. And yet, we are told by an editorial writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, April 15), there is some reason to suppose that at least some types of cold are not infectious. One may catch cold again and again; in other words, an attack does not confer even temporary immunity, as is usually the rule with bacterial infections. An acute nasal catarrh, or so-called "cold in the head," sometimes promptly follows exposure to drafts in a way that seems to exclude the probability of infection. The writer goes on to say:

"This diversity of opinion with respect to common colds, whereby some writers assert that the latter are always due to bacteria of some sort, while others decline to admit this mode of origin as the only way in which the disturbance in health is created, has given rise to corresponding divergences in the advice as to the hygiene of the subject. The question may be asked, Can one become 'hardened' to the possibility of attack by suitable living?"

"To a certain degree at least, resistance to bacterial invasion and immunity to changes in temperature and humidity must be acquired by different physiologic mechanisms. The 'Handbook of Therapy,' issued by the American Medical Association, takes a middle course in these words:

"Whether or not every cold is due to contagion or to a germ, chilling, whether indoors or outdoors, certainly predisposes to colds. It is quite probable that chilling of the surface of the body congests the inner organs, and possibly the mucous membranes of the air-passages. If the mucous membrane of the nose is congested it more readily becomes inflamed by irritation or by germs."

Leonard Hill, a recent observer, found that the mucous membrane naturally swells in warm, moist air, and that on passing from warm to cold air it becomes paler, but still remains swollen. He believes that the defensive mechanism of the blood is diminished by the cold, while bacteria grow readily in the secretion of the swollen mucous membrane. To quote again:

"Further facts regarding the exact place of atmospheric changes in the production of respiratory disease have recently been contributed through the scientific work of the New York State Commission on Ventilation. Clinical experiments have been conducted on nearly 150 male subjects, including, among others, workers whose occupation in itself was associated with certain distinctive temperatures, such as truck-drivers exposed to the varied weather-conditions, boiler-makers and firemen used to hot, dry atmospheres, and laundry-workers who are exposed to heat and humidity. These subjects have been exposed in an experimental chamber at times for several hours to extreme heat and humidity or to cold, and at other times they have been shifted back and forth from one extreme to the other. Ordinarily it was found that heat causes a swelling of the inferior turbinates [bones] of the nose, tending to a reduction in the size of the breathing-space, and to increase of secretion and reddening of the membranes. The action of cold, as a rule, is just the opposite. . . . In the industrial workers, mentioned above, whose occupations involved continuous exposure to extremes of heat and cold, these typical changes were not followed. This study was very successful in picturing how the membranes of the nose of such persons are less able to make the adaptations of the normal nose to changes in the atmospheric environment.

"A further suggestion that abnormal conditions of a permanent nature may be produced by repeated exposure to overheating was found in observations among long-time workers in hot, moist rooms such as are found in steam-laundries. . . . Obviously it is important to place the subject of 'colds in the head' on a more scientific basis as the result of investigations such as those here outlined. . . . The reactions in the nasal mucous membranes produced by changes in atmospheric environment are, says Cocks, too frequent and too definite to be disregarded. Accordingly, he is convinced that the theory of

bacterial infection as the sole cause of catarrhal inflammations of the upper air-passages is not tenable, since the changes produced by environment must materially affect the incidence of infection.

"Elsewhere Foster reports experiments from which he concludes that common colds—of a certain type at least—are infectious and that the causative virus occurs in nasal secretions. . . . His results are significant and should be followed by experiments for further evidence pointing toward their confirmation."

THE RETURN OF THE MIDDLE AGES

COULD THE HOSTS WHO FOUGHT in Flanders centuries ago look down upon the scene of their battles, they would miss little except the bow. One can not include even the arrow, for we drop that nowadays from aeroplanes. The editor of *The Engineering Record* (New York), who writes (April 15) on "Medieval Revival in Warfare," suggests that it is rather remarkable that the bow has not yet appeared on the firing-line. It may even have done so by the time the reader sees these words, for, as this writer says, it "might prove a weapon not to be despised in repelling a night-attack where general direction is about the only thing to be hoped for in the way of aim." We read:

"On the defensive side the steel head-piece has reappeared in the trenches after more than two hundred years of disuse. It is rather better made, considering what is required of it, than the old pattern, and saves many a head from being broken by shrapnel-bullets, which it easily turns. In fact, it is reported to deflect successfully bullets traveling 2,500 feet per second or more. Ordinarily speaking, such a projectile would penetrate at short range a half-inch of boiler-iron very easily if it struck squarely point on, but the modern bullet, having a long and tapering point to decrease the air-resistance, is fairly easily turned aside if it strike at an angle, as is likely to be the case, a well-shaped head-piece. Except for this great penetrating power we should doubtless have body-armor as well; in fact, it is being tried in Italy. Its place is partially taken by small, loopholed steel shields, behind which a rifleman can work his way forward with a fair degree of immunity from hits.

"Another very useful item in defense is the trench-periscope, of which divers patterns may be found advertised in the foreign papers. It is a simple combination of mirrors very useful for looking over a parapet, either directly or with a pair of binoculars, the mirrors being made large enough to permit the latter use. Old Hevelius, who flourished about 1650, might well smile to see his polemoscope put to such good use. This instrument, on which he set great value, was quite exactly the same thing, except that it was combined with a single-barreled opera-glass. Its modern form is merely better made and gives a bigger field.

"The barbed-wire entanglement is substantially the old abatis improved in structure. A tangle of barbed wire is certainly better than a small tree with its limbs carefully sharpened and turned point forward to the enemy, particularly if the wire is thoughtfully painted green, as in some large shipments recently, so as to make it less conspicuous. In the same connection one must not forget the pits with sharp stakes driven at the bottom, and the amiable caltrops—those four-pointed iron affairs which, thrown on the ground, always stand with one point up. The old ones, to be sure, were of roughly forged iron, while technical skill has now benevolently provided caltrops of stamped steel with viciously sharp edges and points adapted to the same old work. The water-filled moat is no part of field-fortifications now, but its place is well supplied by the desperate defense organized along canals and the old tactics of flooding the country to drown the foe."

When it comes to offense, our author finds that modern ingenuity has made use of medieval precedents to an extent that is really astonishing. He says:

"First to the front comes clattering down through the centuries the Roman catapult, the spring-engine invaluable for heaving stones in attack or defense. It was used all through the middle ages until temporarily driven out by cannon, and has once more appeared here and there in the trenches, just as serviceable as when Cæsar's legions used it with less dangerous projectiles. Indeed, it and similar weapons are singularly

convenient when the ranges draw within that which can be conveniently managed by an ordinary mortar. The German fire-throwing machine, too, comes of an ancient and honorable lineage, going back to the days when the besieged doused the enemy with boiling oil and burning pitch. It is a very simple device, this flame-projector—merely a tank filled with petrol under a pressure of several hundred pounds per square inch, and provided with a suitable long nozzle from which the liquid, inflamed by an electric spark as it leaves the tube, can be directed in a neat stream into the enemy's trenches over a distance of a hundred feet or so. Had petrol been available five hundred years ago it would have been welcomed for similar use on many a castle rampart. Even the bomb, spreading poisonous gases, can not lay claim to high novelty, since it is a direct descendant of the Chinese stinkpot, which goes back to unknown centuries. The wholesale use of deadly gases poured from the trenches and borne by the wind against the enemy seems, however, to be an innovation—a refinement, perhaps, of the old scheme of smoking the enemy out, tried in many a medieval siege."

Studying missile weapons a little further the writer finds reversion to deadly schemes foreshadowed, at least, in the wars of the middle ages. The hand-grenade, for generations a favorite short-range weapon, has once more come into its own. Vastly more effective than the crude bomb of former days, it takes various forms, sometimes thrown directly, sometimes lasht to the end of a stick, and yet again delivered by some rude kind of sling. To quote further:

"It is only fair to note that the advent of these cheerful innovations has been met by improved trenches, deeper and narrower than of yore, and, when feasible, partly roofed over, so that popping a bomb into them is much like trying to snap a nickel into a slot-machine. Similarly, the modern trench is more liberally provided with traverses, or their equivalent, than were those in which *Uncle Toby* valorously served, so that even when a shell drops into the slot it very likely will disable no more than two or three men.

"The mitrailleuse, again, however clever its mechanical design, finds ancient prototypes in the armories of Europe, and, oddly enough, even the sliding-block of the Krupp breech-action may be found in a piece of the sixteenth century in the Berlin Arsenal. The old-time arms-maker was far less deficient in inventive ingenuity than in means of execution.

"Mine, countermine, and petard, all have their modern equivalents, reinforced by guncotton and trinitrotoluol, but used with no more desperate courage now than in the Thirty Years' War.

"Even the familiar scheme of screening guns and men by carefully placed foliage harks back to the time when Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane. In adroit concealment, however, the war widely utilized an improvement which is strictly of modern origin: the painting of ships, guns, and even men, in streaks and spots of varied colors, so that they are quite lost in the shifting light over either sea or land. This has its origin, doubtless, in recent investigations of protective coloration in certain animals, which nature has provided with spots and streaks that blend so perfectly with the creature's wonted surroundings as to render it almost invisible at a short distance. Here increasing knowledge of the conditions of visibility has enriched the art of war with a radically new device.

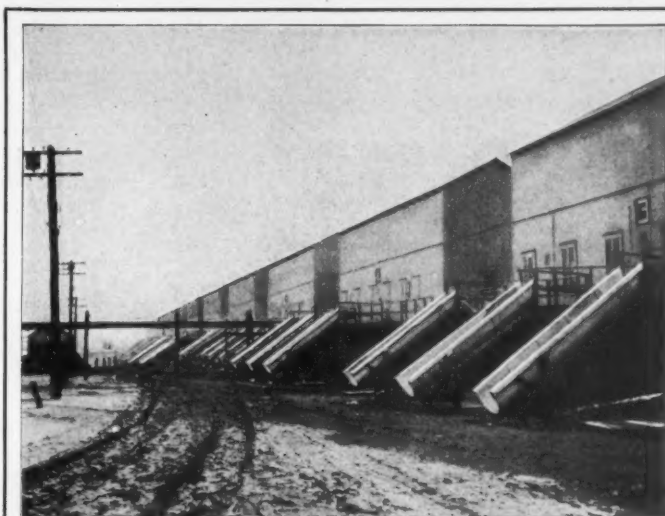
"All in all, it is rather remarkable to discover how the close-

range trench-warfare of the present has brought back means of destruction altogether similar to those of the ferocious hand-to-hand struggles of the middle ages."

EXPLOSION-ESCAPES

IN AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT of the Du Pont Powder Company's plant at Carney's Point, Md., printed in *The Telephone News* (Philadelphia, April 15), one of the most readable sections relates to devices for giving protection or facilitating escape in case of explosion. But the writer bids us understand, to start with, that bad explosions in good powder-plants are rare. "It is not exactly reasonable to compare the making of smokeless powder of any grade with pretzel-baking or button-hole working," but the manufacture of explosives is quite comparable with that of steel, for instance, and the risk of accident hardly greater. We read:

"You will come across a one-story building that is two hundred feet long, and, upon examination, you will find that it is constructed in sections, each being separated from those on either side by very thick brick dividing-walls. Then, if something should 'happen' in one of the sections (and bear in mind that a 'flare' takes several seconds to develop and does not come as one unexpected 'bang'), the workers in that section beat a hasty retreat to a near-by steel fence, behind which they await further developments, while the men in the other sections make their exit a bit more leisurely, mindful of those protect-



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EMERGENCY "EXITS" FROM A POWDER-MILL.

Head first or feet first does not matter when the powder "blows." Life depends on reaching a sideway to outdoors without a second's hesitation.

ing brick walls which keep things moving in a vertical plane.

"Then, too, the fire-escapes (for want of a better term) leading from the second- and third-floor windows of the taller buildings would delight any small boy. In the accompanying picture a line of them is shown. The *modus operandi* is something like this: If you're on the third floor and feel a sneaking desire to seek the open air, run to a window and turn south; the metal chute catches you gracefully and volplanes you to the ground, from which you rise gingerly (to avoid the impact of the fellow who is chuting the chutes just two seconds behind you), and either leg it for dear life or walk off in your most dignified manner, just as tho' that's the way you always come down-stairs.

"As we wandered (very gingerly) through the maze of buildings, only a few of which we peeked into, a marvelous variety of aromas assailed us. Near the ether- and alcohol-houses the effect was giddy, to say the least. After running such a gauntlet and coming upon a sign reading, 'Diphenylamine House,' we were a bit puzzled whether the Du Pont Company was exploiting some new-found chemical, or, rather, we had breathed in an overdose of fumes. Pressing-houses, dry-houses, solvent-houses, reclaiming-houses—every building seems to be a 'house' in the powder-man's language, and they were of a variety and number almost incomprehensible. Huge vaultlike structures were everywhere, without doors and with windows barred, in which the picric acid is stored. Batteries of tanks and vats holding incalculable gallons of this liquid and that! Machine-shops, too, and checking-sheds and storage-vaults innumerable! In the very center of the reservation stands a giant watch-tower wherein a man is stationed, day and night—and at the first sign of flame or smoke the company's fire department is on the move, while to every corner of the Du Pont map goes out the telephoned word that trouble's brewing."

LETTERS - AND - ART

DEMOCRATIZING SHAKESPEARE

WHILE MR. AMES has been lamenting the ravages of democracy in its effect upon the theater, efforts are observable on all sides to give the democratic spirit wider expression in the home of the drama. A slogan has been raised by a group of people, headed by Mr. Otto H. Kahn, heralding "the community-spirit of the theater," and America may

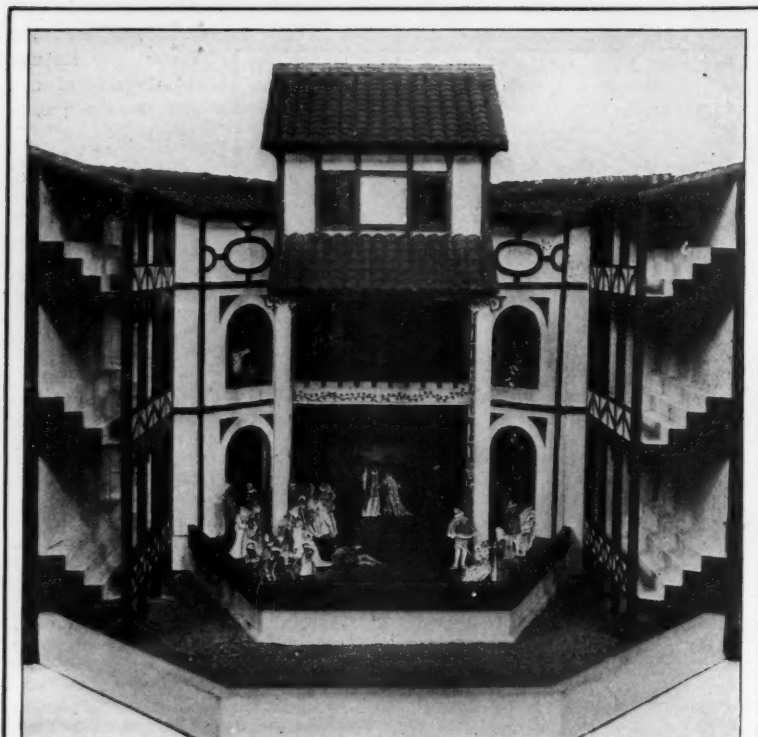
celebration." The future aims of this gathering were formulated by James M. Beck, ex-Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, and were adopted in a set of resolutions, noting that "the attendance at the various Shakespeare performances" and "the wide-spread interest displayed in the Shakespeare tercentenary celebration" have "demonstrated that the people in all walks of life are ready to respond to the appeal of serious art," and recalling "the cooperation of a great many different organizations toward an adequate expression of the community-spirit in art." It "appears desirable," they continue, "to perpetuate and enlarge such cooperation and to endeavor to give comprehensive expression, definite aim, and sympathetic guidance to what has heretofore been mainly indeterminate aspiration and sporadic and scattered effort," and they have therefore decided to form "a permanent organization . . . to serve the cause of art, and more particularly that of the stage and of the pageant, and to foster and give expression to the community-spirit and to community-effort in art." A committee was appointed to carry this purpose into effect.

The production of "The Tempest" by the Drama Society, now running at the Century Theater, is an example of the successful democratization of Shakespeare. "The Tempest" is actually making money," cries *The Morning Telegraph* (New York). "It's a show. The people like it, flock there by thousands, and gladly pay real money to witness it." "The Tempest" employs a "high-salaried company of fine actors," but "probably the largest patronage has come from students, club-members, employees' associations, and other organizations to whom special low-priced tickets are sold at rates ranging from 10 cents to \$1."

The Drama Society also looks toward the permanency of its work as a producing agency:

"There are tentative plans under way for next season, which include a seldom-produced play by Shakespeare and two of the Greek classic dramas. Some theater other than the Century probably will be used hereafter, but the same policy of painstaking selection of the casts will be followed. There will be no effort to feature any particular player, and the employment of stars, as such, enters not at all in the managerial ideas of the Drama Society.

"The fund for free tickets for poor children, which was recently placed upon an enduring basis by Clarence Mackay, will be increased, and the low scale of prices to the general public, now ranging from 25 cents to \$1.50, will be adhered to, or even lowered if the patronage should warrant. Schools, colleges, student organizations, and associated employees next year will be offered the same rates, from 10 cents in the gallery to 50 cents in the parquet, and modern plays of a high order that commercial managers may ignore will be produced. No attempt will be made to establish a repertory or to exploit any player above the merits of the play and its performance."



Courtesy of the Boston "Transcript."

THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE IN MINIATURE.

The scene represented is the "Play Scene" from "Hamlet." The utility of the "inner stage" of the Elizabethan theater is plainly indicated.

bring to pass the unrealized ideal of Great Britain to celebrate Shakespeare's tercentenary with the establishment of an endowed playhouse devoted largely to the Shakespearian drama. That "the people" are interested in Shakespeare is evinced by the fact that two thousand organizations and institutions in New York have taken part in the city's tercentenary celebrations. Mr. Sothorn said at the dinner recently given in his honor that whenever he and Miss Marlowe had played Shakespeare at popular prices they "had done very good business." The democratic character of the celebrations was emphasized by Dr. William E. Bohn at the dinner given by Mr. Kahn to the Mayor's Honorary Committee. He showed, according to the *New York Times*, that "one of the organizations holding a Shakespearian observance was the Phrenologists of the city of New York, and another the Association of Chiropodists." The Committee, moreover, "received a formal complaint from a traffic-policeman because the members of the New York Police Department had not been called upon to bear their part in the

The production to which "the people" are responding with such generous enthusiasm is an effort "toward a reconstruction not of Shakespeare's stage, but of his stage-craft," an effort to give the play in its "dramatic integrity" never attempted in three hundred years. There is a permanent front set, and a back alcove where the scenes placed in *Prospero's* cave can be played. In fact, as Mr. John Corbin explains in the *New York Sun*:

"The *Tempest*' runs the gamut of Shakespeare's mechanical equipment. A ship has to be set and wrecked; there are a grove of trees on one side of the main stage and a rock sty for *Caliban* on the other. A mask of dancers is made to vanish 'into thin air,' and *Ariel*, as it seems, indulges in an aerial flight or two. Elaborate as is the equipment of the stage of the Century, it was built with reference to other needs than ours and has proved an impediment rather than a help. Of all of the plays of Shakespeare, moreover, 'The *Tempest*' is the most delicate, the most elusive, the most mysterious and baffling in its charm. It may well be that its quality is too subtle, too vanishing, for any stage or any method of production.

"That 'The *Tempest*' is a classic in the limited world of the library does not admit of a reasonable doubt. With the exception of 'Hamlet' no play has exerted upon the finer order of mind so potent, so baffling a charm. Men of genius as different as Browning and Renan have drawn from it inspiration for works that are themselves, in their own way, masterpieces. But what of the very different world of the theater? In one of his most human and lucid moments Goethe defined a classic as a work of the imagination which, after the lapse of a century, remains alive and enjoyable to mankind. Is 'The *Tempest*' such a classic—a classic of the theater? The astounding fact is that we have as yet no means of knowing. In the three hundred years since Shakespeare

WHY THE DRAMA DECAYS

IT WOULD SEEM like aiming at a Chestertonian paradox to say that some of our esteemed public virtues really make for vices in the theater. Mr. Winthrop Ames would probably not support the theorem abstractly stated, but he tells an audience that "the average quality of plays has declined in America during the last twenty years" for such surprising reasons as these: "First, that America is a democracy; secondly,



A SHAKESPEARIAN RECONSTRUCTION.

The setting used at the Century Theater for the performance of "The *Tempest*." The inner stage shows the scene of *Prospero's* cell. The entire stage is used for the scene of the ship and its wreck. The upper galleries are used for *Prospero's* "mystical" appearances.

Went so soon

From the World's Stage to the Grave's Tying-room

scenes which are most vital dramatically have been hacked in pieces or transposed to an absurd context, even cut out altogether—and all to accommodate our rigid and slow-moving picture scenery. Not once has the play been given in its dramatic integrity—a feat which, as it seems, is possible only on the stage for which it was written. To restore it to its ancient rights is the contribution of the Drama Society to the tercentenary commemoration. The result is on the knees of the gods."

The result as it impresses an English observer, Mr. Sidney Brooks, is one to call for superlatives of praise. In the *New York Tribune* he says:

"What I seem to miss, amid the stir which this remarkable production has evoked, is the realization that it is probably the finest and most rounded performance of a Shakespearean play that has ever been seen on an English-speaking stage. If Shakespeare were in New York to-day, to which of the theaters that are producing his dramas would he go?"

that we have free public schools; thirdly, that these twenty years have brought us unexampled material prosperity; and fourthly, because of the labor-unions and their influence." Mr. Ames, who has managed both the biggest theater and the littlest one in New York, gave his views to the diners who were bidding a stage farewell to Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn, and his remarks are reported in the press of New York and Boston. He spoke for "those behind the curtain," and made the frank admission that as conditions now confront us, "the good plays are so submerged and overwhelmed by a flood of inferior rubbish that they seem to have got lost in the shuffle altogether, and so given the stage a general air of retrogression." This is how he makes it out that "evils spring sometimes from beneficent sources":

"Democratic America has stood for the right of the lowest citizen to better his social position, and he has taken full advantage of this opportunity; our schools have made a certain level of education not only free but compulsory; the national wealth has increased by leaps and bounds; and various social forces, chief among them the labor-unions, have been sifting this wealth down through all classes of society. The result has been that in the last twenty years those in America who would

be called peasants abroad have advanced a stride in the social scale, and this pressure from below has correspondingly increased the lower middle class; and in turn this has resulted in not only doubling, it is hardly wide of the mark to say it has quintupled, our theatergoers. A whole new section of the public has got sufficient mental advancement and spending-money to become patrons of the drama. Slow at first, then more rapidly, and finally in a flood, the newly sprung playgoers announced their advent. Theaters upon theaters were built, not in New York only, but all over the country—and still they seemed few.

"The celebrated theatrical 'trust,' which had hitherto pretty much controlled things, could no longer keep its dams in order. And still the tide of the new audience continued to rise. Plays had to be found to feed them—and players were found; but from the quality of the dramatic fare they obviously relished and demanded we gaged the quality of the new patrons. And we found, to our regret and yours, that it was not the intellectual public that had quintupled—it was the less intelligent. They were innocent of dramatic standards and of culture. To them a play was just a 'show.' They cared nothing for such things as character-delineation or psychological analysis, or subtleties of dialog—in short, for the things that make drama literature. They wanted a good 'show'—and their definition meant merely a simple, rapid, exciting story, told in terms of action. The more intelligent public had increased, too, of course, but in comparison its increase was so small as to be negligible."

With tears in his voice Mr. Ames declares that if "you want an intellectually aristocratic drama, you must have an intellectually aristocratic audience." He points his truism by an example and a comparison that will appeal especially to all believers in the democratic mission of America:

"Russia has the most advanced stage to-day; and in proportion to its population Russia has the fewest theaters and audiences almost exclusively drawn from the upper classes. Do you suppose that the man who drives you in a drosky to the Art Theater in Moscow ever dreams of going inside? He'd as soon expect an invitation to the Czar's garden-party. Yet not a month ago I drove to a New York theater in a taxi, and as I paid my fare the driver asked: 'Boss, what time does this show begin?' 'Half-past eight.' 'Just got time to make the garage and get the wife,' said he. 'I'm going, too.' Well, there you are! The taxi-driver and his wife—or, to be more accurate, the class just above him in the social scale—outnumber any other in the average modern audience four or five to one. This is what we have grown to call the General Public—the public that pays the piper, and therefore calls the tune. And so most of us behind the curtain began vigorously to pipe ragtime. Sometimes when we got very rich or very courageous we'd take a little flier in Beethoven and Debussy and then come back and pipe ragtime more vigorously than ever—to pay our bills."

"We don't like ragtime ourselves as well as other dramatic music, I assure you. Any one that really knows the people back of the curtain will tell you that, with rare exceptions, both actors and managers would mightily prefer to give the public better plays than the public wants. They sometimes underestimate the public taste, it is true; but quite as often they fail by aiming too high. They are accused of lacking courage to experiment. Well, we're obliged to lean toward caution if we mean to spend more than a few flushed and feverish years in this trade."

"No; the trouble with the drama now, and for several years in the past, is that it is dominated by a great, new, eager, child-like, tasteless, honest, crude General Public; and as for blaming anybody—well, it's pretty poor fun blaming a great primal force like gravitation or democracy."

If the situation is discouraging to the general observer, the Brooklyn *Eagle* sees Mr. Ames's diagnosis as "merely repeating the history of the drama in all times when its history has been preserved":

"Our present small bulk of the classic Greek drama is merely the best of hundreds and hundreds of plays which were acted and forgotten. Of the Elizabethan drama our stage now knows only the best works of Shakespeare. Yet in Shakespeare's day there were six theaters in London, and he only supplied plays for one, and probably not all that it used. What must have been the quality of the great bulk of the drama of that time of theatrical luxuriance and prosperity? You have to hunt in the libraries for the drama of the Restoration. In the following period we know only a few plays by Goldsmith and

Sheridan, while the whole school of post-Shakespearian tragedy, which once filled theaters on two continents, is to be found only in libraries. The drama has always been the art of the common people, and only a very small proportion of its plays has had any quality of permanence. Our average of survival may run quite as high as that of the days of Goldsmith and Sheridan. Nature lavishes thousands of seeds in the hope of one matured plant, and a like law seems to rule in the world of the intellect."

A CRAFTY FUTURIST PLAN

IF THE MORE CONSERVATIVE among the art-world thought that the war had given the death-blow to Futurism, what will they say when they learn that it has merely afforded that cult its supreme opportunity? The Italian, Marinetti, the most "vociferating leader" of the party, has a project to clear Italy of its past completely. He is reported as proposing that "in order to pay for this war, and in order to prepare for others, Italy should carefully and 'craftily' sell all that she has in the way of Old Masters—pictures or statuary—in all her public galleries." This proposal has been published by some kind of a "broadside" propaganda which Mr. Paul Souday, critic of the Paris *Temps*, calls attention to, saying that Europe—at least the "Allied" Europe—has been strewn with these "scraps of paper." The proposal is more than a mere Italian matter, but a correspondent of the London *Times*, "W. M.," views it first in its relation to Italy and America. In the sale of the old masterpieces "absorbent America," it is expected, "would receive these useless evidences of past superiority." The London *Times* writer goes on:

"The gods have been known to migrate before this. Their march over the Atlantic could begin, were the Italian Government to permit it, to-morrow. Italy would benefit in dreadnoughts and in the power to do more damage in the world."

"But, from the Futurist point of view, there would be a greater blessing still."

"No longer would it be possible for any member of the conspiracy to be put to the blush by the neighborhood of giants—Michelangelo, Leonardo, and the rest. Would that the Alighieri could be added to the proscriptions!—but the undoubtedly Futurist mechanism of printing on scraps of paper has placed this regrettable Dante beyond immediate attack. He must remain to destroy or diminish our 'originality.' But removal of all the pictures can secure at least that no dwarf need any longer see *Caliban's* face in the glass of the Pitti pictures. And the dwarf's complete sense of achievement, thereupon, would come to him from participation in greater national power. Diminish the spirit. Increase the body. Our old friend *Macht!* The *Wille zur Macht!* These Futurists! You recognize them as but the Philistines—Matthew Arnold's old enemies—in a new disguise. And, with a smile, you turn away from them—at first."

"Then, thinking it over, you face that impoverished Europe of to-morrow. You remember that a significant—almost a symbolical—act has officially been sanctioned here. We have closed museums. A measure of economy. Unnecessary ballast thrown out in storm. A mere emergency."

"But, to-morrow, when, for poorer countries it's no longer a question of so much saying as of making, hugely? An enriched America waits."

"Surely M. Souday is right in taking the insidious suggestion seriously. For the multitude it will always be tempting."

"We live under democracy. That means that we necessarily enumerate, count heads and hands held up, vote, and judge of our values by numbers. And if everybody voted for millions, or for Michelangelo? We who close our museums have no right to suppose that they matter against millions. Our standard to-day simply is that you must judge pictures by the numbers of those who never look at them, and sanctuaries by the fewness of the worshippers. The verdict is against pictures, against sanctuary."

"In our 'hopes and fears for art'—or for works of art—to-day, we are apt to be encouraged by that generous error of the nineteenth-century prophets, Ruskin, William Morris, who believed that the salvation of art is with the people. Mr. Marinetti knows better. We salute his instinct. He is in touch with the Philistine everywhere. Who knows? He may be heard. His policy may prevail."

NEGLECTED AMERICAN LITERATURE

PROF. GEORG BRANDES was annoyed by several things besides the telephone, when he visited us in 1912. One was the insistent inquiry as to what he thought of Emerson, Whitman, and Poe. The irascible Dane finally said he would answer the question no more, because "nobody over here had read them." If he discovered the fact after a two-weeks' visit, he probably went away without really knowing the reason for this shortcoming—if, indeed, the reason would have mattered to him. Mr. Percy H. Boynton undertakes to tell us in *The Nation* (New York) that it is because of "two persistent and mutually provocative facts in American life: that American culture has always been timidly self-conscious, and that American literature has always been neglected in the American college." Our study of literature, Mr. Boynton says, is "in the hands of pre-Shakespearian scholars," and consequently earlier periods of English literature are "strest as most worthy of study, the best maturing scholarship is diverted toward them, and American literature is either slighted or explicitly discredited." We read:

"In writing the history of our country—even the ostensibly literary history—the social satires and the secondary fiction have been almost as completely forgotten by the historians as by the general public. Still the colleges do not seize their opportunity. Not one eminent university man in the country to-day has devoted his career to studying or teaching the literary history of America.

"The immediate consequences of this are the obvious ones on which Professor Brandes remarked. In the secondary schools American authors are read to a considerable degree, the decreasingly as college-entrance examinations loom up as the determining influence. Yet the school-children have to be taught American literature out of the fulness of the heart rather than out of the fulness of the mind, for the teachers have seldom enjoyed any special training. Among adults the average receptive college graduates who are going into business or into professions other than teaching—even the ones with so-called literary inclinations—very rarely discover for themselves the drift of national thought as it might have been presented in historical courses. Every other literature but our own is so studied, but it has never been the fashion for educated Americans to take American literature seriously. It hasn't been done in the best academic circles."

Mr. Boynton strikes out against that timidity which prevents us from valuing at its true worth our own products in letters, while we cherish "the enormous heritage which a sharing in English speech and English feeling has given us." A knowledge of ourselves, he avers, "depends upon an intimate acquaintance with the American stock quite as much as on an analysis of the English soil from which it sprang." We have a long record of obsequious deference:

"The deference of the American intellect and the American college is well rooted in history. Cambridge University furnished the New England tradition for the colonial centuries. With the development of a national consciousness commencement-speakers began to orate loosely about the 'rising glories of

America.' For a generous half-century, from Freneau to Longfellow, aspiring young America looked to itself for the new poets and prophets of the New World. This was a natural display of exaggerated provincialism; and a natural feature of it was that all the time the aspirants were most anxiously listening for any applause that might come over from London. No wonder that in those early stages young America was superficially imitative of the popular English models; no wonder Dennett said of Fitz-Greene Halleck what he might have said of any other

Knickerbocker—that it was hard for him to forget himself, for 'when he forgot himself he had to forget so many people.' From 1820 on, Irving, Cooper, Bryant, and their followers protested more and more frequently at a certain condescension in foreigners to which Lowell address himself in his essay of 1865. Yet all of these men, and cultured America as a whole, played up to this condescension and encouraged it by evidently expecting it—stimulated it by the peevish feebleness of their protests. Lowell himself was always apologetic, always hoping to gain confidence in his countrymen. Charles Eliot Norton was deferent toward all things British or European and felt for the crudities of American life a distress which was only a refinement upon the snobbishness of the *Effinghams* in Cooper's 'Homeward Bound' and 'Home as Found.'

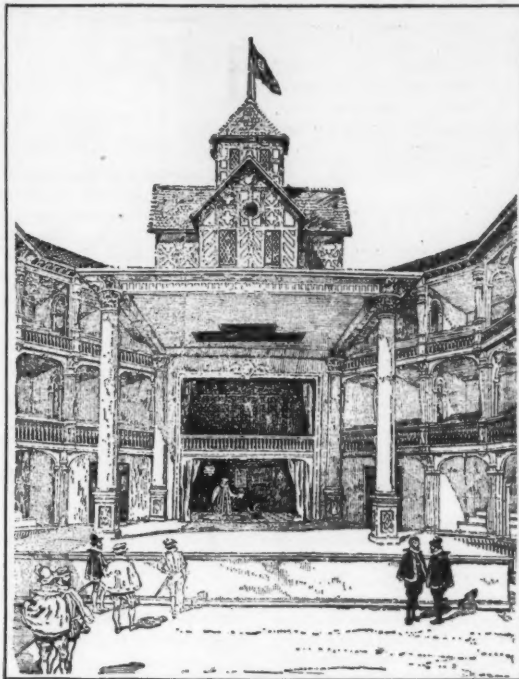
"The fact is that the refined American of the mid-nineteenth century was afraid to contemplate the incarnation of America. He knew that Uncle Sam was too mature for it; he feared that it was like *Tom Sawyer*; he did what he could to mold it into the image of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. And he apologized for Whitman. When Mark Twain visited William Dean Howells in Cambridge in 1871 they were both

young sojourners from what was to Cambridge an indiscriminated West. Young Mr. Clemens didn't care at all, and young Mr. Howells didn't care so far as he himself was concerned, but he cared a great deal in behalf of his friend, who was so incorrigibly Western. And in recording his solitude he recorded a striking fact of that generation: that American culture was afraid even of American phenomena which Europe approved. 'I did not care,' said Mr. Howells of Mr. Clemens, 'to expose him to the critical edge of that Cambridge acquaintance which might not have appreciated him at, say, his transatlantic value.'"

The present is a time, it is asserted, when "American literature makes an imperative claim on the national attention":

"There need be no question for the self-derogatory American as to the comparative merits of Cooper and Scott, Longfellow and Tennyson, Emerson and Carlyle; but there should be much question as to what Cooper and Irving meant three generations ago, why Willis thrived and Poe languished, what the Transcendentalists signified, how vital was the contribution of Cambridge to the life of the nation, where Whitman triumphed and how he failed, and who took up the torch when the elders laid it down. . . .

"For we have reached the point where, as a community, we must at last be able to think clearly in terms of international relations, and where as a first step toward any clarity of thought we must have some clear and unified approximation not merely as to our 'manifest destiny,' but as to what we are and what the American concept of the state should be. And these findings, if they are to amount to anything at all, must be based on a knowledge of the course of American thought as related to the thought of the world."



THE THEATER OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

The Globe, where his plays were first produced, and for long the finest playhouse of his time. The scene on the inner stage is from the frontispiece of an old quarto of Marlowe's "Faustus"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

A LAY WARNING TO THE MINISTRY

THE CHURCH IS A FAILURE as a "human" institution, but as a "divine" one it is "all-powerful." Let us put a stop, then, to the "secularization" that is "sapping its best life-blood," urges a layman in *The Reformed Church Review* (Lancaster, Pa., April), who at the same time deplors the fact that this cry of warning should come from a layman. What is worse, he knows that "not one clergyman in ten" will agree with his view, yet he believes that he is giving expression to "a very deep-seated fear that is in the breasts of many laymen who love the Church and have its best interests at heart." Stated concisely, the burden of the writer's protest is that while the modern Church is trying to "Christianize the social and civil life" of the world, the world is "rapidly secularizing" the Church. Some persons call it "socializing" the Church, others argue that the process merely involves the application of old-time principles to new conditions. The truth of the matter, as this writer sees it, is that under the "euphonious expression of 'Social Service,' a propaganda is on foot to commit the Church to many old and new methods of reform from without, and thus divert the Church from the exercise of its normal function, which is to regenerate the heart of man from within." For example:

"The sacred edifice heretofore dedicated to the worship of Almighty God has now, with its parish-house, its club, and other auxiliaries, become the center of secular functions. We now go to church to hear sermons on the minimum wage, adequate housing of the poor, the regulation of moving pictures and the dance-halls, how to vote, and the latest vice-investigation report. From this center agents and detectives of Law and Order societies make report of nightly investigations; and it is said even ministers of the Gospel keep silent watch during the hours of the night and assist in rounding up inmates from disreputable houses. They appear as prosecutors and witnesses before grand and petit juries in the Quarter Sessions Court. Billiard- and pool-tables are being installed, dancing classes are organized, and all sorts of amusements offered to entice the youth within its sacred precincts. A child returning home from Sunday-school recently was asked by its mother the subject of the lesson. It was how to keep the streets clean. Another Sunday, kindness to dumb animals furnished the subject of the lesson, and this was in a graded Sunday-school up to date. A good woman who had suffered greatly with a recent sorrow brought herself to church longing for some comforting word. She heard a sermon on the Charity Organization Society and the Visiting Nurse."

Nevertheless the writer disclaims any intention of opposing rational amusements, philanthropic movements, and real social service, or of defending violations of the law. But he does hold that while social activities may be wholesome and good, they are not religion, for—

"As we view it, the Church by thus allying itself with secular movements is endeavoring to cure the evils of the social life by a species of legalism, striving to purify the sinful nature of man by attacking the outside, forgetting that crimes and violations of law are the external marks only of an inward demoralization and rottenness of the heart. The root of the evil in the world is in the human heart, and to redeem the world the inner spiritual nature must be first purified. The crime committed is the fruit of sin in the heart. You may punish the criminal for violating the law, but that does not cure the sinful heart. The Christian minister has to do with sin, not with crime. When, therefore, he allies himself with the officers of the law in arresting criminals he is departing from his proper function and weakening his power and ability to cure the sin in the heart."

Leave philanthropic and humanitarian movements to statesmen and economists, the writer says, in addressing ministers directly. The incumbent who "knows his congregation in the

inner life of its members and keeps constantly in touch with their spiritual needs" has no time for other activities, and when he succeeds in raising the moral and religious life in the hearts of his people he will be "wielding an influence for good in the community that will bring the results he now deems so desirable and necessary."

Meanwhile we are reminded that one of the amazing features in the development of the modern Church has been the effort to take from it everything divine. Indeed,

"Ministers of the Gospel are willing to preach on every subject under the sun except the Gospel, and when they begrudgingly hand it down they almost tell us it is not divine, but a man-made thing. They have relegated to the brush-heap most of the sacred beliefs, such as the miracles, original sin, the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ, the efficacy of baptism and the Holy Communion, and many of them even deny the validity of their own divine office as ministers of God. They prefer to hold their office from the people, not of God. All comes from man, nothing from God. Perhaps this is the reason so many ministers look down on empty pews and complain bitterly that their members do not come to hear the sermons prepared with so much labor."

A NEW MEMORIAL DAY

THE COMING MEMORIAL SUNDAY, May 28, is dedicated by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America to a special purpose—the relief of the world's suffering through war. An appeal sent out by their Press Service recites that the appalling conditions of suffering and need in the nations directly affected by the war are not known to the masses of our people. We have not been sufficiently informed to inspire our interest and action. A bulletin lately issued by the American Red Cross confirms this statement:

"The imagination of those at home has not been able to grasp the stupendous quantities of everything demanded in this war. Engagements take place of which but little mention is made, each more deadly and more bloody than any battle of our Civil War."

The inability of the nations at war, strained as they are, to meet these needs, says the Bulletin of the Federal Council, "constitutes an urgent appeal to the neutral nations, and especially to the people of the United States, to use their utmost endeavors to bring relief whenever possible to all who suffer." The Federal Council further states that "the time has come for a relief movement of such magnitude as shall fittingly recognize the obligation of Christianity to respond to all human needs and emphasize to all the world the moral and spiritual consciousness and the Christian and philanthropic spirit of the American people." The action recently taken by the Federal Council is embodied in these resolutions:

"1. That the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America initiate a nation-wide movement for the relief of suffering in Europe and Asia growing out of conditions created by the war.

"2. That the movement shall be under the leadership and inspiration of the Churches, a preeminently religious appeal to the people through the churches and religious orders and organizations, endeavoring to arouse among all classes the sentiment of personal self-sacrifice.

"3. That the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America suggest for the inauguration of the movement the week preceding Memorial Sunday for the solicitation of funds for the suffering peoples of Europe and Asia, that the President of the United States be requested to invite all the churches and religious organizations of the United States to set apart Memorial Sunday, May 28, 1916, for the consideration of the wide-spread

sorrows of the peoples and for most generous contributions to relieve the suffering; and that a delegation be appointed to present in person this proposal to the President of the United States.

"4. That the movement be unrestricted in its appeal, both in respect to the securing of funds and in the distribution of relief, and that when individuals, churches, and other organizations desire they may designate their preference for the use of funds.

"5. That the Administration hereafter to be appointed shall follow up these initial appeals so long as necessity may exist or until the Executive Committee shall otherwise order."

PREACHING THROUGH THE TELEPHONE

EDWARD BELLAMY'S "Looking Backward," written in 1887, pictured an audience of 150,000 listening to the sermon through telephones. They were scattered all through the town, and sat in their comfortable music-rooms where the "receivers" were installed, instead of going to church. The novelist describes the audition as "the voice of a man, at the pitch of ordinary conversation," addressing us "with an effect of proceeding from an invisible person in the room." Mr. Bellamy had no exaggerated ideas of the rapidity of progressive changes, for the scene described was supposed to occur in the year 2000. *The Telephone Review* (New York), however, thinks he "erred woefully when he figured that we would require 113 years to adapt the telephone to the purpose indicated." It claims in the name of the industry it represents to "have beaten him out by considerably more than eighty-four years." It describes an installation at Passaic, N. J., which, it avers, is by no means the first of its kind, nor is it the only application of the idea. Thus:

"About five years ago, a feature of the electrical shows held in Madison Square Garden was the telephone-booths into which one could step and hear the songs and jokes as they were given at near-by musical shows. We should, perhaps, be charitable

in our judgment of Mr. Bellamy, for the first complete and intelligent sentence by telephone had been spoken only eleven years, at the time he wrote, and the art of telephony, then just passing from the experimental period to the development period, was but lightly regarded by the public.

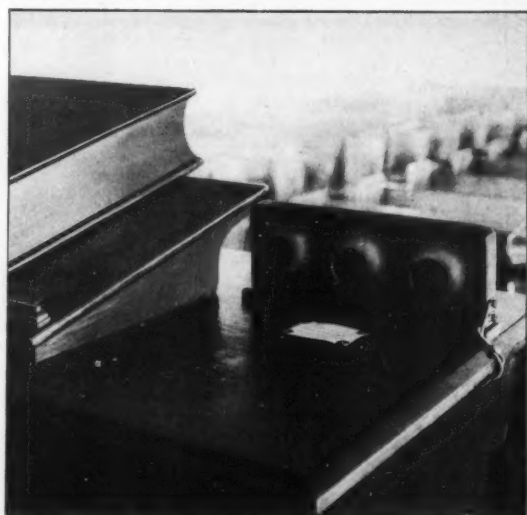


Illustrations by courtesy of "The Telephone Review," New York.

HEARING THE SERMON AT HOME.

A shut-in, Mrs. Jacob Bakelaar, who hears the service and sermon of the Netherland Reformed Church.

"During the month of March, 1916, we installed special equipment at the residence of Mrs. Jacob Bakelaar and at the Netherland Reformed Church, at Passaic, N. J. The apparatus installed at the church consisted of a special microphone transmitter, one No. 29 induction coil, one No. 21-D condenser, two No. 6 dry cells, and a No. 6002-B key. The apparatus installed at the residence consisted of one No. 190 jack, one No. 85 plug, and a special low-resistance receiver. The line from the church to the residence is about one mile long and is practically all in No. 19 gage cable. . . . Mrs. Bakelaar, for whom the apparatus was installed, is shown in the accompanying photograph seated in her armchair at home listening to the sermon her pastor is delivering from the pulpit of the church in another part of the city. During the last four years Mrs. Bakelaar has only been able to attend one church service, and two years have elapsed since that occasion. The transmission is highly satisfactory, and, by forming a group near the receiver, five or six people can hear every sound originating in the church."



FOR THE EXTENDED AUDIENCE.

Telephone-transmitters on the pulpit of the Netherland Reformed Church, of Passaic, N. J.

A "STONEMAN" PILGRIMAGE—When an organization like the "Stonemen," of Philadelphia, turns itself into a magnified evangelistic agency even for one night the religious world is provided with a novel manifestation. The Stonemen were treated in an article on January 8, wherein it was stated that this organization had a membership of one hundred thousand, and it aimed to carry forward religion by means of an organization somewhat similar to the military orders of the Middle Ages. It went forth as a band of 6,000 recently and traveled from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, where it paraded the streets, held a meeting, and returned home again. Pittsburg was not equal to the task of entertainment and twenty-three applied to the police-station for accommodations, and cots were arranged for them in the gymnasium of the Central Station. Two hundred and fifty were given cots in the 18th Regiment Armory. The purpose of the visit, as the *Pittsburg Gazette-Times* sees it, was "to spread the gospel of good fellowship typified in the organization," and in this respect, it adds, "the pilgrimage was crowned

with as complete success as the promoters could have desired." In the address of the organizer, Dr. H. C. Stone, reported by *The Public Ledger* (Philadelphia), criticisms of the organization are met in this way:

"They have started the old story that this is an Episcopalian Church movement. In Philadelphia we have turned back 8,000 men to their churches and only 8 per cent. came to Episcopal churches. We have from 30 to 35 per cent. of our members baptized every Sunday, yet the Episcopal Church has only baptized 1 per cent. of this number. If I am as smart a man as I am alleged to be, I will have to fish better than that to build up an Episcopalian organization.

"Our idea is church unity among Protestants. We are not antagonistic to any one. We want first of all to have the open Bible to be a part of the curriculum of our public schools, and those schools directed by people selected by the parents. I will tell you a secret. We are preparing legislation so that the parents will elect the Boards of Education. We are not political. All we expect to do is to elect the proper men to the proper places.

"We are strongly patriotic. We call it a crime for any foreigner to come to this country, live upon \$3 per week, send about \$18 to \$20 per week back to his native country, then return to it to enjoy its advantages after having amassed a competency.

"We have introduced a harmonious feeling between employer and employee in Philadelphia. Recently I was sent for to settle a strike. I did it by making the employer and his employees members of the Fellowship."

THE ETHICS OF REPRISALS

THERE IS DIFFERENCE OF OPINION in England as to the "ethical soundness" of reprisal campaigns for *Zeppelin* raids. A professor of philosophy in Birmingham University, Dr. J. H. Muirhead, takes the view that murders of women and children, which so far have been the main results of *Zeppelin* raids, can not have been their instigating motive, and so in pure ethics reprisals in kind can not be ethically justified. He told Mr. Denis Crane, who reports his views in *The Christian Advocate* (Nashville), that historians should note the fact that in a time when "the nerve of England has been shaken by *Zeppelin* raids" a discussion can even arise on the question of reprisals. "For a people that in the midst of a bloody war can debate the morality of a course which, it is contended, will avert impending disaster, is as remote from decay as the upper and nether poles." One side in the discussion urges that "raids were dictated by the doctrine of frightfulness and that reprisals would stop them." Others have "disputed the efficacy of reprisals and urge that, even if they were successful, the end would not justify the means." Professor Muirhead argues:

"Personally, I should not lay much stress upon the latter point, and I should certainly demur to the idea that Germany has built a fleet of a hundred *Zeppelins* merely to kill women and children. Germany is aiming at our munition-works and other vulnerable points. At present she is only practising, and the slaughter of non-combatants is merely in her view an incidental atrocity such as inevitably occurs when any country is invaded. Our only legitimate course is to keep the *Zeppelins* at such a height that they become impracticable and uncertain and so a weapon of barbarism doing no military damage but slaying defenseless women and children, and thus put them out of court as a legitimate weapon. The objection to reprisals is that we should be imitating the immediate result without the justification of the remoter object, and thus debase the principles which we profess and by which in the eyes of history we hope to be judged."

On the question of the use of gas, however, the professor does not think that the reprisal-policy has been already adopted:

"Gas, so long as it is not accompanied by needless cruelties, is a legitimate weapon used against none but combatants. We have merely adopted a weapon that our enemy was already using with effect; just as we might lawfully copy a specially powerful piece of artillery. The question of reprisals arises only when a nation counters one barbarous weapon with another."

The professor adds a word on the practical and ethical unsoundness of the policy of "frightfulness":

"The assumption is that by methods of this sort you can break a nation's morale and so bend it to submission. It is a conspicuous instance of the failure of the German mind—which has done such excellent work on theoretical lines—to understand the practical psychology of nations. You can not ethically separate means from end; and if frightfulness actually achieved the end in view without permanent effect in lowering the moral standard, there might be something to be said for it. During the stage of instinct in nations it may have been possible. But you can not thus break the nerve of great nations with reflective politics and a proud martial history like England, France, and Russia; you merely steel their determination to suppress methods that are a menace to all they hold dear."

SUSPICION SUNDERING THE CHURCHES

CHURCH UNION recently effected in Canada brought to light the fact that doctrine "held the least place in the program of unity." Not that men's convictions were less, says a writer in *The Christian Work* (New York), "but their charity had so broadened that they held these convictions less offensively to those with whom they differed." Here is a lesson to those who seem to hold that variance in doctrinal belief is the impassable barrier to church union. Instead, this same writer finds that "the real poison in the way is suspicion of one another." The Church is charged with having "sought to make love of God far more important than love of one's fellows," and the assertion is made that "many of the sins of the Church can be located in these abnormal departures from the truth." The alternative is presented:

"If one must choose between so-called orthodoxy and suspicion of other Christians, or so-called heterodoxy and fellowship with other Christians, the day is at hand when hosts in all communions would not hesitate to cast their lot with the latter rather than the former."

The first business of the Church is to Christianize itself before it undertakes to Christianize the world, and "the fundamental step in the Christianizing of the Church is the scourging out of its portals the suspicion that Christians entertain against one another." For—

"It narrows prayer; it lowers the standard of Christian living; it makes incompetent the Church to fulfil the task for which Jesus established it and commissioned it. There can be no definite progress until suspicion on the part of one Christian of another is put away as one boldly struggles to put away those sins that are robbing him of communion with God.

"The poison of suspicion has smitten the Church like a scourge. It once was generally considered, and occasionally now, that a too free fellowship with other Christians rather weakens one's standing in his own communion. George Calixtus, professor in the University of Halmstead and a pioneer in the cause of Christian union, worked untiringly for a conference among Roman Catholics, Lutherans, and the members of the Reformed Church. It was in those early days when the Protestant Reformation was becoming established. The conference could never have been if Calixtus had not labored so unceasingly for it, but when the time came to select representatives his own communion refused to select him because he was too friendly with the Christians of other bodies, especially his fellow Christians of the Protestant communion. It was that spirit which excluded Thomas Campbell and Barton W. Stone from the communions in which they were reared, and it is that spirit that has made it awkward for many large-spirited Christians in these days. Timid men draw back and suffer. Bold men go ahead and take their places in the ranks of pioneers of a holy cause, which must find its realization some day as sure as God is God.

"The conviction for Christian union is far deeper than is ordinarily regarded. There are hosts of ministers whose catholic souls are held in chains by the sectarian sentiments of their communions. But one's suspicion of his brother is so thoroughly anti-Christian that it needs only the light to reveal its deep, dark sin."

BEHIND THE SCENES IN STRICKEN BELGIUM

THE WORLD HAS, in a measure, lost sight of Belgium during the last six or eight months. The flames of war have swept elsewhere. The moans of a stricken people have been almost lost in the tumult. But every now and then some hand draws the curtain aside for an instant and we catch glimpses of patient endurance, poignant distress, and heroic fortitude. Here, for instance, is a picture furnished recently by an American relief-agent in a report. He writes:

"I have seen thousands of people lined up in the snow or rain, soaked and chilled, waiting for bread and soup. I have returned to the distributing-stations at the end of the day and have found men, women, and sometimes children, still standing in line, but later compelled to go back to their pitiful homes, cold, weak, and miserable. It was not until eighteen weary hours afterward that they got the meal they had missed. The 'meal' is three thick slices of bread and a pint of soup. . . . Picture the mental condition of people without work for more than a year and a half, daily face to face with the possibility of starvation, cut off from communication with the outside world by barbed wire and armed cordons. There are 3,000,000 thus suffering and destitute."

It is now nearly two years since the iron heel of War trampled Belgium into the dust. The slow, agonizing days have lengthened into weeks, the weeks into months, the months into years, and still the daily tragedy described above repeats itself over and over. It is a wonder the whole nation of seven millions does not go mad. But worse even than this suffering has developed. The most pitiful victims of the war are not seen in the bread-line. The real tragedies of Belgium have not been visible to the world. The war has done something that the Belgians prefer not to talk much about. There are no statistics available to show how many innocent girls have been made victims of the war-man's lust. No one has tabulated the fatherless babies born in that proud little nation in the last twelve or fourteen months. But reliable information exists to show that the mental anguish from this cause has been wide-spread. This is the cruellest crown of thorns that has tortured the nation's brow, the keenest spear that has pierced its side.

Belgium has been saved from starvation, thanks to the response of a sympathetic world. But it has been a terrific task just to feed and clothe the people. A great machine had to be improvised for this work, and it has been operated on a huge scale. It is evident that special provision could not be made in this way for special cases. These homeless girl-mothers and their babes can gain little help from the bread-line described above. These and thousands of other special forms of distress can not be treated by a huge improvised machine. Millions of men, women, and children, heretofore in comfortable or even affluent circumstances, are now in abject poverty. Some are professional men—teachers, artists, professors; some are business men whose business has been destroyed, factory-owners whose factories have gone up in smoke, builders and artisans for whom there is no longer any occupation. They have contributed generously out of their savings to the distress of those more needy until the savings have vanished. All over Belgium these people are to be found, and almost the only relief the pitying world has been able to extend to them consists of three slices of bread and a pint of soup a day.

To render special assistance in the thousands of cases that require it a new Fund has been started and new methods devised. This is the CARDINAL MERCIER FUND. It is designed to relieve persons, such as the girl-mothers, whom existing funds can not reach. It is distributed through the personal cooperation of the heroic Cardinal, the principal figure in authority now remaining in Belgium. In its application no regard whatever is paid to divisions of class or creed. This

Fund has the approval of King Albert, and is conducted under the supervision of the Belgian Minister at Washington and the Belgian Consul-General at New York City. J. P. Morgan Company, of New York, act as the depository of the Fund, and thirty-five of the leading women of New York City stand as Patronesses. Among them Mrs. Joseph H. Choate, Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. J. P. Morgan, Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, Mrs. Otto H. Kahn, Mrs. Edwin Gould, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, and Miss La Montagne. This CARDINAL MERCIER FUND is a form of relief that appeals especially to the women, and they are making their appeal to all the women of America. Here is a letter from the wife of the President of Princeton University, showing how one town responds to the call:

"I enclose two checks for the Cardinal Mercier Fund—money which has been collected in Princeton to the amount of \$1,000. The town was canvassed house to house by collectors from the churches of all denominations. The amount given was from one cent up to Mr. Armour's check, which I enclose, for \$100. It represents a lovely outpouring of sympathy for the heroic Cardinal and his suffering people.

"JENNIE D. HIBBEN."

Readers of THE LITERARY DIGEST made it possible to send 23,000 barrels of flour to the starving Belgians one year ago. Will they not respond to this new appeal that comes with such force from the same stricken nation? Our own nation is still at peace. Out of the wo of Europe we are reaping such wealth as no other nation ever dreamed of. The Department of Commerce some time ago estimated that our national riches have increased since 1900 from \$88,517,000,000 to \$187,739,000,000. True, we are not responsible for the war in Europe. But neither was Belgium. She was as innocent of transgression as the United States. Her wives and mothers and children had no more than ours to do with bringing about the conditions that have turned Europe into a slaughter-house. All she asked of the rival Powers was to be allowed to keep out of their quarrels, to remain a neutral nation. Yet for some inscrutable reason she has been the principal sufferer. Her fields were the first to be devastated, her homes the first to be shattered by shell and shrapnel, her streams the first to run red with the blood of her sons, her walls the first to echo to the agonized cries of ravished women. For twenty-two months her people have been under the heel of the conqueror. For seven hundred days they have been undergoing a crucifixion of body and soul. We are helping them, yes; but their needs are so great and our help is so little! Can we not do something better now than three slices of bread and a pint of soup each day?

Out of the war no more flaming hero has emerged than the Belgian prelate, Cardinal Mercier. "Out of the wreckage of the Belgian nation," says *The Outlook*, "he stands forth—a counselor of prudence without dishonor, of courtesy without compromise, and of obedience without spiritual submission or fear." He has the hearts of his own people, he has the ear of the world, he has the admiration of all men, including the conquerors of Belgium, who love fearlessness and devotion. Let us place in his hands the means to relieve the bitter necessities the general funds can not reach. Let us help those who seem beyond help in any other way. The publishers of THE LITERARY DIGEST will lead the way with a contribution of \$500.

All contributions, from One Dollar up, sent in response to this appeal will be acknowledged in THE LITERARY DIGEST. Make checks payable to the "Cardinal Mercier Fund," and mail them to the "Literary Digest Belgian Relief," 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

JOHN THADDEUS DELANE

Cook, Sir Edward. Delane of "The Times." The First Volume of Makers of the Nineteenth Century Series. Edited by Basil Williams. With Frontispiece Portrait. Octavo, pp. x-319. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.75 net.

This biography of John Thaddeus Delane, the famous editor of the London Times, is the work of Sir Edward Cook, the British censor, himself a long-time newspaper editor in London. The volume is the first of a series which is to appear under the general title of "Makers of the Nineteenth Century," a work designed to interpret the age immediately preceding ours, through the lives of those who had the chief influence upon it. The monographs arranged for in the anticipated order of their publication are: Abraham Lincoln, Abdul Hamid, Herbert Spencer, Li Hung Chang, Porfirio Diaz, Cecil Rhodes, Lord Shaftesbury, Victor Hugo, General Lee, Léon Gambetta.

In an illuminating preface Mr. Basil Williams, author of "The Life of William Pitt," indicates the scope and import of the series and suggests some novel and interesting ideas as to the guiding principles which should govern the historian of a momentous epoch. Against the objection that it is as yet too early to treat in just perspective men and women so near our own time, he advances the argument that no good biography or history can be written dispassionately, "for the man who does not feel the events or characters he describes—to whatever age they may belong—as living enough for him to hate or love them has never written history that will live." Even Gibbon's affectation of detachment was, in his opinion, "a transparent mask."

The first volume conforms admirably to the plan outlined in the preface. Sir Edward Cook, in writing of Delane "one of the great personages of the Victorian era," has made a valuable contribution to the social and political history of the century just past. In its human interest and its graphic power of character-delineation the book may be compared to Thayer's "Life of John Hay," altho the style is quite different.

The milieu of Delane, as described in this book with graphic and realistic power, has as much fascination for us of to-day as tho we were a living part of it. Indeed, in the historical sense, our interest overreaches that felt by the contemporaries of Disraeli, Palmerston, and Gladstone. Seen in the perspective possible at this distance of time, the picture of political and social England, lensed in the columns of *The Times*, produces upon the reader the effect of reality. That was a time when men were a little more natural than they are now. They did not believe with Voltaire that language has been given to man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts. Naïveté was sometimes carried to rather extraordinary lengths, as in the case when Disraeli, still in the salad days of his parliamentary career, got up in the House of Commons and announced to the honorable gentlemen who were his opponents, more especially to the Irish members, who had good reason to hate him, that "he was always ready to back up his words with his pistol." Sir Edward Cook does not

mention this one, but he gives many another anecdote quite as characteristic of the age immediately preceding ours.

The changes which have been brought about in the journalism of our day are deep and permanent, as the author observes. While the newspaper of to-day, with its immensely increased facilities due to modern inventions, and its greatly enlarged sphere of readers, may be said to be one of the institutions of all countries, no one would be justified in applying that name to any single journal. Yet that was what *The Times* was in its palmy days—one of the institutions of England and a power in the land. The author's account of the famous newspaper will probably be read with avidity in this age of print:

"*The Times* was as easily first among newspapers as was Delane among journalists. It is still a powerful newspaper, but the conditions were then so different that no idea of the importance of *The Times* in the greater part of the nineteenth century can be gathered from the facts of to-day. *The Times* was then not so much first as sole and supreme. During one of his frequent visits to Paris, Delane was presented by his friend, Lord Houghton, to the Queen of Holland. She spoke of him to some one in his presence as '*Le quatrième pouvoir de l'état britannique*.' Then she asked him, '*Combien d'abonnés il pourrait avoir?*' Lord Houghton thought it rather an awkward question; but the editor and his circulation rose to the occasion, and he answered promptly, '*Un million, madame*.' As a matter of mere numbers the circulation of *The Times* in those days would now be considered ridiculously small; but these things are relative, and, compared with that of other newspapers, its circulation was very large. . . . It was an age of restricted circulation and of little general education. The governing classes read *The Times*."

Of the man who was the brain, the soul, and inspiration of this institution so potent for good or for evil, of this veritable *imperium in imperio*, the biographer has drawn a vivid portrait, or rather a series of portraits, showing the original in the different phases of his full and many-sided life. There was nothing of the recluse about Delane. He was a brilliant figure in the aristocratic life of London and was on even terms with the titled classes, who often paid court to him. He probably shared his friend Lord Houghton's opinion that "the intimate conversation of important men is the cream of life."

Probably the most interesting feature of this fine piece of biographical work is to be found in the author's illuminating pages upon the genius and ethics of journalism as these are exemplified in the life and achievements of Delane. Not merely was Delane the directing influence of the great paper, the fount of authority, and the repository of power, but he was a sort of glorified reporter as well. The Jove that wielded the thunders of *The Times* was credited with something of the omniscience that inheres in the rôle. "What he said," Kinglake remarks, "bore so closely on the actual march of events that his speech had the kind of zest which attaches to the words of a commander or statesman when going to pass into action, and it sometimes



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LABOR LEGISLATION

Commons, John E., and John B. Andrews. *Principles of Labor Legislation*. Pp. 524. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2 net.

Long before Karl Marx wrote "Capital," the "workingmen's Bible," as it is called in Germany, the cause of the proletariat had found its champions in the State. The first protest which history records as having been made in behalf of the common people—that is to say, of the workers—came from the Hebrew prophets of the ninth century before Christ, those "first socialists," as Renan calls them. It is probable that the effort of the "exploited" portion of humanity to obtain its rights at the hands of the common law is as old as civilization itself. None the less the organization and establishment of labor as a distinct power in politics, as a sort of Fourth Estate, have only been brought about in modern, and indeed in very recent, times. It is the story of this powerful movement, whose object is the amelioration of the largest class of citizens, which is the subject of the new and timely volume, "Principles of Labor Legislation." Critical and constructive in character, the book is untechnical and easy to understand. It is written from the standpoint of the citizen and student rather than from that of the lawyer. The book considers each of the main phases of the modern labor problem—individual and collective bargaining, wages, hours, unemployment, social insurance, safety and health, and administration. The principles of labor law, not the details, changing with changing political conditions, are emphasized in the volume. The important—in fact, epoch-making—transition from what the authors call "individual bargaining" to "collective bargaining" is described at great length in the book. It involves events of far-reaching significance and is as important in the history of labor as was the transition from feudalism to history in general. Emphasis is laid by the authors upon the great strides which have been made by labor in the legislation of recent years. The last five years have brought about changes, which may be described as revolutionary. Workmen's compensation laws for industrial accidents have been adopted in two-thirds of the United States. Eleven States enacted minimum-wage laws, and in many communities legislation looking to the regulation of women's working-hours has been adopted.

NOVELS BY JACK LONDON, MRS. PORTER, MARY WATTS, GORKY, HOWELLS, LOCKE, AND OTHERS

London, Jack. *The Little Lady of the Big House*. Pp. 392. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Mr. London has here painted his pictures with broad sweeps, brilliant colors, high lights, and deep shadows: pictures of sharp contrasts and ultra subjects. His hero is unusual, and so is his heroine. If the author knew as much about women as he does of men and out-of-door life, this work might be called a great novel, but—and right here is a chance for discussion. Dick Forrest was only thirteen when he inherited enormous wealth from his unusual father, and even at that age he shows wonderful perspicacity and mental control. He refuses

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Porter, Eleanor H. Just David. Illustrated. Pp. 324. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

Mrs. Porter's new volume illustrates the influence of a sunny-hearted child in bringing happiness into many lives. David didn't know his other name, "Just David," and he had lived on top of the mountain six years with his father, who taught him all he knew—especially a passionate love of nature and the ability to play a violin with almost superhuman power and innate love. "Father says I am one little instrument in the great orchestra of life, and I must keep myself in tune." David's father tries to get back to the lower world when he finds his health waning fast, but he falls by the wayside, leaving David to the tender mercies of some unlettered, rather crabbed country people. Gradually David ingratiates himself into the regular every-day life of Mr. and Mrs. Holly, "Jaek and Jill," poor blind "Joe," the beautiful "Lady of the Roses," and many others, and, little by little, his doctrines of happiness and sunshine win the day, as does his exquisite playing. Tragedies become romances, crabbed natures soften, and we finally learn David's identity, after the spirit of his childhood has sweetened a whole community.

Watts, Mary S. The Rudder. Pp. 453. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

After so many exaggerated, sensational, and melodramatic novels, it is a relief and a privilege to read such a sane, sensible, and satisfactory story as "The Rudder." The plot is interesting and its development intelligent and credible. Even the characters are like real people whom we have known. Cause and effect have a logical connection so often conspicuously absent in the romantic novel. The workmanship of Mrs. Watts has been often spoken of as "admirable," but its strongest point is that the work part is not apparent. One situation follows another so naturally, and contributory and explanatory circumstances are woven into the story so cleverly, as to convince without boring the reader. No one person is labeled as hero or heroine, tho we hear more about "Nellie" than any other. The author, "Uncle" Marshall Cook, is very lovable and interesting. Nellie Maranda and her sister Fannie

live with their stepmother, "Aunt" Juliet, who poses as an invalid and everybody's benefactor, but is really a selfish, tiresome hypocrite: "If she were only *bad*—but, good Lord, she's nothing but a fool!" Fannie accepts her martyrdom and suffers accordingly, but Nellie has a quick wit and a quick tongue, which helps to make scenes of satire and recrimination common. The weak point in the book is that Nellie should have been attracted to the lout she married, a man without heart or brains, only money and "fists." We find the "ice-king," *Amzi one*, interesting in his way, but *Amzi two* is absolutely impossible except in one scene, which is too good to describe. Another prominent type is the labor-agitator and strike-leader, T. Chauncey Devitt, who controls crowds by high-sounding phrases and dramatic accents and gestures behind which there is not a logical thought or argument, not even common sense. The description of this character is very complete, and we see him as little "Tim," the only son of Mike and Norah Devitt (fine characters); again as valedictorian at Cambridge, impressive but snobbish; and finally as the tool of "Jack Dalton," the vicious political "Boss." Nellie, or Eleanor, marries Amzi Loring—the why is not evident. Her marital troubles, her revolt, her settlement-work, and her temporary "madness" fill the book. In and out of other scenes we get glimpses of Mr. Cook and his "Bessie," whose union is the happy outcome of the story. We leave T. Chauncey, unconquered by defeat, haranguing a temperance-meeting with his witless words and his borrowed quotation: "But come what may, I will hold the rudder true."

Gorky, Maxim. The Confession. Pp. 293. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.35.

Of Russian novels recently translated, this is the most artistic. Miss Strunsky, the translator, assures us it is wholly fiction. She compares it with Turgenev's "Father and Sons," in its devotion to the individual's relation to society. The narrator, Matvei, was a foundling, an "illegitimate being," and he fell into the hands of many strange people: Larion, the bird-catcher and drunken philosopher; Savelko Migun, who sang himself clear of the hangman's noose, and Yegor Titoff, the dishonest usurer, whose daughter Olga Matvei marries. At her death his wanderings begin, and his experiences as he toils and slaves, seeking enlightenment and peace, are dramatic, exciting, and impressive, due to the realistic methods of the author. The revelations of monastic deceptions and hypocrisy are horrible, but one feels impelled, as does the hero, to press on and seek for the right. At last Matvei finds the right religion, after disappointing contact with many. Peace and understanding of the meaning of life dawn for the wanderer. The reader also is content with the conclusion: "Great are the Russian people and indescribably beautiful is life."

Wyllarde, Dolf. Exile. Pp. 364. New York: John Lane Company. 1916. \$1.35.

We are all prepared to acknowledge that life is not all sunshine—not all good. The writer who strives to depict real life must show some shadows and some evil, but why utilize genius only on sin and evil, and why do so many novelists and dramatists imply that those who are morally good and walk straight are incapable of intense depths of



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feeling or the exhilaration of great joy? Dolf Wyllarde, we are told, "sees life as it is and writes of it with fearless pen." She (or is it he?) chooses a British outpost for background—Exile, reclaimed through the engineering feats of Hervey, and peopled by British officials, governor-generals, chief justice, and lesser appointees. Scandal is the main topic at the different functions. Only one wife is faithful to her husband. Every man is in love with some other man's wife, or philandering with some native woman of the bazaars. It is sordid and pathetic. Even the "girl from home can not love and marry without breaking the heart and ruining the life of the only decent man at the post, Rodney." Justice Everard is an "unmitigated scoundrel," unredeemed by a single decent trait; and his wife, the most beautiful woman in Exile, worshiped by many, proves no exception to the general rule. Altho the book abounds in intensely exciting episodes, it is to be regretted that all the business is illegal and the love all illicit.

Mackenzie, Cameron. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce. Pp. 404. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.35.

Some men are very successful when working for others, but they fail utterly when they depend on their own initiative. Such was Butler Pierce, a good man with a good position, a happy home, a devoted wife, and a lovely baby, but his wife became "enthused" on hearing a friend raving about becoming a "power in the world" and decided immediately that her husband should become one, and so she drew her patrimony, thrust it into Butler's hands, and insisted that he should conquer the world. Her ideas of what she meant by becoming a power are absolutely blank. Persuaded against his better judgment, Butler yields and immediately falls into the hands of sharks of both sexes and is fleeced financially and morally. It doesn't seem possible that there could be such a fool as Janet is pictured in her appeal to relatives, friends, and others, but she learns fast enough and it takes unhappiness, adversity, and real anxiety to teach her a true philosophy of life as a means to contentment which is better than happiness. The story is well written. The moral, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last," tho a sufficiently old one, is well set forth.

Masefield, John. Captain Margaret. Pp. 370. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.35.

This is a tale of adventurous life at sea, well told and quite exciting, but the reader will marvel at the self-control and consideration of Captain Margaret and his men in dealing with the human beast known as Stukeley. Captain Margaret has ideals and a broken heart, the latter of which gives its name to the boat. Stopping to bid farewell to his love, Olivia, who has married the hypocrite Stukeley, he is persuaded by a startling *contretemps* to take them with him on his trip to Panama, where he purposes to establish a trading-post and a just government. The dramatic complications through which the captain tries to spare Olivia a knowledge of her husband's real character give the author ample opportunity to show his skill in describing individual characters and life "aboard ship." Panama proves less friendly than Captain Margaret hoped, and, after scenes of bloodshed and treachery, Stukeley finally meets with his just punishment. Olivia wakes up, and we find the situation

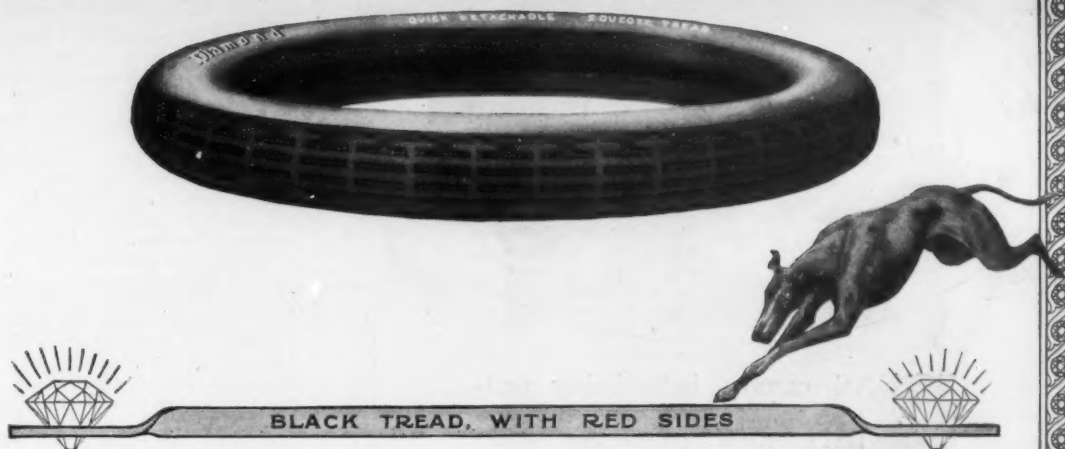
more promising for the Captain's happiness than for a realization of his political dreams.

Sherman, Charles. Only Relatives Invited. Pp. 315. Indianapolis: The Bobbe-Merrill Company. \$1.25.

The author of this humorous story is evidently alive to the inconsistencies and the inexplicable foibles of men and women in the "social and socialistic" world. He has written a story which is rich in satire, cleverly analytical, and deliciously funny. Miss Appleby, about to make a will disposing of forty millions, summons her relatives, thinking to learn from intimate companionship which one is most deserving, but she had not counted on the accumulative power of frequent divorce, and there assembles a crowd which even Solomon's wisdom could not catalog—wives and ex-wives, husbands, near, ex, and would-be; "his children, my children, and our children," until one's brain whirls with confusion. No description could adequately indicate the amusing situations that develop, the laughable misunderstandings, and the revelations of illogical reasoning on the part of the different aspirants to the forty millions. Young and old, handsome and ugly, aristocrat and day-laborer, are pictured in experiences that satirize feminism, suffrage, socialist "patter," and Renoism. As in a clever drama, the climax is not as strong as some of the episodes, but there is a good lesson taught in many ways, particularly in regard to the wrong done to children by the separation of parents. It is all funny, but sometimes the smiles cover serious truths.

Korolenko, Vladimir. Makar's Dream, and Other Stories. Translated by Marian Fell. Pp. 297. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1.50.

The translator's introduction gives us, in a few well-chosen words, the main facts about Vladimir Korolenko, a Russian author, journalist, and one devoted to the cause of the suffering and down-trodden, who always helps those who are victims of social and political injustice. Korolenko was born in 1853 and never lost the poetic love of nature and wholesome sense of humor that were "nurtured in him under those warm, bright skies of Little Russia." His father's death made his years of schooling a constant conflict with starvation, and he won out only through the heroic efforts of his mother. He wrested from fate a good education, and early began to contribute to newspapers and magazines, but his advanced social doctrines caused him to suffer frequent arrests and banishments, his final exile being six years in distant Siberia, years that made a deep impression on his sympathetic nature. Released in 1885, he returned to Russia and soon won fame by the stories here translated: "Makar's Dream," "The Murmuring Forest," "In Bad Company," and "The Day of Atonement." In these we find originality of subject, a radiant style and lyric beauty, gripping charm and deep feeling, betraying the author's optimism and his sympathy with the "eternally human," and man's unquenchable desire for freedom and justice. "In Bad Company" is the most convincing story of all, in which he draws a clear picture of his own father, but "The Day of Atonement" is merry, full of glowing imagination and kindly humor. Korolenko believes that the Russian heart is essentially charitable and full of human kindness, tho it has



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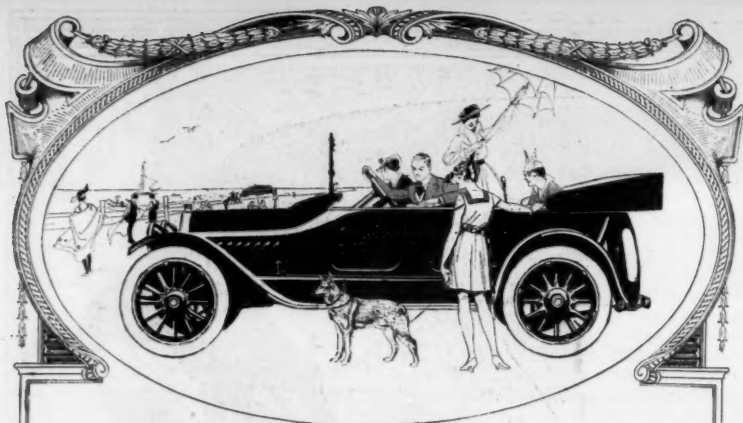
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the misfortune to labor under the harshest political régime in Europe.

Jepson, Edgar. Alice Devine. Pp. 351. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.25.

A novel is, supposedly, a success if it is amusing and interesting, but sometimes we wonder why we are amused at what is really either incredible or silly. This story is serious enough and entertaining enough to pass a few summer hours with, and there are some bright ideas in the scheme of narrative, but nothing especially convincing. Rupert, Lord Garthoyle, the hero and narrator, inherits from his uncle a fortune in the shape of a triangle of houses in Mayfair, on condition that he becomes his own house-agent, and "thereby hangs a tale." As agent, Rupert comes in touch with different stories—romantic, tragic, startling, and dramatic—involving the inhabitants of first one house, then another. Melodrama and detective-stories vie with one another for the reader's interest, and through them flits Alice Devine, beautiful and mysterious, never a very clearly defined impersonation, but always stimulating Rupert's fancy and affection. There is a vagueness in the solutions, but the story is told well enough to retain the reader's interest and stimulate his curiosity.

Dix, Beulah Marie. The Battle Months of George Daurella. Pp. 320. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1.25.

This is "not a war-story, nor a peace-story, but just a romance." And yet tragic scenes of war are pictured, ruthless deeds depicted, and a background of the present world-struggle, in which George Daurella and Joyce Averill grow and develop. George Daurella was only twenty-one. He had written verses and lived without the tender sympathy of his frivolous mother. "An anachronism," his friends called him, but duty summoned him and war taught him much that we are supposed to acquire only after years of experience. The plot is rather melodramatic and the coincidences are sometimes incredibly startling, but the author has a power which is not easy to describe, but which tugs irresistibly at the heart-strings, both in the portrayal of George's character and in the graphic descriptions of thrilling events, during which George gets enough of the brutal game of killing and thanks God that he still has left an impulse to write poetry. Before love finds him healed, he goes down into a veritable hell of suffering, mental as well as physical. His tears of anguish wash away the hard lines penned by the brutal inexorableness of war. George Daurella is supposed to be typical of no country—and so of all countries—"a symbol for the youth of a continent, the young, strong, decent men with heads full of the dreams that should be reality for the next generation, stumbling pitifully into the ditches that run with blood."

Putnam, Nina Wilcox. Adam's Garden. Pp. 328. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25.

The type of novel now prevalent, and of which this is a fairly good example, shows the influence of the "movie-craze." It contains startling and well-nigh unbelievable situations and impossible coincidences that could have happened only in the "movies." The story is well constructed, fairly well written, and full of romance and exciting heart-interest, but things happen very fast and the reader is breathless with the speed of the develop-

ment. Having dissipated half of his fortune, Adam Van Fleck finds that the other half is to be his only on condition that he "improves his property." That seemingly impossible task makes him desperate and he proceeds to have one last "night of it," gets drunk, buys a hurdy-gurdy, and starts up-town at sunrise in silk hat and evening clothes. The sharp contrasts are hard to assimilate, but always amusing, and the phase of organ-grinder gives place to that of junkman, that in turn to that of flower-gardener, with lightning celerity. An expugilist, a catnip-vender, a girl from the streets, invalided cats and dogs, and a society debutante who flies her own aeroplane each day vie with one another to add excitement, tragedy, passion, and thwarted villainy to the plot. Happiness comes only after Breck Allen (a vicious cousin and Adam's rival in love and business) has done his dirty work, been foiled by theatrically exciting events, controlled by Adam's sweetheart and devoted friend, and Adam grows a wonderful garden in six months and wins back his fortune and his love.

Jesse, F. Tennyson. *Beggars on Horseback*. Pp. 274. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

Here are eight short stories, "printed in chronological order" and characterized by the unusual methods and lines of thought seen in the author's former literary efforts. There is a mystical element in all—a touch of the supernatural, and a frankness of expression that seems more masculine than feminine. The best of the descriptions are of nature—moors, bracken, stretches of wild wastes of water, and sandy shores. The diction is poetic and the plots sometimes rugged and dramatic, even occasionally uncanny and horrible, as in "The Mask" and "The Man with Two Mouths." Strangely, the best of her stories are those which inspire a shuddering interest, a haunting horror, or those visualizing the basic principles of human passions and woman's psychology.

Howells, William Dean. *The Daughter of the Storage*. Pp. 352. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. \$1.35.

Mr. Howells needs no further praise or recognition. His position has long been too well assured. All will welcome his latest collection of short stories, verse, and dialog. Long years of experience, perfection of technique, artistic perception, and a heart full of humanity have made possible such fine pieces as are here combined in one volume. "The Daughter of the Storage" is an original theme. A little girl accompanying her parents while they arrange their household goods in storage meets a little boy similarly occupied. As years go by, the exigencies of life bring them back to the "Storage" until different episodes form a complete story, which Mr. Howells tells charmingly. Mr. Howells always portrays real life, even ordinary life, and he is convincing because of his adherence to truth.

Hopkins, William John. *The Gillespies*. Pp. 325. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.35.

Altho Mr. Hopkins strains our powers of imagination occasionally, particularly in the portrayal of Rudolph Gillespie, the precocious eight-year-old prodigy, yet he writes a human, readable kind of story, whose scenes are laid in Boston, and introduces enough dramatic situations to hold and interest the reader. Rudolph's



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Any woman who will can make the May breakfast the most charming half-hour of the day.

One flower will aid it, if you can't have a bouquet. A single Tulip is very artistic.

Then have bubble-grains with it—Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. They seem like breakfast bonbons.

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Good cheer is the main thing at breakfast. And it isn't universal, you know. It is up to you housewives to start the day with a smile.



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Wheat, rice and corn are the only grains we puff. Those grains should be served in this way. Not for breakfast only, but in bowls of milk. They are double-value foods.

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SOLE MAKERS

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Those manufacturers of pleasure and commercial cars that have been most successful have pursued a well-defined policy. They have developed their product along standardized lines, seeking improvement rather than mere innovation, preferring evolution to experimentation.

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mother was indiscreet. She came very nearly being more than that in spite of a loving husband. In the attempt to straighten out the tangled threads of their lives, Rudolph's Aunt Kitty finds a lover, Jack Ramsden, and writes a successful play. After several dramatic experiences, which are delightfully told, all are made happy except Mr. Dean. Perhaps he was happier than he would have been if he had had his own way. It is a pretty love-story with just enough complications to make it interesting.

Cobb, Irvin S. Old Judge Priest. Pp. 401. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

Judge Priest is a character—one might say a living character, so vividly has Mr. Cobb painted this old Kentucky judge, "of broad, stooped shoulders, wrinkled garments, and fat, short legs." The stories in which he figures will be eagerly read and enjoyed. There are nine of the Judge Priest stories. In each he is the cause of hilarious exultation, or furtive tears, as the case may be. No one can read of his efforts to befriend the down-trodden and abused, to help the fallen, to punish the guilty, or make peace between the estranged, without loving the immaculate but mussed old judge, whose illiteracy is only habit and environment. His manhood, dry humor, and rich humanity are vitally a part of his existence. It is useless to speak of any one story when all are so good, but there is a special charm in "The Lord Provides," in which poor little misguided Viola Clara is given Christian burial; again in "A Blending of the Parables," which illustrates Judge Priest's loyalty to "Company B," and in which a so-called deserter is reestablished on the roll-call of honor. In "Double-Barreled Justice," "King Highpockets," of gambling fame, is driven out of town through a woman's innate bravery, an unloaded gun, and the judge's perspicacity. One is made better for having known Judge Priest, and becomes grateful to Mr. Cobb for his creation.

Warner, Anne. Susan Clegg and Her Love-Affairs. Pp. 320. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.30.

These are the last stories Anne Warner wrote. Those familiar with Susan Clegg will welcome Susan's garrulous wisdom and be glad to know that, while she didn't marry Mrs. Lathrop's "Jathrop," she did find a husband, "bald-headed, with false teeth and a bullet in his leg, but otherwise as perfect as a man of his age could be." While too much Susan is tiresome and the reader pities Mrs. Lathrop, who has to bear the never-ceasing comment and tirade on every subject under the sun, yet her observations are witty, laughable, and sometimes philosophical, and never vicious. For example:

"I wouldn't say that he's glad he's married all the time, but I guess some of the time he don't mind, and it's about all married people ask if only some of the time they can feel not to be sorry."

"There is nothing that so quickly develops an independent standpoint as the possession of money; there is nothing that so fully produces a conviction that one is thoroughly justified in doing just exactly what one pleases; there is nothing that leads to quite the same lofty indifference as to whether what pleases one pleases or displeases all the rest of the world."

Anne Warner's contribution to literature has always been clean and wholesome. She had a sense of humor and developed

ridiculous situations with a whimsicality and appreciation that cheered and amused her readers.

Earls, Michael, S.J. Marie of the House
d'Anters. Pp. 444. New York, Cincinnati, and
Chicago: Benziger Brothers. \$1.35.

This is a book whose diction is far superior to its motivation. The one thought which remains with the reader is that Harry Crawford was "going to" write a book for 444 pages and—didn't. In collecting material, however, he was thrown into intimacy with characters of all nationalities, especially Jews, and many opportunities were offered for religious discussion, in which Roman Catholicism always triumphs. There are incredible tales of French châteaux, and American owners who played at royalty, melodramatic episodes involving Marie's "Uncle Ruhlmann," her friend Rebecca Steinberg, Papa Steinberg, and two impossible characters in Samuel Steinberg and Jack McSweeney. Marie, too good to be exciting, finally learns of her parentage. Her love-affairs terminate happily at the close of the book, but it is an unconvincing tale, and lacks cohesion.

Locke, William J. Viviette. Pp. 193. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.

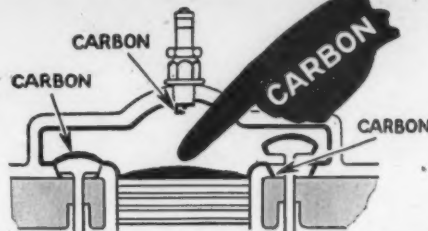
Presumably there is no reason why Mr. Locke should not be frivolous and write a "summer novel," but his work seems like a case of misapplied genius. Viviette is a young flirt who lives with Mrs. Ware and her two sons. Every one in the country is in love with her, including Austin, the successful younger son, whom his mother idolizes, and Dick, the elder, whom Viviette barely tolerates, and who always plays second fiddle to his younger brother. The why of it all is not made very plain. The reader can not help thinking that Dick might have made himself more efficient, more lovable, and so have altered the situation at which he rebelled. While Viviette allows different ones to make love to her, enjoying the sense of power it gave, she still cherishes deep down in her heart a childish affection for Dick, the primitive, "but while she is coquetting with the others—and by a series of mistakes and misunderstandings possible only in books—Dick becomes wild with jealousy and nearly murders his own brother. The only one who is perfectly sane and recognizes the danger is Cousin Katherine. She plays an important part in the dénouement, and Viviette comes to her senses and just saves Dick from loneliness and disaster. There is no opportunity for Mr. Locke's delicious humor nor for his spirit of whimsicality to have fair play, but he writes well, as he always does.

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How "minimum carbon"
is assured**

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Carbon deposit is likely to occur through incomplete combustion of the gasoline or through the destruction of the excess lubricating oil which will work into the combustion chamber if the oil is of incorrect body. "No carbon" oils do not exist.

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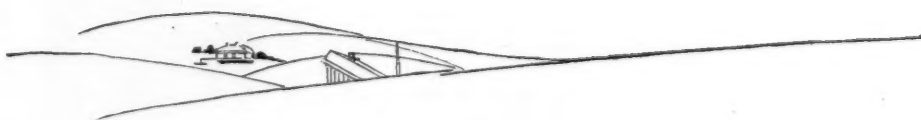
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MODEL OF	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919
CARS					
Albion Detroit.....	A	A	A	A	A
Apperson.....	A	A	A	A	A
Autocar.....	A	A	A	A	A
Avon.....	A	A	A	A	A
Briggs.....	A	A	A	A	A
Buick.....	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac.....	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet.....	A	A	A	A	A
Chrysler.....	A	A	A	A	A
Cummins.....	A	A	A	A	A
Delaney-Bellville.....	A	A	A	A	A
Detroit.....	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge.....	A	A	A	A	A
Edwards.....	A	A	A	A	A
Ford.....	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin.....	A	A	A	A	A
Gray.....	A	A	A	A	A
Haynes.....	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson.....	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile.....	A	A	A	A	A
I. H. C. (all).....	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson.....	A	A	A	A	A
Jeffery.....	A	A	A	A	A
Kearney.....	A	A	A	A	A
Kelley Springfield.....	A	A	A	A	A
Knight.....	A	A	A	A	A
Laurel.....	A	A	A	A	A
Lincoln.....	A	A	A	A	A
Marion.....	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell.....	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer.....	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell.....	A	A	A	A	A
Morris.....	A	A	A	A	A
Moon.....	A	A	A	A	A
National.....	A	A	A	A	A
Olds.....	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile.....	A	A	A	A	A
Overland.....	A	A	A	A	A
Packard.....	A	A	A	A	A
Paine.....	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac.....	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow.....	A	A	A	A	A
Regal.....	A	A	A	A	A
Reo.....	A	A	A	A	A
Richmond.....	A	A	A	A	A
Saxon.....	A	A	A	A	A
Selden.....	A	A	A	A	A
Simplex.....	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns Knight.....	A	A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea.....	A	A	A	A	A
Stutz.....	A	A	A	A	A
Vale.....	A	A	A	A	A
White.....	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Knight.....	A	A	A	A	A
Winton.....	A	A	A	A	A



3400 r. p. m. and Five-Year Life Make This

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This means that at all normal driving speeds you require only 16 to 40% of her engine might, holding 60 to 84% in reserve for instantaneous pick-up, hill climbing, and bursts of 50 or 60

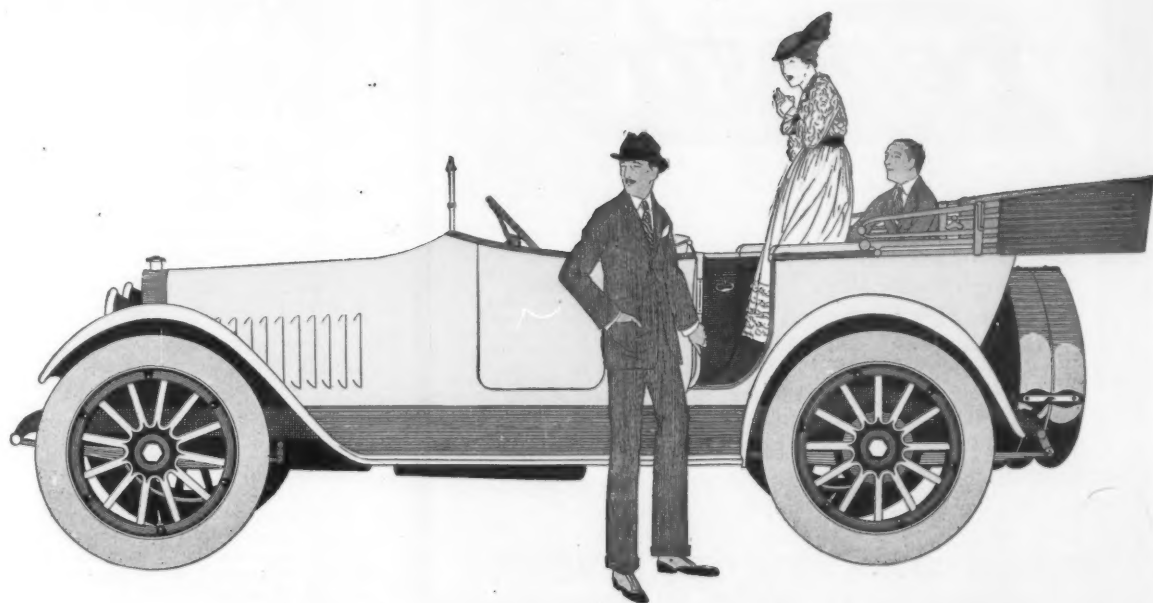
miles an hour, if required.

This scientific conservation of energy brings you performance that will stand up year after year under the most trying road conditions. It means everyday economy.

It means an easy delivery of power that adds many miles to the life of your tires; for rough engine work is harder on tires than rutted roads.

It means a car saturated with the spirit of service.

It explains why the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers has caught on as no Chalmers has ever caught on before.



\$1090 Chalmers a 900 Percenter in Sales Gain

Why it has increased Chalmers at the rate of 900%.

Why a price of \$1090 is therefore possible.

She is so generous in answering your call that you warm up to her as to an old friend.

An early order means a more satisfactory delivery.

Although Chalmers is 8,000 orders behind on immediate deliveries, still many wise dealers have anticipated the situation.

Ask your dealer about Chalmers service inspection coupons, negotiable at all Chalmers

dealers everywhere. This system is a most important consideration in buying your car.

Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1090 Detroit;

Two-Passenger Roadster, \$1070 Detroit;

Three-Passenger Cabriolet, \$1440 Detroit.

Color of Touring Car and Roadster—Oriford maroon or Meteor blue. Three-Passenger Cabriolet—Oriford maroon, Valentine green, or Meteor blue. Wheels—standard dark, primrose yellow or red. Wire wheels optional on Roadster or Cabriolet at extra cost.

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We have others. Send for catalog describing them. Branch offices in principal cities.
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anywhere. No electricity, wires or springs. Convenient. Much cheaper to operate than other fans. 12-inch blades. Roller bearing. Reliable. Brings genuine comfort and satisfaction. Ideal for the sick room. Third season. A proved success. The Wonder Fan. Price \$16.50 cash with order only. Delivery prepaid in the continental U. S. & A.
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No Spreading—
No Mess—No Trouble
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bugs, use Rat
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in the Tube—25c.

CURRENT POETRY

"MAKE me over, Mother April, when the sap begins to stir!" sang Bliss Carman in the days when he was first gaining the world's attention as a lyrical interpreter of wild nature. And it is with April and springtime that this poet is inevitably associated, and especially with April in New England. He has sung, of course, of the rivers and hills of his native Canada, but of late years he has seemed to become the adopted child of New England. It is New England that is reflected in "April Airs" (Small, Maynard & Co.), a book redolent of the days when the young violets border the rocks of the hillside pasture and the arbutus carpets the forest. From it we take this interesting study, in which the wild and the human are so skilfully blended that there can be no doubt that Bryant would give it his sympathetic approval.

THE OLD GRAY WALL

By BLISS CARMAN

Time out of mind I have stood
Fronting the frost and the sun,
That the dream of the world might endure
And the goodly will be done.

Did the hand of the builder guess,
As he laid me stone by stone,
A heart in the granite lurked,
Patient and fond as his own?

Lovers have leaned on me
Under the summer moon,
And mowers laughed in my shade
In the harvest heat at noon.

Children roving the fields
With early flowers in spring,
Old men turning to look
When they heard a bluebird sing.

And travelers along the road,
From rising to setting sun,
Have seen, yet imagined not
The kindness they gazed upon.

Ah, when will ye understand,
Mortals—nor deem it odd—
Who rests on this old gray wall
Lays a hand on the shoulder of God!

Here is something more philosophical—a poem that in its sonority and noble gravity suggests the best work of Mr. William Watson. The metaphor is admirably sustained, and in the third and second stanzas from the end the poet makes lines that are worthy to endure.

WEATHER OF THE SOUL

By BLISS CARMAN

There is a world of being
We range from pole to pole,
Through seasons of the spirit
And weather of the soul.

It has its new-born Aprils,
With gladness in the air,
Its golden Junes of rapture,
Its winters of despair.

And in its tranquil autumns
We halt to reinforce
Our tattered scarlet pennons
With valor and resource.

From undiscovered regions
Only the angels know,
Great winds of aspiration
Perpetually blow,

To free the sap of impulse
From torpor of distrust,
And into flowers of joyance
Quicken the sentient dust.

From nowhere of a sudden
Loom sudden clouds of fault,
With thunders of oppression
And lightnings of revolt.

With hush of apprehension
And quaking of the heart,
There breed the storms of anger,
And floods of sorrow start.

And there shall fall—how gently!—
To make them fertile yet,
The rain of absolution
On acres of regret,

Till snows of mercy cover
The dream that shall come true,
When time makes all things wondrous,
And life makes all things new.

There is much that is artificial about Mr. John Cowper Powys's "Wolf's-bane Rhymes" (G. Arnold Shaw), and the poet hampers himself by his reluctance to speak naturally and directly. But here is a poem which is unmarred by elaborate eccentricities; it is simple and convincing. The exile remembering home is a well-worn theme, but Mr. Powys, with his sincerity and dramatic power, has proved that it is not worn out.

DAFFODILS

BY JOHN COWPER POWYS

A battered English actor, hired to act
In a Chicago playhouse—act the fool;
Lean purse, sick soul, nerves mercilessly racked,
In what the preachers call life's wholesome school,

Shuffling down Wabash, with a heart that pined
For water-brooks and the eternal hills,
If not for Zion, was entranced to find,
In a shop-window, living daffodils.

"O Prosperina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Di's wagon!" In a moment fell
Before that golden shout the hated wall
That held him. All the hubbub, all the hell

Rolled like a vapor from the heart that ached;
And he saw Oxford, saw the lovely tower
Of Magdalen, saw the gardener-men who raked—
Old men, who had known Swinburne in his hour—

Dead leaves against the graves of poets dead;
And he saw purple loose-strife drowse and dream

As his barge passed it, drifting, and his head
Drownsed also, carried down that gracious stream.

And he forgot how he had played the mime,
Mimicked his fathers' gods to make them laugh.

Bawled the sweet ancient ditties out of time,
And for a drachma torn his soul in half.

He saw the marigolds which Isis yields;
He saw the Scholar-gipsy of the Song
Pass on his quest; he saw the Christ Church fields,
The sunlit banks, and the familiar throng.

Wabash with all its rails and all its roar
Melted to nothing, and once more he moved
Wrapt in youth's dreams and legendary lore
Where Burton jested and where Shelley loved.

"For the flowers now, that"—how his poor heart fills,
And his tense nerves relax! What dreams!
What dreams!

He stops—that bunch of living daffodils
Brings more than Oxford to his eyes—he seems



A COOL, well shaded porch or veranda is the first and most necessary of all home comforts in Summer. Such places are the natural centers of home and social life. Beautiful porch furnishings, wonderful outlooks, interesting people, win no willing presence to the veranda that is not well shaded and cool.

WILSON

Venetian Blinds and Awnings

solve the problem. They secure at will any degree of light, or shade, or air desired; shut out the fiercest gale, or admit the faintest breeze. The daytime porch is easily made into a comfortable, well protected sleeping room at night. Forty years of use with constant experiments under varying conditions have perfected them.

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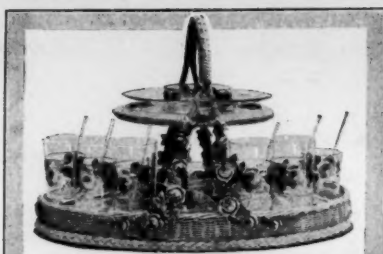
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To All Points East of Missouri River



L 410—Wicker Serving Tray, white enamel with colored flowers. Bottom tray, 12 x 19 in.; top tray, 9 in. in diameter, \$10.00. Cheese container, 4 1/2 in. in diameter, and cracker dish, 9 3/4 in. in diameter, \$5.00, are removable. Both have decoration of blue bands and pink roses as on Chopped Ice Tub, \$2.50, and Ice Tea or Highball Glasses, \$10.00 dozen. Crystal Ice Tea Spoons and Straws (shown in glasses), \$2.50 dozen. Entire Summer Tea Set, as illustrated, \$22.50.



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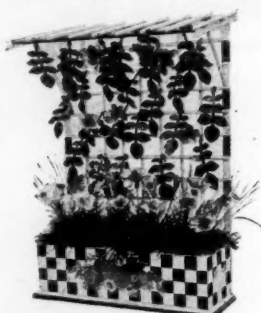
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4 1/2 x 12 x 18 in. high, \$3.50
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To hear the Mediterranean's brimming tide
Again: and from his wounded spirit, borne
Away, all anguish ceases: at his side
She stands—the poor fool is no more forlorn!

Her contributions to the magazines have long made Nora Tynan O'Mahony recognized as a poet, but her first volume has only recently been published. It is called "The Fields of Heaven," and is one of The Little Books of Georgian Verse, edited by S. Gertrude Ford and published by Erskine MacDonald. Here is Mrs. O'Mahony's charming series of variations on an old theme—the theme of vagabondage—ever dear to the poets.

THE SONG OF THE TRAMP

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY

Give me no city mansion fine,
No table spread with meat and wine,
No silken-curtained canopy
To deck the bed whereon I lie,
No worldly wealth or cares of State
To keep me anxious, early, late.

But be my roof the skies' blue deep,
Above me while I wake or sleep;
My bed of down, the field of corn,
To slumber sweet from night till morn:
My board, the dewy banks of grass
Where mountain breezes whispering pass

Light lies my heart of pain or care
As down the long white road I fare:
I go not thirsty or unfed:
Sweet is the daily crust of bread,
The water from the wayside rill,
The berries plucked upon the hill.

Dear is the spongy, fragrant sod
That carpets all the fields of God;
Dearer than wealth or merchandise
The wide, illimitable skies,
The breath of freedom and of space
That wraps me as my way I trace
Along the foad that knows no care,
The road that leads to anywhere.

This delightful character-sketch appeared in a recent issue of *McClure's Magazine*. All lovers of poetry are glad that Theodosia Garrison is again writing, and writing with more power and grace than ever before.

OLD BOATS

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

I

I saw the old sea-captain in his city daughter's house,
Shaved till his chin was pink, and brushed till his hair was flat,
In a broadcloth suit and varnished boots and a collar up to his ear
(I'd seen him last with a slicker on and a tied-down oilskin hat).

II

And it happened that I went home last June, and saw in Mallory's yard
The old red dory that sprung a leak a couple of years ago,
Dragged out of good salt water and braced to stand in the grass
And be filled with dirt from stem to stern, where posies and such could grow;

III

Painted to beat the band, with vines strung over the sides
And red geraniums in the bow—a boat that was built for water
Made into a flower-garden. I looked, but I didn't laugh,
For I thought of the old sea-captain living in town with his daughter.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

IRELAND'S SLAIN

"NO boy shall kill a butterfly," is said to have been one of the rules set by Padraic H. Pearse for the boys of St. Enda's school in Dublin. Yet Pearse was executed in the Tower of London for high treason. "There must be something wrong in conditions that make intellectuals anarchists, that send gentle schoolmasters and boyish poets to die in the Tower," exclaims Shane Leslie, an Irishman in this country who knew Pearse and the men who died with him. Mr. Leslie is not a revolutionist, but he understands and sympathizes with those who, he believes, were virtually forced to extreme measures against their better inclinations. He even reproaches bitterly the Irish party because it did not "foster and appreciate these young men before they were driven into extreme courses." "What has occurred in Ireland," he declares, "has blackened the spring"; and he strives to show the manner of men who were the leaders in this violence, and who paid the extreme penalty for their devotion to the cause of freedom. Pearse and MacDonagh, he writes in the *New York Tribune*, were associated with St. Enda's School, of which the former was the leader and the mold of thought. It was a school where "art, poetry, and idealism reigned," but "I do not know how many St. Enda boys have been killed. It is six years ago since Pearse told me that he one day intended to lead them into rebellion." He continues:

Pearse was as utterly poetic in his nature as Shelley, and just as revolutionary and unpractical. I must be perhaps the only person who knew Pearse and Rupert Brooke at the same time. May I say that there was the same careless, life-joyous, death-careless strain in both? But Pearse had a sinister touch that was lacking in Brooke's radiance. I attribute it to the terrible heritage which affects all minds that try to think and work for Ireland—like a curse.

I can only look back on St. Enda's with an agony of grief. I can see the killed boys sporting on the grounds, drawn from Irish families all over the world—Pearse instilling the old laws of chivalry, kindness to animals, and fervent idealism into the boys in the purest of Irish; MacDonagh teaching French ballads and the making of English poetry; William Pearse teaching the elements of the fine arts and incidentally building some war-chariots of the old heroic age for the pageant. If these poor fellows had driven down on the machine guns in those Celtic chariots it would not have been more fantastic than the whole attempt.

One of the last statements Pearse ever wrote has just come into my hands:

"Freedom is so splendid a thing that one can not worthily state it in the terms of a definition; one has to write it in some flaming symbol or to ring it in music riotous with the uproar of heaven."

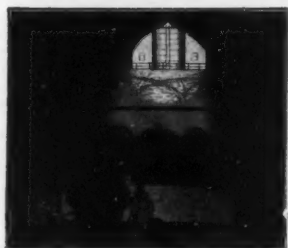
These are the words of a poet, not of a

A Sensational New Lens for Automobile Headlights

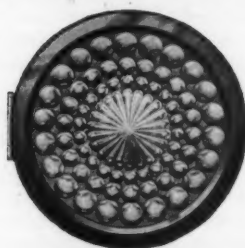
At Last—the Perfect Driving Light for Both City and Country. The

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is a revolutionary invention that takes the *guesswork* out of *driving at night*. Adjustable to any automobile lamp. *No changing, no dimming, no danger, yet no loss of light*. It kills the awful glare—that dangerous and useless *spotlight*—not by *reducing* your light, but by *diffusing* it and *distributing* it where you want it, straight ahead and at *both sides*.



The Old Way A narrow, blinding, dangerous streak



The Warner-Lenz—176 lenses in 1



The New Way Daylight for 300 to 500 feet ahead—and on both sides

Final Solution of Night-Driving Problems

The *Warner-Lenz* penetrates *smoke, fog and dust*, makes fast driving on the darkest night both possible and safe, because it shows you the road ahead and the ditches or curb on both sides, gives you a full view of passing vehicles on both sides, lights up all the turns and corners *before* you reach them and *while* you are turning—*yet you never have to dim it or turn it on or off*.

Easily attached to your present lamp, of any size, on any car, by simply substituting these lenses for the plain glass now on your lamps. Nothing mechanical about them—nothing to adjust or get out of order. Once on, they are there to stay. Anybody can attach them.

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It mellows your light, softens it, diffuses it—makes it easy on the eyes and therefore safe for you and for the other fellow. Not only that, it *distributes* it over the *whole* road or street, at *both* sides and *around* the corners. The *Warner-Lenz* doesn't kill your light, as dimmers do.

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It takes *all the nervousness and uncertainty out of night driving*, both on the bad roads where you are alone, or the even more dangerous boulevard that is crowded with other cars and vehicles. It takes the tension out of driving at night, because it *turns daylight on everything you want to see*.

Cities and states have laws against bright, blinding, glaring headlights. Now they are passing laws against dimmers, often more dangerous than glaring headlights.

But every police department which has made a test of *Warner-Lenzes* has passed favorably upon them.

You want these lenses for the comfort and safety of your fellow automobilists as well as your own. And you will urge others to get them for *your* comfort and safety as well as their own.

You will find, as the leading motorists already have found, that the *Warner-Lenz* is bound to revolutionize both city and country driving at night, because *it takes the guesswork out and puts the pleasure in*.

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You have Mr. Warner's guarantee that if you do not find the lenses to be entirely as represented your money will be refunded. Prices and directions below.

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Diameter in inches	Best of Rubber	Went of Rubber	Canada
5 to 9, incl.	\$3.50	\$3.75	\$5.25
9 1/4 to 10, "	4.00	4.25	6.00
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To make sure of getting exact size take out the glass from one of your lamps, lay it on a piece of paper and mark round it with pencil. Then attach paper to this coupon.

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Inclosed find (check, money order or cash), for which please send me prepaid one pair of Warner-Lenzes with a guarantee that if not satisfactory money will be refunded upon the return of the lenses within ten days. (U. S.)

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Then it Fights Pyorrhea
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Signals which may be *Pyorrhea* are: Loose teeth. Tender, inflamed gums. Gums that bleed after brushing.

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THE ORIGINAL

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Buy it in the sealed glass jars.

The Best is always the Cheapest
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President; of a Walt Whitman, not of a Washington.

So these Celtic enthusiasts were thrown by fate into strange company, among revolutionaries, Socialists, and German intriguers. It would be difficult to realize the moral gulf between Potsdam and St. Enda's. It was the gulf between idealism and materialism.

Of the others who followed their leader in making the final sacrifice for their cause, there was James Connolly, well known in this country, who said once to an Irish audience, in his little pamphlet entitled, "Socialism Made Easy": "After Ireland is free, we will protect all classes, and if you don't pay your rent you will be evicted same as now. But the evicting party under command of the sheriff will wear green uniforms and the harp without the crown, and the warrant turning you out on the roadside will be stamped with the arms of the Irish Republic." Thomas J. Clark had served fourteen years of a former life-sentence for his part in the Fenian conspiracy of the early eighties. Shane Leslie tells us of the most extraordinary of all the figures in the Sinn Fein movement, the Countess Markiewicz, whose death-sentence has been commuted to life-imprisonment. He says:

The Countess, or Connie Gore-Booth, as she was, was a wild Irish girl without a Celtic or Catholic drop in her. She combined adventure with humanitarianism. She was wonderful at picking up drunkards or keeping the pot boiling during a strike. Only in Ireland could settlement or social work bring a girl under the shadow of the gallows. She used to write and act plays in which some of the recent scenes were foretold. She was a delightful contradiction, as her house was stacked equally with rifles and the material of charity. The English will make a prodigious blunder if they make her a martyr.

Surely they have one Joan of Arc in their history.

Besides, matters have reached a pitch in Ireland when hate and vendetta can go no further. Whatever is to be achieved now must be done by forbearance and forgiveness. Hate is so stupid and so German. It is no good hating the rebels or hating Carson or Redmond or the Pope—to sum up the four objects of commonest vituperation in Ireland. Hate eats itself out.

The time has come for an Irish Tolstoy, and for an appreciation of the principles for which Nurse Cavell died. She did more than die for a country.

She said: "Standing before God and eternity, I realize this: Patriotism is not everything. I must be free from hate and bitterness."

By the spirit of those words alone, understood and exemplified both in Ulster and Leinster, by the English and the Irish, can Ireland rise out of the nightmare of her hell. Patriotism is not everything, and imperialism is less than everything.

May I add this personal reminiscence, that when in the year 1907 I went to visit Leo Tolstoy in Russia, bearing the salutations of Young Ireland, the prophet received me as he had received the members of any distressful country? I re-



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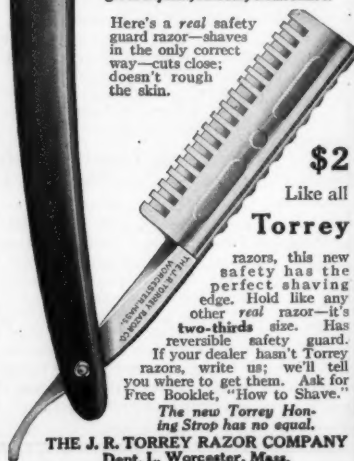


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The new Torrey Honing Strip has no equal.

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member, the day I left, asking for a message to take back to Ireland. And the old man said to me, very deliberately: "Tell them that patriotism is the sin forbidden in the Gospels."

As I believed then that patriotism should be the breath of an Irishman's soul, to the exclusion of every other consideration, I never delivered the message. Intensely as I still believe in patriotism, I recognize that there can come a time when a higher cause can come into the horizon—the cause of international civilization; and because some Dublin dreamers have been so soul-engrossed by the national patriotism as to lose sight of the international, that is no reason why we should upbraid them.

They are dead, and we must simply find another way to help Ireland; and the English must find another way, too.

Typical of many of the strange features of the unfortunate rebellion is the story of Grace Gifford, the young woman who married Joseph Plunkett at the eleventh hour, the night before his execution. A special correspondent of the New York Times tells the story in part as follows:

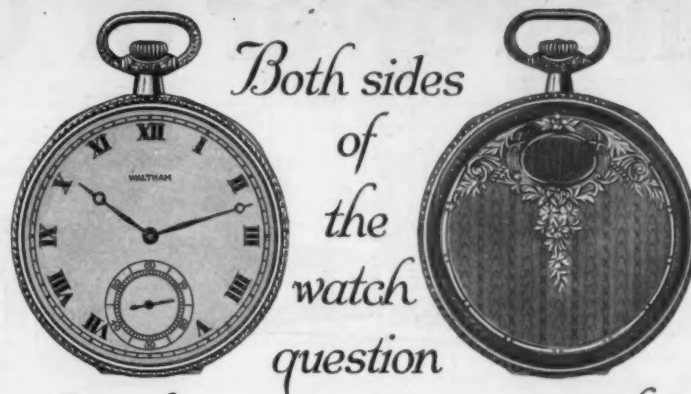
Few scenes in this great, futile tragedy can have so wrung the hearts of those who witnessed it as did this hurried joining together in the silent watches of the night of two young lives so soon to be severed by the inexorable decree of human justice. For a few brief hours husband and wife were left together before the last farewell. An hour later, with the dawn of a perfect spring morning breaking in a cloudless sky, the bridegroom stood facing a firing-party in the barracks' court-yard. A curt order, the crash of a volley, and the curtain was rung down on the tragedy of two lives.

The horror of the tragedy was enhanced by the fact that Thomas MacDonagh, another of the rebel leaders, who was shot on Wednesday, was the husband of Grace Gifford's sister, Muriel. Thus, within twenty-four hours, both sisters were widowed.

One chapter in the story was related to me this morning by Mr. Stoker, a well-known jeweler of Grafton Street. On Wednesday evening, as he was about to close the premises, a young and attractive woman, evidently of good social position, entered the shop and asked to be shown some wedding-rings. What attracted the jeweler's attention was the fact that despite her veil, it could plainly be seen that her eyes were red from weeping, while as she spoke she with difficulty stifled convulsive sobs. Surprized at her evident distress, Mr. Stoker gently inquired if she was in trouble.

"You should not cry when you are going to be married," he observed. For a moment his visitor hesitated, with the tears running down her cheeks. Then she revealed the whole tragedy, saying she was Plunkett's fiancée, that he was to be shot next morning, and that she was to be married to him that night.

"For a moment I was thunderstruck," said Mr. Stoker, "and didn't know what to say or do. Somehow or other I managed to express my sympathy with her terrible position, and she thanked me very quietly. Then she selected one of the most



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At Waltham is the largest and most famous watch factory in all the world. Here are made more accurate watches and more different kinds of watches than anywhere else the world over.

There are Walthams unmatched for sheer beauty. Waltham makes the tiniest bracelet watch, the thinnest trustworthy watch made in America, the accepted standard railroad watch—the leading watch of every kind wanted by man or woman. You cannot say that of any other make.

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expensive rings, paid for it in bank-notes, and left the shop."

Further light was cast upon the tragedy by Miss Gifford's mother, whom I saw this morning at her house in Palmerston Park.

"Countess Markiewicz," said Mrs. Gifford, bitterly, "is responsible for dragging my daughters into this affair. They got to know her several years ago, and have been largely under her influence. We knew nothing of what was going on, however, and no one was more surprised than we were when the revolt broke out.

"Altho the announcement was a great surprise and shock to me, I had been in a way prepared by an incident which took place the previous night. Grace left home that day, Wednesday, after luncheon, and during the evening sent a telephone-message through a neighbor saying she was staying in town for the night.

"I sat up to wait for my son. Toward midnight there came a knock at the door. The maid had gone to bed and I opened the door myself. Instead of my son, I found a policeman, while in the road outside was a big motor-car with two English officers in it. One of the officers got out of the car and told me he had an important letter for Mrs. Plunkett. Thinking they meant Plunkett's mother, the Countess, I said she did not live here. He went and consulted the other officer and then came back and asked for Miss Grace Gifford. I told him she was not at home, that she was staying in town.

"When I saw Grace next day she told me the letter was to tell her to go to the prison, where they were to be married. She said they were married at midnight, and he was shot shortly afterward."

WINNING MEXICAN SMILES

THEY fled before our troops—the little civilian Mexican families that are still trying pitifully to live in the midst of devastation, and have not yet taken to fighting. The "gringo" filled them with panic terror. He was the avenger, on the trail of the bandit Villa, and they knew that, secretly, and in spite of the trouble that he has made for them, they loved Villa. They were peaceable themselves, and doubtless virtuous, as virtue goes in that part of the world, and they should have loved their dear, grandfatherly Carranza, who is trying to build up a secure Government to shelter them. But the fact is that Carranza seems rather to bore them. He talks a great, great deal, about something or other. Villa is bad, unutterably bad, quite beyond the pale, but he has a splendid way of doing things. He doesn't talk much, except for occasional unsanctified utterances, but he knows how to be picturesque. He sneaks over the border and sticks a pin in the "gringo" when he is asleep—a wonderful joke! He does bold, bad things, and does them with a delightful Mexican drollery and a gorgeous Mexican daring. And so—these little civilians take off their hats to Carranza and keep on loving Villa. In *The Outlook* Gregory Mason, special correspondent, gives us a few examples of this curious and yet quite human duplicity. Even men

of the cities are susceptible to this same fascination, as we learn:

"Villa has ravaged our ranches and looted our homes, but he started the blood rushing proudly through our hearts when he raided Columbus and defied the whole 'gringo' army. Carranza reformed the marriage-laws and established prohibition, but he does not stir our imagination. His long-winded speeches are insufferably dull, and we do not understand the wordy notes he writes to President Wilson."

So spake a man whose blood is half Mexican and half American, who has lived both north and south of the Rio Grande, whose sympathies in the present difficulty between Mexico and the United States are entirely with the latter nation, but who was trying in that speech to interpret for me the peculiar psychology of his Spanish-Indian fellow citizens.

"He started the blood rushing proudly through our hearts," did the vivid Durango bad man. But the rigid good man of Coahuila never does that. Carranza's appeal, what there is of it, is to the intellect. And blood is thicker than brains in Mexico.

The marching-songs adopted by the Villistas and Carranzistas tell the whole story. The impudent confidence, the humorous deviltry, of the Villa war-songs is absent in the "Adelita" of the Carranzistas, with its conventional sentimentality.

As I walked my horse one drowsy afternoon past the *cuartel* (barracks) of the Carranza garrison at Nuevas Casas Grandes, near General Pershing's headquarters, the quavering melody of "Adelita" reached my ears with these softly drawled words:

Adelita, if you should run off with another man
I would follow you through eternity;
Over prairies in military trains,
Over oceans on big battle-ships.
Over mountains on a gringo aeroplane.
Adelita, if you were my wife,
I would buy you a dress made of silk.
And take you to a dance at the *cuartel* on the hill.

Half a mile beyond the barracks, where the singers of this ballad lounged on long benches with their crossed bandoleers of cartridges catching the slanting sun, stood apart by itself a large building of brown uncovered adobe bricks with an ell of finished adobe plaster in the rear. In this store they sold a sweet yellow cheese peculiarly palatable. While a pock-marked boy slowly searched for this article for me on the dark, dusty shelves, I heard a sacrilegious sound in the rear. We were in a Carranza town, Carranza garrisoned, but in the ell a quartet aided by a guitar were softly humming the blasphemous song of the hunted Villa.

First was that rollicking song of Villa's Dorados, his "Golden Ones"—the sure-shooting, sure-hearted outlaws whose loyalty has been rewarded with appointment to his personal body-guard:

These are the men of Francisco Villa
Who drive before them the white-faced gringos.
As the straw that their horses stamp and scatter
In a desert march on a dusty morning.

Next that more ancient, more familiar catch, "La Cucuracha" (The Cockroach), which the Villistas have adopted and expanded for their own purposes:

Con las barbas de Carranza
Voy hacer una toquilla
A ponerla en el sombrero
Del valiente Pancho Villa.

With the whiskers of Carranza
I'm going to make a hat-band,



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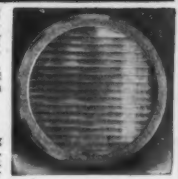
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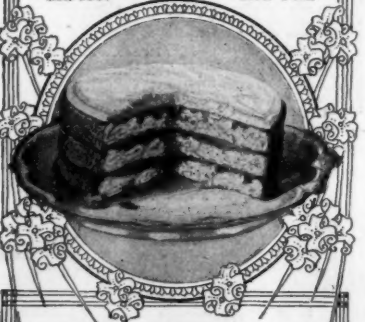
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To hang on the sombrero
Of the vallant Pancho Villa.

And the galloping chorus, meaningless
but effective as the choruses of many songs
that men fight by:

Oh, the cockroach, oh, the cockroach
Will not move, the old slow-poke,
Because it hasn't, because it hasn't
Any marihuana to smoke.

Here were the songs of Villa being sung
on the sly almost within earshot of the Car-
ranza garrison. Pancho Villa has indeed
entrenched himself in the hearts of the
northern Mexicans.

Naturally enough, as the friends of
Carranza, the Americans were neither
welcomed by the educated nor trusted
by the peon. Even those who had suffered
most from the bandit's depredations,
Mr. Mason assures us, were on his side.
He continues:

When the American soldiers entered
Mexico, they were met by hostile looks and
curt replies from many natives whose
pulses had been quickened by the big
peon's daring at Columbus. These men
had been robbed and raided by Villa him-
self, yet the first instinct of most of them
was to protect him from the "gringos."
I say most of them, for some of them, like
the surviving members of the Polanca
family, who lost five male relatives to
Villa's blood-madness on his flight south
from Columbus, have suffered too much
at his hands to forgive and forget their
wrongs in the glamor of his name and
fame, which sways so many Mexicans.

But after they had watched the Ameri-
cans for a few days and timidly accepted
the first social advances of our soldiers,
these other Mexicans, who had cared more
for the picturesque badness of Villa than
for the colorless goodness of Carranza—
even they underwent a change of heart.

The natives fled before the approach
of our soldiers on the first drive into
Mexico, but they soon returned when they
learned that the policy of the "gringos"
was not one of promiscuous murder, as
Villa had predicted. The little towns
which I passed through going into Mexico
were almost deserted. The natives had
fled to the recesses of the distant hills to
avoid the foreigners, who, they had been
taught, would not spare man, woman,
or child. Coming out of Mexico three
weeks later, I found these little villages
swarming with the characteristic dirty,
brown-skinned, light-hearted humanity.
Slim, silent men of the north with their
brightly dressed women, and with the usual
herd of children scampering in the dust
at their feet, stood in the doorways of
their one-patterned houses flashing their
teeth with a pleasant "Buenas tardes" at
the *Americanos* who passed through in the
great "gasoline carriages."

Of course, the Carranza soldiers have
seen less of the Americans than the civilian
Mexicans whose homes have lain in the
path of our expedition. Naturally, too, the
Mexican soldier has been more inclined
to climb on his dignity than the civilian.
Many of Carranza's armed supporters
still maintain an attitude of icy chilliness
toward the Americans, but for the most
part the civilians have become exceedingly
friendly after the first shock of fright has
worn off.

We came as the friends of Carranza,

but fortunately we did not come quite
in the way that that General has come
before his people. Hence our success in
"winning smiles," as we read:

Carranza has talked a lot about reform,
and he must be given credit for more
than talk, too, but his accomplishments
have been unnecessarily dreary. He has
reckoned without the half-childish "tem-
perament" which fills his people. He has
preached a lot about economic reforms in
words which the masses can not under-
stand, and at the same time he has filled
the country with sheaf upon sheaf of
worthless paper-money. The "gringos"
have not invoked a single Socialistic theory;
they have merely safeguarded the ancient
principle of man-to-man honest dealing
which is as old as the weights and measures
of the Babylonians, and they have poured
into the country a stream of bright and
shiny gold and silver, pretty to look at
and valuable to possess.

LOOPING THE LOOP OVER TOKYO

ONE of the great heroes of Japan is
Art Smith, American aviator. What
are the legends of Ischi Wischi, the Two-
Sword Man, or of Takahiro Takaloro, the
Samurai, who upheld his own greatness
and that of his family and his country by
his tremendous strength and dexterity in
defending himself in combat with an iron
parasol-stick and a double back-somer-
sault. The Japanese thrills with patriotic
fervor as he reads these legends over, but
is that thrill comparable to the shudder
with which twenty or thirty thousand sons
of the Rising Sun watched Art Smith turn
loops in a hurricane over the city of Tokyo?
It is doubtful. Art Smith had already
been honored, we are told by Mr. Toha
Hachino, Japanese correspondent of the
New York Sun, for the excellent flights
made on the first two days of the aviation
exhibition. "Field-Marshal his Highness
Prince Fushimi honored him with a shake-
hand, as Mr. Smith approached him after
coming down from the machine." Al-
ready they were willing to concede that
he was fully as great an aviator as the
marvelous Niles, who some months pre-
vious had given them their first glimpse
of the loop the loop and other aerial novel-
ties. But a greater approbation was to
come. The third day of the meet brought
in a remarkably severe wind-storm. "Child-
ren were frightened by the tremendous
shaking of the house-frames." Huge clouds
of dust, which he terms "the noted prod-
uct of the district," dyed the skies brown.
It was apparently excellent weather for a
popular aviator to stay home and receive
his friends, and it was expected that
Smith's flight would be canceled. As the
writer says, eloquently:

In Aoyama parade-ground, nicknamed
"the volcano of clay" because of the suffo-
cating smoke of dry, powderized clay laying
thick on the ground, we could not see ten
feet ahead even if we could keep our eyes

Could any "talking machine" sustain this pitiless test ?

There is a new invention which is not a "talking machine." It does not merely reproduce sound. It actually *Re-Creates* all forms of music. A masterpiece does not require a trade name, nor the usual methods of commercial exploitation. This new invention (which virtually embodies a new art) has no name save the name of its inventor. It is

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open with the aid of the wind glasses. The whirlwind causing the spouts of dusts in the low altitude, it was practically impossible even to cross the ground on foot, not to speak of anything like the possibility of aviation. None, indeed, seriously expected Smith to venture flight on such occasion. To quote from the *Chuo (Central)*: "However great a genius he may be, how could he challenge such a terrible typhoon," was the thought entertained by all Tokyo.

As Smith, however, bravely insisted upon flying in spite of the very earnest remonstrances of the manager and others, it was finally decided to admit the crowd.

To speak frankly, I thought Smith half crazy when informed of the attempt. My common sense did not permit me to believe it. On the roof of the six-storied Mitsui Building, where I went up to feel the strength of the wind, I experienced a great difficulty in keeping myself erect, several times forced to stoop to escape being carried away. I had to protect my eyes with the hand to mitigate the shock of the air. Somehow I hurried to Aoyama to "measure the size of the American soul."

When I reached the place Mr. Smith, attired in brown suit, was trying in vain to clean the machine. The wind was far quicker to soil than he could clean it. They had at last taken it to a by-corner, where it was comparatively less windy.

Dr. Tanakadate, the authority on the science of aviation, professor in the Imperial University of Tokyo, address an inquiry to the Central Meteorological Office about the velocity of the wind. It was thirty meters per second on the ground and sixty-six meters in the altitude of four hundred meters. (In Japan the wind is stronger the higher the altitude.) Making his eyes wide round (an expression of surprise), he remarked to himself: "Why! This is the record!"

"Does he fly indeed? At best he may fly a few minutes from south to north against the wind," was the remark dropt by one of the would-be experts who seek to command a momentary influence by demonstrating the whole stock of his knowledge on aviation.

At 2:20 the motor began to thunder. A few seconds afterward his red-winged machine (called by Japanese "as very old and nearly in dotage") flew up, rocking and pitching, hardly able to make any visible progress southward, desperately struggling with the howling storm that raged to smash this little revolutionist, haughtily challenging the dignity of almighty nature. "The mass," says the *Asahi Morning Sun*, "observed profound silence of amazement, forgetting to utter cheers of applause."

When I gazed upon this resolute aviator through my prison, oh, how strongly I was impressed by the majestic composure and the dignified air that characterized his every motion. I was for a time transported into the enchanted world of reverie, associating the chivalrous heroes of the days of yore who sacrificed their lives to the honor of the nations they represent. I thought of Napoleon in the prime of his manhood as he ventured the snowy peak of the Alps to maintain the honor of his motherland in the face of the whole world; of young Hannibal, who, surrounded by the overwhelming force in the depth of the land of foes, scorned the desperate attacks of the sixteen veteran warriors of Rome for a number of years.

We are inclined sometimes to think of our Oriental neighbors as rather stolid, because they do not seem to feel our enthusiasms; but the following account of the effect of Smith's performance on the crowds at the aviation-field gives an utterly different impression. As we follow the giddily climbing metaphors we too feel something of the "mortal anxiety biting into an innermost of our soul" of which Mr. Toha Hachino speaks—quite as if we ourselves were watching a daring aviator aloft in a resistless typhoon. He continues:

The effect on the crowd was literally hypnotizing. Some behaved as gone crazy under the intensity of momentary impression. They cried to the utmost of their voices through megaphones readily made from the newspapers they held in their hands, advising Mr. Smith to come down before any mishap occurs.

"Come down, Smith, we have got enough of your American soul! Don't turn somersaults! Too dangerous! Come down, come down, brave boy! We can't suffer to have such a bold fellow 'turned to earth' (killed) in Japan!"

The spectators were totally overcome by the acute sympathy with the position they ascribe to this juvenile aviator. Far from being an impression of happy amusement, we were tortured by a feeling of mortal anxiety biting into an innermost of our soul, the restlessness of a helpless mother looking at her favorite child swimming far out into the offing without knowing of a ravenous monster vigilantly watching for a good chance to jump upon. Some covered their eyes, not bearing to see the terrible scene of cruelty that might be displayed at any moment. Aged people clasped their hands together to pray on him the protection of "800 and 8 millions of gods," who keep guardianship over their sacred land of divinity.

He made five rounds of the place, the several times driven back by violent gusts roaring furiously, probably "at the idea of being insulted by a green foreigner!" Sometimes the machine stayed motionless in spite of the thundering detonation of the motor. Sometimes it was blown adrift like a tiny canoe on the crests of the raging surges. At other times it was completely lost sight of on account of the thick clouds of dry clay the wind raised to bury the entire vicinity, the machine, the spectators, the building of the adjacent barracks, trams, trees, fences, and everything else. After about a quarter of an hour he reached the altitude of about eight hundred meters, when all of a sudden he made a dash downward, turning somersaults for five times, two times forward, three times backward, and then by his spiral dive he came down to the height of four hundred meters, where he restored the balance of his plane. Without giving us time to draw breath he looped the loop for two times more, then by a death-dive he safely landed into the crater of the "clayish volcano." The whole crowd, utterly flabbergasted, hummed in a low heavy tone, overwhelmed by the flow of emotion.

All wept (no exaggeration), melting into tears of joyful sympathy, feeling as it were released from the grip of a terrible nightmare stroking over their hearts to calm down the throbbing within. General Nagaoka, that famous strategist, who

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served as the Vice-Chief of the General Staff during the Russo-Japanese war, ran up to Mr. Smith as he came down from the machine, passed his arms over his shoulders and wept, forgetting all the precepts of the stoic Bushido, conveying the impression of a father who recovered a child of his passion from the jaws of a demon. Such is, indeed no common occurrence with us Japanese, who are ready to reproach a tender wife with the lack of self-discipline if she openly sobs over the remains of her husband killed on the field of honor. Their Highnesses Princes Kaya and Fushimi shook hand with him, presenting him with a couple of bags filled with money.

NO SINN-FEINING AT THE FRONT

THE paragrapher who called the recent Irish rebellion a "Sinn Feint at Home Rule" seems not to have sensed the fact that by no means all Irishmen are in sympathy with the rebel faction. The Irish in Dublin were far from united, and many a civilian fell by a Sinn-Fein bullet. We have heard that the Irish prisoners in Germany were almost unanimous in receiving Sir Roger Casement's proposals with derision and scorn. And now comes an interesting story of the Irish at the front. Did they start a sympathetic strike when the news came of rebellion at home? Apparently not, if we are to credit the correspondent. "It was a splendid coincidence," declares Philip Gibbs, writer for the *London Chronicle*, in a Marconi dispatch to the *New York Times*, "that on the very night when the Sinn Feins were trying to besmirch the honor of Ireland in the streets of Dublin some Irish battalions here at the front should have been in the fighting-line." He goes on to tell us of the Irish brigade that was holding a chalk-pit salient south of Hulluch, and the gallant defense they made. Even those who do not share this English writer's opinion of the rebels must admit that he gives full credit to their fighting countrymen. As we read:

All through the previous day and night the enemy's artillery had been bombarding up and down the lines of the neighboring front with great intensity. Repeated explosions of bombs, more noisy at close range than the heavy artillery at work behind his lines, showed the German infantry was attempting to raid our trenches in various sectors not far away. The Hohenzollern redoubt was attacked and the enemy bombed out of one of the craters into which he had made a rush. Through the darkness of the night, faintly lightened by thousands of stars, throbbed the great scarlet glare when one of the enemy's mines exploded to the west of Hulluch. Another lurid flame zigzagged across the fields to the northeast of Vermelles. All the battle-ground of the Loos salient was in a tumult with high explosives.

There was no sleep that night. Irish officers going their rounds warned the sentries to keep a sharp lookout by a quiet word or two. Irish soldiers in the

dugouts behind the front line of trenches expressed the thought that perhaps before dawn the enemy might make an attack upon "the boys up there." These Irishmen kept cool. In the trenches they are as stolid as their English comrades, with a grim joke or two when the shells come crying overhead. But it was no joke just before dawn when the enemy's guns concentrated upon the Irish sector. The rush of shells and the great crash of their explosions as they flung up earth and sandbags showed the enemy meant serious business.

The Irish officers kept up the spirits of the men and said: "Steady, boys." The guns ceased to fire about 5 o'clock, and after all the noise was a queer silence, in which many birds were singing high in the blue sky of a brilliant morning. Then came a shout from one of the sentries. Slowly on the light northeasterly wind came from the German trenches a thick, sluggish volume of smoke. "Poison-gas. Put on your helmets." The Irish boys grabbed the helmets they carried in little satchels slung across their shoulders. There was silence as each man put on the head-dress and made himself like some queer beast in that frightful mask.

"I wish Sir Roger Casement could get a taste of it down his throat," said an Irish soldier.

The men waited without any sign of panic as the cloud came near. A sergeant of the Dublins went among the men patting them on the shoulder and putting heart into them by cheerful gestures of disdain for foul vapors that rolled about them. The enemy's guns again bombarded, and then, as the cloud lifted, suddenly an infantry-attack followed.

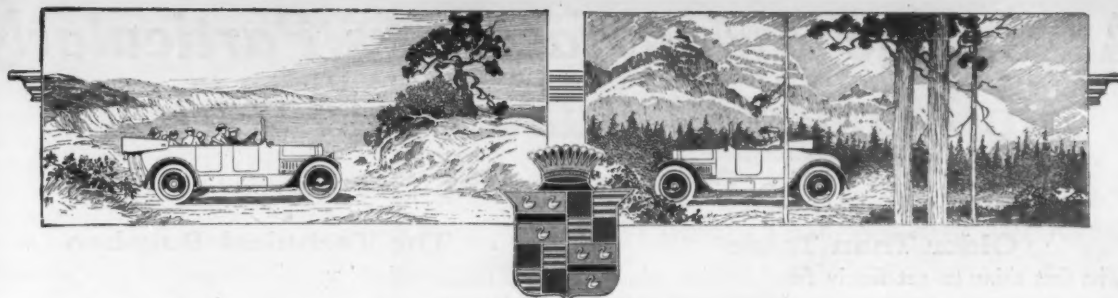
It was an utter failure. Far from being demoralized by the poison-gas, the Irish spirit was fiercely aroused, and they poured a heavy rifle-fire into the German soldiers as they came rushing forward. Many fell, and the others were checked by the barbed wire. So the Dublins shot them down before they could break through. An officer and forty dead Germans still lie there entangled among the broken strands.

A second cloud of gas was released from the German trenches opposite the northern, or left, end of the salient and rolled forward in waves about as dense as liquid. The infantry-attack which followed was successful in getting into a portion of our trench held by the Inniskillens and some Dublins owing to the effect of shell-fire upon the parapets. Fortunately a machine gun was in a good position and served by good men, so the enemy was caught by its fire and heavily punished.

From the support-trenches the Irish organized a counter-attack. Within half an hour the enemy was driven out, leaving many dead. An officer with four men of an Irish brigade in this sector advanced up the trench into which a German patrol had gained a footing and, without any other aid, put the enemy out of action.

A third gas-attack was attempted, but failed to reach the Irish, and floated back in a swirl of wind to the enemy's lines. So they received a dose of their own poison.

This is the first time an Irish division has had to encounter an infantry-attack. But these young soldiers behaved with the steadiness of veterans and fought through the deadly fumes with fine courage. Ireland's answer to Germany's plots in Dublin.



T O U R I N G

In The Eight-Cylinder Cadillac

Holds New Fascinations

ONE of the greatest boons which the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac confers upon motorists is, that it removes the strain and the weariness from long distance motor travel.

Men and women all over the world are awakening to this delightful discovery.

The roads of the continent are calling to them with a new charm and a new insistence.

The Cadillac "Eight" has supplied the last necessary link in the chain of causes which constitute the thing called luxury.

It sets the traveler free from taut nerves, from tense muscles, and from constant concentration on the performance of the car.

All the glorious tingle of a noiseless flight through space is there in increased measure.

But the strain is gone—gone and forgotten, because the flow of power is so continuous, so smooth, so flexible and so quiet that you are scarcely conscious that the engine exists.

There are no convulsive movements of the motor, no noise of straining and labor, no irritating vibration.

You relax and rest, in the Cadillac, because the unpleasant reminders of effort and labor are removed.

You forget the engine, you forget the mechanical system which is carrying you forward. You luxuriate in a sense of serene well-being and comfort.

Your mind is released from its thralldom to the car, and turns a thousand times more often to the beauty of the road, of the sky and of the landscape.

The joy of touring is not only a greater joy in the Cadillac, but it calls into being a new set of physical and mental sensations.

Heretofore, no matter how gallantly your car

mounted a hill, you were conscious every moment that it was climbing—that it was laboring.

Now you know that the hill was high, only because you saw it before the mount began—or looked back after the crest was reached.

You travel almost continuously on high gear—under throttle control.

The power-application is so fluid that, when you accelerate the speed, the effect is very much as though you had "turned on" the power, as you "turn on" water by opening a spigot.

As for sound and vibration, the engine scarcely seems to be energizing at all.

The car simply glides from one rate of travel to another, without apparent effort or hesitation.

The mind is lulled into repose and the body obeys the impulse of the mind.

Cadillac thoroughness is responsible for the accuracy of every function which contributes to the efficiency of the engine.

The known stability of the Cadillac inspires a confidence which removes all anxiety for your safety.

The pleasures of today are not marred by apprehensions for tomorrow.

And, too, the spring suspension, the deep soft upholstery, the smooth, easy acting clutch and brakes, the ease of handling and control, all share in resting and soothing mind and body.

With bad roads largely robbed of their terrors, and good roads made almost doubly delightful—with hills no longer to be dreaded—with a sense of velvet softness in every motion of the car and every movement in its operation, there is a renewed and irresistible call to long distance touring which—in the Cadillac—becomes an unalloyed delight.



A Message to Manufacturers, Particularly to Makers of Building Materials

The Payers Are The Sayers

Older Than Trade

The first thing to get firmly fixed in your mind is that you never sold anything without first advertising it.

Nobody ever has sold anything without advertising and nobody ever will.

Advertising is older than trade. The cave man had to learn to advertise before he learned to barter.

That which we call advertising is a universal instinct. Animals have it. The ability to advertise intelligently is one of the things that distinguishes human beings from animals.

The Measure of Growth

Your business has been advertised steadily since its beginning. Your growth is measured by the intelligence and extent of your advertising.

A concern that pays thousands of dollars to salesmen, that prints catalogs, price lists, and writes letters about the excellence of its product, often labors under the delusion that it doesn't advertise.

Whenever you tell anybody you have something to sell, or display it, you are advertising. Only the man who eliminates letter-heads, signs, name plates, or marks on his product, who never displays it nor talks about it, lives up to the statement that he doesn't advertise.

The Breath of Business

Your problem is not whether you will advertise, because your business can no more live without it than you can live without breathing, but how to advertise most effectively, how to get the biggest return for the least cost.

If you are content to let your business run along on its own momentum, being satisfied with what you have and indifferent to the success of others in your field who are reaching out for the business now and insuring their future as well, there isn't much to be said.

There is no reason why you should spend money for something you don't want.

Getting the Volume

Every wise and successful advertiser has proved—it cost some of them large sums to do it—that where a product is used by the public it must be sold directly to the public. That is the only way to get the volume of business.

Of course you want to tell the architect, the engineer, the contractor, and the decorator about your product and convince him of its excellence, for you want his cooperation.

Not one of these actually pays; they only can recommend.

Remember that the man who does the paying is the man who has the saying.

The Technical Bugaboo

The "technical" appeal is a bugaboo—pure nonsense.

Do you manufacture anything as technical, as complicated, as the typewriting machines in your office? How long would it have taken to make the use of typewriters universal if they had been sold only through mechanical engineers?

How about electric starters and ball bearings for your automobile?

These things are sold to the public on their operating efficiency. Your appeal is to intelligence, just as the makers of automobiles and accessories appeal to intelligence, and not to technical training.

The progress the automobile industry has made in fifteen years proves for all time that a technical product can be sold directly to the public.

The Acid Test

It is an axiom that advertising can sell anything once, and keep on selling it if it is something the public wants and the price is fair.

To advertise anything that will not stand the test of usage and of public opinion is a waste of money.

If it will stand this test, it can be made independent of locality and freight rates. National publicity can make every market a local market. It is doing that every day.

Talking to 500,000

Select 500,000 of the most intelligent, most prosperous people in America, officers of corporations, the younger men who will be the next officers, bankers, investors, business and professional men—the leading forces in their community, the men who pay for the factories, office buildings, apartment houses, and tell your message to them.

If you could do that, making the message simple and direct, but none the less authoritative, what effect must it have on your business?

Included in this half million people are also the architects, engineers, contractors to whom you want especially to make an appeal.

What The Digest Does

The Literary Digest does this for you. It does more than automatically select, through the character of its editorial contents, exactly the men you want to reach; it prepares them to give your message careful consideration. They accord the advertising the same serious attention they give to the world news in its pages.

No publication is so carefully read as *The Digest*. It represents one of the highest achievements in human efficiency.

IMMEDIATE National Publicity

The Literary Digest

WE WILL SEND YOU a complete portfolio digest of the advertising of Building Materials during 1915 in general magazines, showing you where, by whom, and how much. FREE UPON REQUEST.

A ONE-MAN NINE

IT can't be a press-agent story, because the Federal League has done with press-agents for good and all. So we must accept it as sober truth—the story of the one-man baseball team that is getting \$3,000 a year for practising "together" every morning and playing a game against its inclination every afternoon. There are certain advantages in playing on just this sort of a team, to be sure, but they are all for the player and none for the manager, as the reader may judge for himself, from the story as it is told in a Newark dispatch to the Philadelphia Record:

When the Newark Federal League baseball team went out of existence recently Patrick T. Powers, one of the owners, got rid of all of the players except Rupert Mills, a high-school graduate, who was under contract to play first base for two years at \$3,000 a year. A few days ago the youth sought out Powers and asked as to his future.

"I have no place to put you," replied the former magnate. "I had not heard from you and supposed you'd engaged yourself somewhere."

"Well, I have not," Mills said. "There's a year left of my contract and I'll hold you to it. I'm ready to play, so you get ready to pay."

"Do you want to play alone?" queried Powers, getting an inspiration.

"I don't care if I do."

"All right, then," exclaimed Powers. "Report for practise from 9 to 12 o'clock every morning on the grounds at Harrison, and return every afternoon at 2 o'clock and play the game until six."

Mills appeared to-day and carried out his instructions. When asked how he would enjoy playing baseball alone for an entire season he simply said: "I hope it rains every day."

DID BALFOUR WRITE SHAW?

JUDGE TUTHILL has reversed his decision in the famous case of Bacon vs. Shakespeare, and perhaps we ought to forgive and forget and let peace in this matter reign undisturbed for another hundred years. But there is the matter of the decision handed down in 2216 A.D. by the Minneapolis Tribune, based on the precedent of Judge Tuthill's decision—what will become of this? As many readers may not be acquainted with this decision (since it is still three hundred years ahead of us), it may perhaps be well to repeat it, so that we may all judge fairly. It runs as follows:

The court finds that the claim of the friends of Arthur Balfour that he is the author of said works of Bernard Shaw convince the court that Arthur Balfour is the author.

That George Bernard Shaw was born in Dublin in 1856; that he came to London in 1876; that he had no university education; that he permitted his mother to support him when he was big enough to have supported himself; that he played accompaniments for amateur singers; that he was associated with Socialistic periodicals and



Here's about the hardest tire repair in the world to make—a torn out valve stem in inner tube

How Would You Repair It?

You couldn't do it with cold patches or vulcanizer—but any one who can drive a car could easily do it with

TIRE-DOH

—the simple, economical, handy repair outfit that 500,000 car owners by their continued use during six years have endorsed as the standard tire repair outfit for punctures and blowouts.

Requires no heat or tools—can be used anywhere—any time—always successfully.

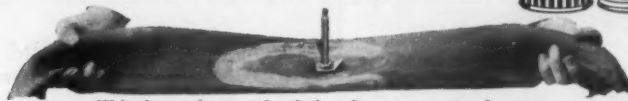
TIRE-DOH permanently repairs the smallest punctures or inner tube tears as long as your arm. Two cents' worth is enough for average

punctures. Used to fill cuts and holes in casings before they develop into sand blisters and blowouts, will add hundreds of miles to the life of any tire. Buy a TIRE-DOH outfit today and carry it always in your tool kit. 10,000 dealers sell TIRE-DOH. If yours doesn't, we'll send it on receipt of price.

Complete Outfits Price 50c and \$1.00

Tire-DoH repairs any article of rubber—gloves—boots—hot water bags

ATLAS AUTO SUPPLY CO., 609 W. Austin Avenue, CHICAGO



This is a photograph of the above torn out valve stem repaired in 28 minutes with TIRE-DOH at a cost of 13c.

Vegetable Growing for Amateurs

By H. H. Thomas. A profusely illustrated new volume which deals in a simple and practical manner with the cultivation of all commonly grown vegetables. 60c net, by mail 65c.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354 Fourth Ave., New York

BUTTERFLIES, INSECTS AND MOTHS

Reproduced in color. Two manuals giving common and scientific names. Price 27 cents each.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK



Ten-Million-Dollar Fire at Augusta, Ga., March 22. Valuable papers, files, etc., in offices on 4th and 5th floors, rescued in this furnace without being even discolored. They were locked in THE SAFE-CABINET.



Here are a few of thousands of SAFE-CABINET users: Thos. A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.; Equitable Life Assurance Soc., New York; Penn Mutual Life Ins. Co., Phila.; Continental & Commercial Bank, Chicago.

YOUR PAPERS SAFE WHERE FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS FAIL!

A Year To Pay If You Want

You business men and home owners are all responsible for papers, files, records, maps, instruments, valuables or keepsakes that money can't replace.

Yet science now leaves you no excuse if they are destroyed tonight!

A small payment monthly brings you this new-day triumph that conquers fire peril. Has repeatedly fallen red-hot amid thundering walls, laid buried in ruins with contents unscathed.

A container that baffles cracksmen far more successfully than many iron safes. Yet size for

size, THE SAFE-CABINET has twice the capacity of those only a third the weight, and costs far less.

Its remarkable performance has won this high rating from the Underwriters' Laboratories.—"Inspected Light-Weight Safe."

But please don't confuse THE SAFE-CABINET with a mere "insulated cabinet." No other container has its heat-resisting elements.

WRITE TODAY—or wire for photo-catalog and amazing evidence from men who escaped the crushing effects of fire and theft because THE SAFE-CABINET proved invincible. Delay has meant calamity to thousands. Send today.

THE SAFE-CABINET CO.

Dept. 131, Marietta, Ohio
Originators and Sole Mfrs. of THE SAFE-CABINET
Branches or Agencies Most Everywhere

THE SAFE-CABINET
SCIENTEST
MODEL

45 styles and sizes adapted to every Business, Profession and Home. Highest award at both California Expositions. Construction Patented. Trade Name Protected.

Trust Your Taste Not Mine



Most of the thousands of men who are smoking J. R. W. cigars were satisfied with a store cigar before they tried mine. It surprised them to find one so much better.

You have wondered at times if there was a better cigar than your regular smoke at the same or less money. If you are smoking a 10c straight or two for a quarter, there is. But don't take my word for it. Your taste should decide.

A Big Saving

Cigar value is based on one thing only—the fineness of the leaf. There can be no inflated values in J. R. W. cigars, because the salesmen's salaries and expenses and the store up-keep have been eliminated. These savings are made in your favor.

Many men answer my advertisements merely from curiosity, and admit it when they write. I am glad to hear from them. I want to satisfy your curiosity also. When you smoke your first J. R. W. you realize that you have found an unusually sweet cigar—smooth-burning and mellow.

The leaf I use is selected for me from the crop grown in the Vuelta district of Cuba. Only the best of the year's output is used. Proper aging and careful cigar-making combine to make the J. R. W. a delightful smoke.

Smoke Five Free

Send me only your name and address on your business card or letterhead, and enclose 10c to cover revenue, postage and packing. I want you to smoke five from the box I will send you. When you find they are really "your smoke," send me a check or money order and I will replace the five smoked. My price is close to cost—\$2.60 for 50, \$5 per hundred. Write today.

J. ROGERS WARNER
143 Lockwood Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY
By Paul Dubois, M.D. 12mo, Cloth, 64 pages. 50 cents.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Pubs., NEW YORK

**1/2 PINT
1/2 DOLLAR**



Buy the big Household or Factory Size 3-in-One and get 8 times as much oil for your money.

3-in-One keeps almost everything in home, office or store perfectly oiled—also as clean and bright as a new silver dollar.

Always use 3-in-One on sewing machines, typewriters, razors, cameras, talking machines, furniture, bath room fixtures, guns, reels, and hundreds of other things.

The 3-in-One Dictionary, with every bottle, shows you scores of ways this good oil makes hard work easy.

FREE Generous sample bottle sent on request. Try before you buy.

SOLD AT ALL GOOD STORES

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
42 KAB, Broadway, New York

Housewives—Try 3-in-One for Dusting

Socialistic propaganda; that he refused to eat meat; that he made speeches before vulgar crowds are allegations which the court finds true.

The court further finds that Arthur James Balfour was born in Scotland on July 25, 1848; that he was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge; that he received the degrees M.A. from Cambridge, LL.D. from Edinburgh, St. Andrews, Cambridge, Dublin, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield, and D.C.L. from Oxford; that he was a statesman as well as a scholar; that he was the First Lord of the Admiralty as well as author of such profound philosophic works as "A Defense of Philosophic Doubt" and "The Foundations of Belief"; that he was therefore a man of commanding intellect, unquestioned versatility, and indisputable education; that it is much more likely that such a man should have written the Shavian dramas than a poor, uneducated Irishman.

The court therefore decrees that George Bernard Shaw did not write the plays commonly accredited to him, and, in fact, banishes him altogether from literary history. Mr. Balfour henceforth shall be described as the author of the said Shavian drama.

OUR "MOTOR-TRUCK RAILWAY"

ACHIEVING a record in warfare would seem impossible in this age of keen competition in ways and means of death-dealing, and yet we have done just that in Mexico, it appears, in spite of all the unkind things said about our Army by the preparedness fans. "From a military point of view," says a staff correspondent of the New York Times, "the long line of communication between General Pershing's force in Mexico and its expeditionary base at Columbus is probably the most remarkable feature of the campaign to date. . . . It is the longest line of motor-truck communication ever attempted by an army in the field." The Mexican campaign has witnessed the birth of a new branch of our army—the motor-truck company. We now have nine of these, with twenty-seven big trucks in each company. And we are told that these are to be maintained permanently, with separate officers and men. The correspondent quoted had the opportunity to make a trip of five hundred miles on the "motor-truck railway," achieved on low gear in ten days' running. Most of the way was through the mountains, over the same road that was followed some weeks ago by the first columns entering the country. The writer tells us of the entrenchments that he noticed along the line, beginning with the first stop at Boca Grande. The result is a series of what he calls "Little Gibaltars," protecting that most vital part of the punitive expedition. This first camp was typical of many to follow, of which the majority, in accordance with the invariable custom when circumstances permit, are pitched at or near the source of streams. Another rule determining these sites is that they should be always above any adjacent towns, so

Here's Your Guarantee

of an honestly built, enduring, ice-saving and efficient refrigerator. Look for this name plate of quality—it's the sign of the Herrick Dry Air System Refrigerator.

For 25 years Herrick has stood for conscientious construction—for scientific food conservation by the exclusive Herrick system of refrigeration, by a continuous forced current of cold, dry, pure air. There is no refrigerator like it—ask anyone owning a Herrick.

Three styles of linings—sanitary white spruce, white enamel and white opal plate glass.

Get Our Free Book

Sent on request. Describes construction and principle in detail and tells how to judge the quality of a refrigerator. Also free, an interesting short story in pamphlet form. Write Department E.

The Herrick Refrigerator Co.
Waterloo, Iowa

The best dealer in your town is a Herrick Agent



Ideal Books for SCHOOL PRIZES

Teachers, principals, etc., you will find JUST THE RIGHT PRIZE BOOKS for Students, Classroom and other Competitions, at moderate prices, in our display of various standard classic and modern books for young and old, in neat and attractive bindings. Visit Our Retail Department, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, **Funk & Wagnalls Company**



Howard Brockway's Rythmodik record of the Prologue to Pagliacci is one of the "show-pieces" of all piano records.

RYTHMODIK
RECORD MUSIC ROLLS

are all "show-pieces."

Why? Rythmodik piano records bring the fingers of such men as Bauer, Godowsky, Busoni and Edvard Grieg to your piano keyboard—reproduce every shade of touch, phrasing and singing tone.

This Pagliacci record might be commonplace on a commonplace roll. As Brockway has played it on the Rythmodik it is sublime.

Ask your music dealer to let you hear it. Write for complete catalogue and monthly bulletins of new Rythmodiks. Address Dept. B.

AMERICAN PIANO COMPANY
437 Fifth Avenue New York

that the troops may not be in danger of any poisonous contamination of the water. Of this camp and the journey on beyond he tells us as follows:

The presence of the Inspector-General was responsible for a bugle-call to arms at Boca Grande. It was the first call since the digging of the trenches, and the black soldiers of the Twenty-fourth stationed there thought Villa was about to descend on the camp. The truck-drivers, mostly civilians employed while army men are getting acquainted with the work, ran for the guns supplied by the Government, and which most of them have never yet fired. There was genuine alarm in that little camp.

At night the negroes gathered about camp-fires and sang quaint songs they had learned in the Philippines, where they were stationed until last autumn. Then they turned in their tiny "dog" tents, to get up at sunrise next day and watch for Mexicans again. But the "dog" tents were considered a luxury by the truck-drivers and their heavily armed military guard. These rolled up in blankets and slept on the ground.

Before this particular truck-train made its trip, tobacco had been at a premium all along the line. This train carried a couple of tons of it, and two tons of candy, in two great trucks with a capacity of 6,000 pounds each, which were loaded entirely with such luxuries. There was a scramble for these trucks at every camp. The preceding truck-train had carried a little tobacco, and at one camp there had been sacks enough for about three-quarters of the men. And so they played ring-around-a-rosy for the sacks.

At intervals of twenty to thirty miles along the line there are more camps, each on its little stream and each with its bearded soldiers and officers, for our army in Mexico is a bearded army—shaving has been generally dispensed with. Incoming officers have to be introduced to old friends on account of the change in their appearance.

It is not until you reach what was once a garden-spot, Colonia Diaz, that you see Mexicans in any number. This is about seventy miles from the border, and was formerly a Mormon colony, but was almost destroyed when Diaz was overthrown. It is an oasis in the desert, and green vines grow up about ruins of brick houses that have been shot to pieces. In the remnants of the houses live about a hundred Mexicans, and they welcome the Americans who come through. A mile farther on is Ascension, a town of adobe houses hardly scathed by the revolutions, their occupants having favored first one faction, then another, and escaped, and here the Mexicans who lounge in the shade against the walls do not wave as the Americans pass by. It is the first sign of hostility.

The Mexicans, we are told, are rather capricious in their attitude toward the foreigners. In one town only smiles will be met, in the next perhaps the darkest of frowns. But tho a few scared truck-drivers have come in with the tales of sniping from which they narrowly escaped with their lives, there has as yet been no manifestation of any disposition to make a definite attack upon the line of com-

PAIGE

The Standard of Value and Quality

The car of "Her" choice

It is probably no exaggeration to say that nine women out of ten will prefer the Paige "Six-46" to any other car in the moderate price field.

But—if you want the evidence of your own experience—take the "Missus" along with you next time that you visit Automobile row.

Let her see all of the popular light Sixes. Then ask her to name the car of her choice.

It is, of course, the Fairfield's beauty of line and design that makes the strongest appeal to feminine fancy.

But don't forget for one minute that your wife will also be interested in the mechanical features.

This is the car that she can drive with absolute safety—and she will be quick to recognize that fact.

Though the "Six-46" is a big car, it can be controlled with amazing ease.

The powerful Six cylinder motor throttles down to a mere snail's pace without change from "high" and instantly—eagerly—responds to the slightest impulse of the accelerator.

With so much flexibility at command, it is child's play to drive in the thickest city traffic.

The Fairfield "Six-46" is the ideal family car. That is why it makes such an instantaneous appeal to both men and women.

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company
1202 McKinstry Ave., Detroit

Fleetwood "Six-38" \$1050
Fairfield "Six-46" \$1295
f. o. b. Detroit



FREE MANUFACTURING SITES AT RICHMOND, VA.

Every inducement to new industries. Abundant labor, ample shipping facilities; near coal fields, ore deposits, and great markets. Unlimited electric current at 1 cent per K. W. H. Write for information. Richmond & Rappahannock River Railway RICHMOND, VA.

A History of the Modern World

The gripping historical story of the last hundred years of national and international upheaval, which found its climax in the present great war. Told by Oscar Browning, M.A., one of the world's greatest historians. This is an absolutely authoritative narrative for the history student; a source of enlightening explanation for the man who wants to understand present-day national ambitions, motives and attitudes; a record of fascinating entertainment for every man, woman and child in their reading hours. Written in the author's individual, fascinating and accomplished style. New, inexpensive, one-volume edition. 1000 pages, cloth bound, \$3.00; by mail, \$3.20. FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Beautiful Diamonds Sent on Approval. No Money Down.

Order any diamond from our catalog; we will send it all charges paid. After you have made a thorough examination and are satisfied as to the quality and value, pay 25 per cent. of the price and only 10 per cent. per month thereafter. If not satisfactory, return it at our expense. Don't pay a cent until you are satisfied. Certificate furnished guaranteeing the quality of every diamond. Exchangeable any time for any other article at an annual increase in value of 7-12 per cent. Send for our Catalog De Luxe No. 61, It's free. L. W. Sweet & Co., 2 & 4 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City

Read How it Helps Others

Recently we wrote to five hundred users of our soap, and asked them "What characteristic of Packer's Tar Soap do you like best?" A wide range of usefulness is indicated by these few quotations from replies:—

"I like its pine-tar benefits"—
"leaves my hair beautifully soft"—
"I like its healing qualities"—
"stops falling hair"—"removes excess oil"—
"new life it gives my hair"—
"dissolves dandruff"—
"does not gum the hair"—
"all-around uses"—
"easy to rinse out of the hair"—
"leaves my hair soft and fluffy"—
"keeps the scalp just right."

If you have not yet used "Packer's" send 10c for sample.

Packer's Tar Soap

"Pure as the Pines"

Write for our Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," 35 pages of practical information, sent free on request.

THE PACKER MFG. CO.
Dept. 84A. 81 Fulton St., New York



Packer's Liquid Tar Soap—a perfect, liquid cleanser, delicately perfumed. Liberal sample

10c

munications. Unfriendly tho they may seem in some places, all the Mexicans have a healthy respect for American machinery. They have seen the huge whirring birds which the Americans ride, and fear them. And these great motor-trucks, any one of which appears able to plow through a dozen or so of their adobe houses if so minded, do not tempt them to overt acts of insolence. Perhaps the drivers' custom of letting out their exhausts, when running through the more unfriendly villages, with a roar like a broadside of artillery, has strengthened the Mexican's desire to think his own thoughts but keep the peace. We continue on our journey:

Field-headquarters had just been moved from Casas Grandes to Namiquipa, two hundred and fifty miles from the border, when the truck-train arrived at the former place on its third day, and altho there were still a large number of troops at Casas Grandes it had the appearance of a vast camp that had been deserted overnight. The Chinamen, or *chinos*, as the Mexicans call them, were selling out their goods at reduced prices, and Mexicans were disposing of eggs and chickens at bargain-prices. A few days before, eggs had been sold for 10 cents apiece. When Namiquipa was finally reached the Mexicans had not yet learned how ready the American soldier was to part with his money for delicacies not included in field-rations. A hog was sold for eighty cents, and two dozen eggs were purchased for a quarter. But the prices began to soar overnight.

Half a dozen wounded Mexicans were passing through Casas Grandes to the north as the truck-train passed through on its way south. They were prisoners taken at El Valle, sixty miles southeast of Casas Grandes, and were being taken to Columbus. They have now been taken to the county-seat at Deming, N. M. At Casas Grandes they were taken to the field-hospital. They were filthy, and the doctors ordered a gasoline-bath. The Mexicans knew enough of gasoline to fear it, and after the Columbus raid some bodies of Mexicans were burned in the vicinity. They wailed and begged and dragged back from the gasoline, in scarcely intelligible Spanish imploring the army men not to burn them alive.

El Valle, a long, rambling town of adobe houses and semifriendly Mexicans, we passed through late in the evening to the American camp, a few miles south. Here there are evidences of industry on the part of the natives, and you can buy what the soldiers call "dobe" cigarets, made in the town; but in most of the other towns the mystery is how they live at all, for the fields appear to have been unused for years, and there are no stores, nor other evidence of group inhabitation or industry; yet the people appear in the streets and at the windows, unemployed at no matter what time of day.

From this point the trip is over the backbone of the mountains, and each stream seems to flow in a different direction, while the nights grow colder as the altitude increases. At Las Cruces, between El Valle and Namiquipa, there is a camp that has been made a little Gibraltar. Capt. L. L. Roach, of the Sixth Infantry, has picked a spot for his command here

that has the natural advantage of commanding most of the surrounding country, and has so fortified it that he expresses the calm conviction that his men could withstand twenty times their number.

The camp at Namiquipa was moved when it became field-headquarters to a position that is, from a military point of view, far more advantageous than its original position, and it is believed that it, too, is practically impregnable. It is on a level, 7,400 feet in the air. There is generally ice on the water in the mornings, but in the middle of the day the sun blazes as through a sun-glass. There was a Mexican *hombre* at Namiquipa four days ago who was a very sick *hombre*. He could not speak English, but was ambitious to learn. And so one of the soldiers who spoke a little Spanish and chewed tobacco told the *hombre* that he could speak English if he would only chew a plug of tobacco. He had never tried it before. He didn't quite finish the plug, and so can't speak English yet.

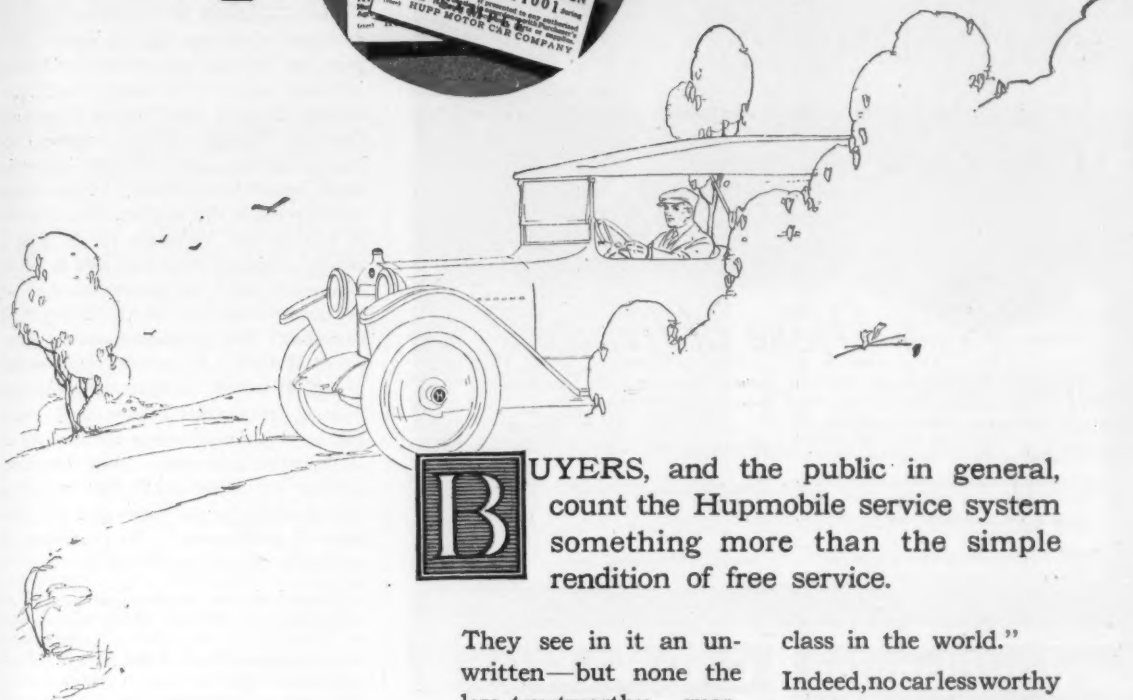
As the trucks were being unloaded at Namiquipa—this train was the first to attempt to take trailers across the paths called roads and carried eighty-seven tons, about three times the quantity carried by the earlier trains—an aged American passed on a burro. He has a ranch a short distance below Namiquipa. With him he had a blanket to sleep in and a package of supplies. We had seen him leave Casas Grandes when the train left there. There were more accidents and delays than usual on the trip, and it was more than once compared to Mark Twain's slow train through Arkansas. It passed the ancient on the burro once every day of the trip.

At Namiquipa the writer disembarked and joined a train of hospital-trucks, bound back to the border with some thirty sick soldiers. Worthy of remark is the incident of Major Ford and the minor Ford, as related:

At Casas Grandes, on the way back, Major Clyde Ford, of the Medical Corps, mounted one of the trucks for the return ride over jolty roads. The little automobile that had started out as the pace-maker for the train and the conveyance of the officers and the *Times* correspondent, had given up the task just this side of Namiquipa and was also riding on one of the trucks. Major Ford is on his way to Washington, and in three weeks will leave for Europe as a military observer of the medical work on one of the English firing-lines.

Among these drivers, by the way, there are unusual characters. In the middle of the Mexican desert one night after most of the men had rolled up on the ground for their night's sleep, I heard some one quoting a long passage from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." He was one of the truck-drivers. He turned out to be Forrest Reed, a few years ago well known as half-back on the University of Michigan team, since then a chemist in his father's copper-mine, later driver in automobile races, once vaudeville actor at Hammerstein's, and now here for the fun of it. There are others of the soldier-of-fortune type, and among them might be mentioned the acting captain of the company, who, tho his income from the patents on the four-wheel drive is a comfortable one, is also here for the fun of it.

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FORTY YEARS OF "UNCLE" JOE

"LEADERSHIP in the House is never accidental"—this is the key-note, expressed by Representative Rodenburg, of Illinois, of the warm appreciation of Joseph G. Cannon shown by many members of the House of Representatives on the recent occasion of the venerable legislator's eightieth birthday. The House took a couple of hours off to "celebrate," and to do honor to the man who for nearly forty years has been in the forefront of affairs in Congress. It was an extraordinary occasion in many ways. A few other men have served longer terms in Congress than Uncle Joe, but none has been longer in solely one or the other body. Nor is there any who has so distinctively been a leader of men in our legislature for so long a period. Only one other man now in public life served with Representative Cannon in his first session of the Forty-third Congress. That is Representative Sherwood, of Ohio. He recalled in a speech in the course of the Cannon celebration some of the events of those early years. Big questions were before the country in those days, as he says, "great questions growing out of the Civil War, questions that appealed to the hearts and the emotions of public men." He continued, as we read in *The Congressional Record*:

General Grant, the foremost man of all the world, was starting on his second term as President. I want to call your attention to some of the developments in science and social ethics that have occurred since that time. I remember that the appropriation for the President in that Congress, for salary and for upkeep of the White House, was \$42,000. President Grant had no body-guard, no military aide. We members were serving at \$5,000 a year. We had to furnish our own quarters. We were not allowed any secretaries. The Speaker had no parliamentary expert. We had no Hinds' Precedents. The country had no automobiles. We had no wireless; we had no flying-machine; we had no canned music. Edison, the wizard of the scientific world to-day, had not yet appeared. We had no electric cars; we had no moving pictures; no typewriting machines. We had no preparedness talk on this floor [laughter]; we had no Calendar Wednesday [laughter]; we had no Army and Navy League. [Laughter.] We had no twilight tango.

We are here to-day with a living and knock-down argument against the theory of Dr. Osler. [Applause and laughter.] It is a mistake to suppose that a man who has reached the age of eighty years has reached the acme of his intellectual development. [Applause and laughter.] Pope Leo XIII. and John Adams were in the full possession of their intellectual powers at ninety. John Wesley was at the height of his eloquence and at his best at eighty-eight. Michelangelo painted, at eighty, the greatest single picture that was ever painted since the world began. He made the sky and sunshine glorious with his brush at eighty-three. General von Moltke was still wearing the uniform at eighty-eight, and at seventy he commanded the victorious Ger-

man Army that entered the gates of Paris. George Baneroft was writing deathless history after eighty. Thomas Jefferson, Herbert Spencer, Talleyrand, and Voltaire were giving out great ideas at eighty. Tennyson wrote his greatest poem, "Crossing the Bar," at eighty-three. Gladstone made his greatest campaign at eighty, and was the master of Great Britain at eighty-three. Humboldt, the naturalist, scientist—the greatest that Germany ever produced—issued his immortal *Kosmos* at ninety.

We will concede that Uncle Joe has passed the period of adolescence [laughter] and that he has reached the age of discretion. You will concede with me that the best effort of his life was undoubtedly his oration on Abraham Lincoln, which was delivered in this Congress. He has not reached the acme of his intellectual development; that will come later. [Laughter and applause.] When he delivers his masterpiece in this Chamber or in a larger forum, I hope I may be present with ears erect to hear or eyes alert to read. [Laughter and continued applause.]

An interesting side-light on Uncle Joe's earlier career in the House is given by Representative Gillett, of Massachusetts, who tells his recollections of Mr. Cannon's service as Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, to his mind "the most glorious and useful part of his career":

You should have seen him as chairman of Appropriations, in the thick of the fray, without manuscript or notes, but all ablaze with energy, now entertaining the House with his quaint conceits and now convincing them with his powerful and ingenious arguments.

That, to my mind, was the sphere where his abilities shone to the best advantage. He is by nature a floor leader. He had the courage, the fearlessness, and that quickness of mind and of tongue accelerating under fire which make a man effective on this floor.

Those of you who have come here this session can have little appreciation, it seems to me, of what the American Congress has sometimes been and what it may be again. [Laughter.] Everything this year has run so smoothly and amiably—there have been so little bitterness and belligerency—that it is difficult to realize the contests of the past. Our Speaker is so genial and so popular with both sides [applause], the minority leader cooperates so heartily with his kindly spirit, and the issues which thus far have arisen have contained so little to excite passion that we seem to be sailing on an eternal summer sea. I hope it may always continue so serene. [Applause.]

But it was in a very different atmosphere that Mr. Cannon was trained. It was different when I first came here. I can remember when the air of this Chamber seemed surcharged with animosity, and there were occasions when it seemed as if the two sides of the House were so hostile and furious that they might at any moment rise against each other in forcible collision.

And yet I suppose during my service it has been calm compared with what preceded it. I suppose in the Fifty-first Congress party-heat reached its extreme. It needed then dauntless courage and unfaltering poise to be a successful leader. And it was in that Congress, I have always understood, that Mr. Cannon really won his indisputable right to be at the front.



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In that historic contest over the rules it was on him that Speaker Reed, the most powerful and formidable figure I have ever seen within these walls, leaned for his most reliable and effective support.

I came here twenty-three years ago. I suppose many of you think, as I know some ambitious men in my district have long thought, that twelve terms are an unconscionable time for any one to serve. [Laughter.] But when I arrived here Mr. Cannon could look back nearly as far as that to the commencement of his service. He was in his prime. In debate his directness, his shrewdness, his brightness of illustration, and his gymnastics always attracted universal attention. I remember being told that once when he was making a speech with his customary vigor, rising on his toes and prancing up and down the aisle, Mr. Reed called out to him, *sotto voce*: "Joe, are you making this speech on mileage?" [Laughter.]

But while his peculiarities of manner attracted attention, they were but the publicity-agents for the real power and originality of his arguments. No one knew better than he how to appeal to both the judgment and the prejudices of the House. His quick and fertile mind not only grasped and developed all the intrinsic force of the argument, but also took advantage of the foibles and self-interest of his audience. He did not simply argue the merits of the proposition, but he fought strenuously to make his side prevail. He made speeches, not to circulate in his district or to win applause, but to win votes, and if he could not succeed the cause was hopeless.

The chairman of the Appropriations Committee generally has the unpopular side, for he is usually fighting for economy. I do not believe it is simply the natural prejudice of my own membership which makes me feel that a spirit of economy always permeates that committee far more than any other committee of the House. Now is not the time to discuss the reason for it, which would be interesting.

But ever since I have been here the chairman of that committee has been the watch-dog of the Treasury and the champion of retrenchment. Mr. Cannon filled that rôle preeminently, but with a good nature, a practical common sense, a sagacious judgment of the temper of the House, and a prudent mitigation of abstract justice by personal necessities which won him extraordinary success. He was ready to compromise when he thought it wise and reasonable, but he never shunned a fight, and he never surrendered till every resource was exhausted. The adversary who anticipated an easy victory just because he had the popular side had little appreciation of the power, the knowledge, and the resourcefulness of Mr. Cannon. He was, of course, sometimes beaten, but he often won where another would not have dared to fight.

Quite as interesting are the appreciative words of the present Speaker, Uncle Joe's successor. Representative Clark's remarks are recorded in part as follows:

Mr. Speaker, this Government has existed 127 years under the Constitution—a brief, fleeting period in the existence of a nation, but longer than the span of life vouchsafed to any of the latter-day sons of Adam. We are engaged in celebrating the birthday of the only man in our history who has been elected to the House

of Representatives twenty times—a unique achievement, which may be duplicated in the next 127 years, but probably will not. Such a record can be made only under a rare and peculiar set of circumstances: First. The constituency must remain in the same political faith during two score years. Secondly. The man himself must be as constant as the northern star and be possessor of unusual endowments, mentally and physically. Thirdly. His constituency must have such faith in him as would remove mountains.

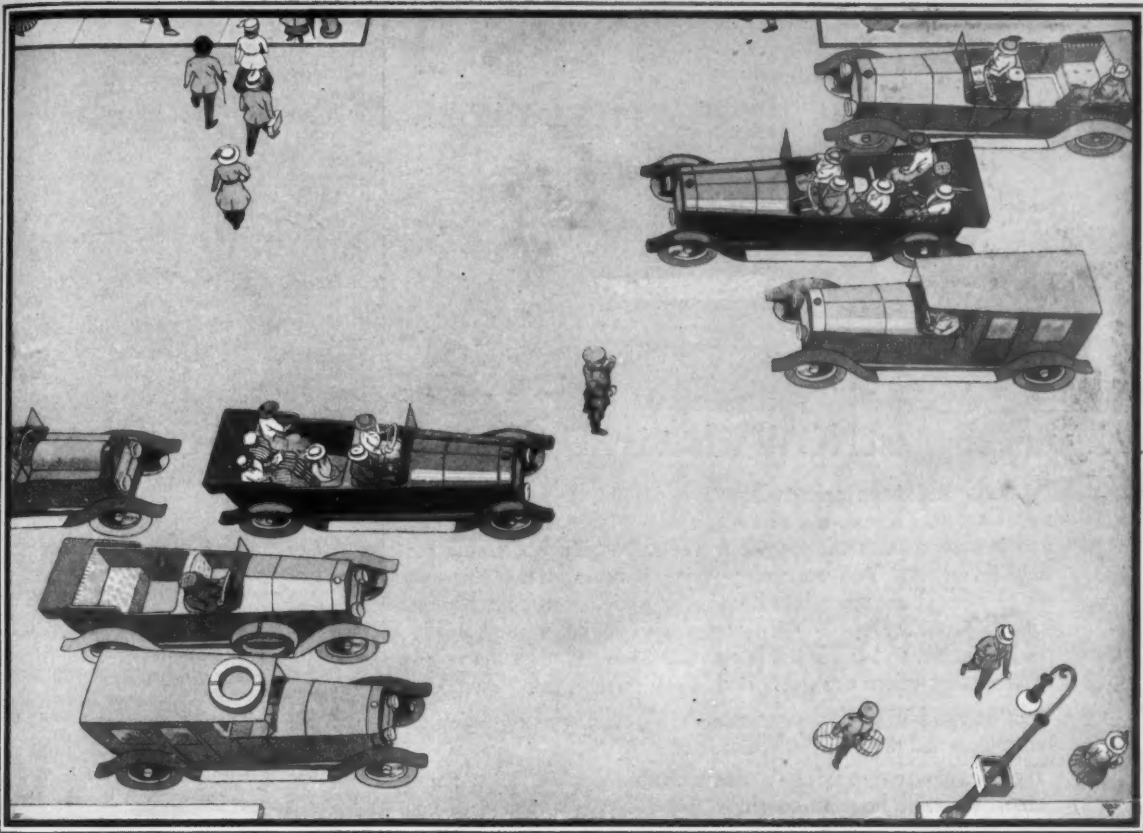
Mr. Speaker Cannon is now well into his fortieth year in the House, and is in fine fettle in both body and mind—at which we all rejoice. [Loud applause.]

When he was first elected, only about a dozen of the present members could vote. Many were in their swaddling-clothes, trying to achieve the first acrobatic feat any of us and all of us ever essayed, to get our big toe into our mouth. [Laughter.] A majority of the members were then unborn. What an astounding amount of history has been made in this country in the forty-four intervening years, all of which he saw and part of which he was!

I am glad that Mr. Speaker Cannon made his great speech on the Immigration Bill recently—for it was a great speech—glad on his account, glad on my own account; glad most especially on account of you newer members who have come into the House in the last thirteen years; glad that you had the opportunity of not only hearing, but seeing, him as James Steerforth wished to be remembered, "at his best." We are all James Steerforths in that regard. J. B. McCullough, long-time editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, once said that he had often thought that had there been present a man who could see but could not hear and one who could hear but could not see when Roscoe Conkling delivered his superb speech, nominating General Grant in the famous Chicago convention of 1880, he believed that the deaf man who could see would have derived as much pleasure from Conkling's performance as the blind man who could hear. I confess that seeing Mr. Speaker Cannon in action has always interested me quite as much as what he said. [Laughter and applause.] He has always appeared to me to be made up chiefly of spiral springs. [Laughter.] I saw him once do, while speaking, a thing that I doubt if any other speaker ever duplicated since the confusion of tongues at Babel. In the heat of debate I saw him make a complete circle on his heel.

He is one of the strongest rough-and-tumble debaters I ever heard or tackled. He belongs to the topnotcher class of mental pugilists. He hits and hits hard, but never below the belt. I remember with pleasure now—that not so pleasant then—that in the first real debate in which I ever participated in the House he catechized me *in extenso*. It was a red-hot political debate—a cut-and-thrust affair—on the repeal of the Federal election law. I had not been here more than two months, and was ambitious to break into the lime-light, or, as the Kaiser would say, to achieve "a place in the sun." [Laughter.] I did it on that occasion, largely by aid of Mr. Speaker Cannon, tho I entertain serious doubt whether he intended assisting a rampant, greenhorn Democratic Congressman, for the billows of politics ran mountain-high at that time.

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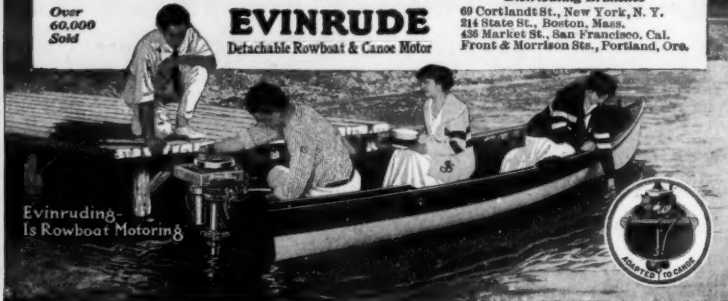
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course we did—many of us, tooth and nail, hammer and tongs. Scars? All who participated in those fierce conflicts bear them—honorable scars, all in front; none of us escaped unscathed. Sometimes we fought over political principles, sometimes about Governmental business, and sometimes by reason of what Cæsar denominates *certaminis gaudium*—the sheer joy of combat. Once Speaker Cannon was in the full tide of speech when I interrupted him, and he waved or shoved me off by saying, "Oh! Not now. I will attend to the Missouri Cyclone presently"—which he did, and I came near having fastened on to me the sobriquet borne now and for many years by the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Davis]. [Laughter and applause.]

MR. DAVIS, of Texas: Amen! [Laughter.] MR. CLARK, of Missouri: On another occasion I had the floor, and when Speaker Cannon interrupted me I conferred upon him the alliterative title of "The Dancing Dervish of Danville"; but out of it all we came forth good, warm personal friends, and will, in the language of the wedding-ceremony, so remain "till death do us two part."

Fame is the scentless sunflower with gaudy crown of gold.
But friendship is the treasure-rose, with sweets in every fold.

In 1894 there was the worst slaughter of the innocents since the reign of King Herod. I was one of the victims of that awful landslide. I remember with gratitude that Speaker Cannon was the first person who suggested to me that I might come back. He spoke and predicted from experience.

On the day, a few weeks ago, when the bill authorizing the Government to take over the title-deeds to the land in Kentucky on which stands the splendid memorial building covering and protecting the humble log-cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, we witnessed a pleasing and amazing spectacle—Mr. Speaker Cannon, eighty to-morrow, and General Sherwood, some months his senior, straight as arrows, lithe as men of fifty, delivering speeches which thrilled our hearts; and the strangest feature of that remarkable scene was that these two well-beloved octogenarians read whatever they wanted to read without glasses! Verily, like Moses, the master lawgiver of all the centuries, their eyes are not dimmed nor their natural force abated. [Applause.]

When, "by unanimous consent of the House," the eighty-year-young Uncle Joe rose to speak, it was to be expected that he would start off with a story, and his hearers on this occasion were not disappointed. He said:

Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House of Representatives, it is pleasant for an old man to meet his fellows in the public service, to look in their faces, and feel that they accord to him the same honesty of purpose that they claim for themselves.

And yet upon this occasion, if you will bear with me for a few moments, I recollect a story that John O'Neill told me many years ago. He was an Irishman who represented a St. Louis district, and he had all the brightness, wit, and humor that Irishmen generally have. One day, sitting in the cloak-room, when the conversation was running, he said: "When

I was at home last week, having leave of absence for a few days, an Irish client of mine was about to die. He had no relatives in this country and all his relatives in Ireland had crossed over, and he sent for me to write his will. I had been his attorney. He gave so much for the repose of his soul, so much for various charities. He knew exactly what he had, and I wrote the will and read it over to him, and he discovered when he came to make the addition that there was \$10 left over that had not been disposed of."

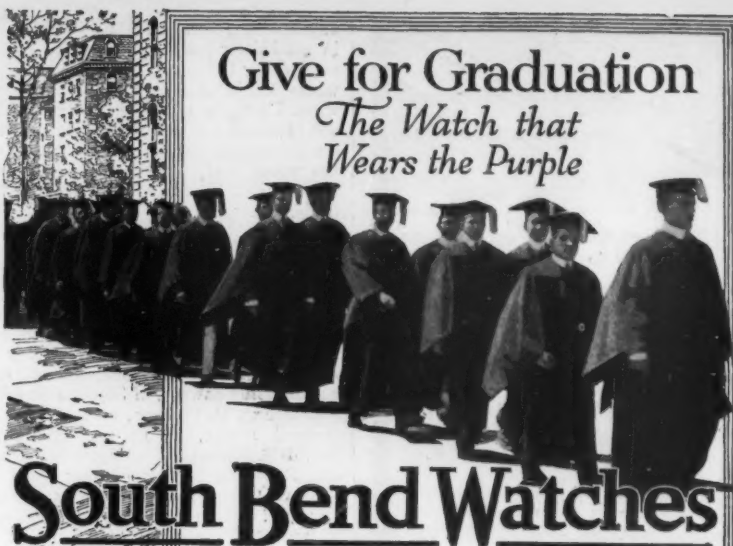
O'Neill said the dying Irishman realized that his time was short and asked if there was time to write the will over. O'Neill said to him: "Oh, I can fix it all right. I will just put in what we call a 'codicil.' What do you want to do with the \$10?" He thought a minute and said, "I'll not be knowin' what I want to do with the \$10 exactly—but, yes; it can be invested in whisky, to be drank at my funeral." "Going or returning?" asked O'Neill. "Going, of course. I'll be wid 'em then." [Laughter.]

Brother Sherwood, you and I came into this House together, elected in 1872. I have been here more of the time than you have, but I think you have been doing as good service, and probably better than I have. You are my senior in years; and, looking in your eye, I appreciate your friendship. We were political friends when we served in the Forty-third Congress. We are political opponents now, but really I think I respect and love you as much as it is lawful for one man to love another. [Applause and laughter.]

These doctors have made great progress in medicine and surgery. Why, with the blood-letting that there was, with the thrust of a lancet that obtained in the West, while the West was being settled, and the 10 grains of calomel, and 10 grains of jalap, you know it would kill people if it was administered now, and the great doses of quinin, and so on. That was heroic treatment. [Laughter.] In medicine and surgery the world has progressed more in your time and mine than it did in the whole history of the race, from Eden down to your time and mine. They talk now about being on the eve of discovering a medicine or elixir, or something, that will make us all live to be at least 150 years old. I want them to hurry up, Brother Sherwood. [Laughter.]

Forty-three years is a long look back, and such are the vagaries of public life that most of the faces well known to the venerable Uncle Joe have disappeared from the House. Yet, he declares, he sees many of them still about him, whom others with younger eyes can not see. The walls still echo with forgotten syllables for this veteran of two-score years of Congressional eloquence. As he says:

If I sometimes see the faces and hear the voices of others not now here to answer the roll-call, I may not be charged with dreaming, for among these 3,000 men with whom I have been associated in legislative efforts and over partizan contests there were hosts of personal friends of whom I never thought as Republicans or Democrats, except as we discuss different policies. These men had their hour on this stage, did their work in their time, as you are doing it now, following in the line



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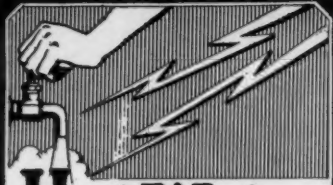
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of precedent; here amending where changes in conditions make it necessary, but not attempting to uproot and reconstruct the whole fabric of the people's law. And when I see ghosts in this Chamber I am not frightened, for they typify the spirit of a representative democracy as truly as do the words and works of those who laid the foundation of this Government in the beginning.

Who could fear the ghosts of Blaine and Randall, of old Alexander H. Stephens and Henry L. Dawes, of Ben Butler and George F. Hoar, of "Sunset" Cox and Tom Platt, of Fernando Wood and William A. Wheeler, of Charles O'Neill and "Pig-Iron" Kelley, of Holman and Tyner, of Beck and Blount, of Bland and Mills, of Jerry Rusk and Philetus Sawyer, of Stephen B. Elkins and George Q. Cannon, of Ben Hill and General Banks, of Proctor Knott and David B. Culberson, of John H. Reagan and Randolph Tucker, of Tom Reed and John G. Carlisle, of McKinley and Frank Hurd, of Nelson Dingley and William L. Wilson, of Crisp and Henderson, and the hosts of others whose names are familiar to you or to any who know the history of our country?

There are now more great men and more great women in the United States than there ever have been in the past history of the Republic. Some one asks, "Where are they?" And I answer, They are everywhere, following their vocations; but when necessary, whether it be in Congress or in civil life, or upon the bench, in the State legislature; whether it be in diversifying the industry of the country and carrying on the business of the country; whether it be following the plow or working in the machine-shop, there will be found more people capable for self-government and ready to defend the flag than there ever have been since the discovery of America. [Applause.]

Is there humor in the House of Representatives? Yes. The first notoriety I ever obtained in this House and in the country was by the aid of "Sunset" Cox, who came into Congress from Ohio and then from New York. A great man was Cox. He had a versatile mind. He was full of humor. One day he was "running amuck," attacking the Republican side, as only he could. We were cheering him at times on both sides, and sometimes there was gnashing of teeth on this side. [Laughter.] Finally, he made a remark about a constituent of mine who had just been nominated for Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Gen. Green B. Raum, a good, strong man, a former member of Congress. Just at that time Alice Oats was here in *opéra-bouffe*. She was inimitable. One of the characters in her opera, as I recollect it, was *General Boom*. "Sunset" Cox, in his remarks, said: "Why, here at last they have turned out a good, honest Commissioner of Internal Revenue and appointed somebody—I think he is from Illinois—General Boom." Well, that aroused me, and I jumped up and said, "Will the gentleman yield?" "Oh, no," said Cox, "I can not yield. The gentleman shakes his finger, and he scares me." Then a smile came over his face and he said: "Yes; I will yield." "For what time?" inquired Mr. Speaker Blaine. "As long as the gentleman will keep his left hand in his pocket," answered Cox. [Laughter.] I accepted the yielding and stood in that aisle, and I began vigorously to defend General Raum; but I had not talked sixty seconds until

I forgot all about the left hand, and out it came. "Time's up," said Cox. And it was up. [Laughter.]

The conclusion of his speech is truly characteristic:

A man said to me the other day: "What would you give, Mr. Cannon, for an insurance-policy that you would live to be one hundred years old?" I said: "A real policy that would make me live—and would I have to die then?" "Yes," he said, "just a policy of that kind." I said: "Give? I would rather pay something not to have it." "Why?" he said. "Well, there is probably one man in half a million in the United States now living that will live to be one hundred years old, and I am going to take my chances." [Laughter and applause.] He said, "That is a slim chance." I said: "Yes, but I would not have the policy anyway, because every day that would pass it would occur to me that it was one day less." The Great Father has arranged it properly, no man can foresee when he will die.

Now, I do not desire to keep you longer. I thank you, Mr. Speaker, and gentlemen, with all the sincerity in my power for this compliment. I never had such a compliment before. It would be impossible to have another such, and I appreciate it. [Prolonged applause.]

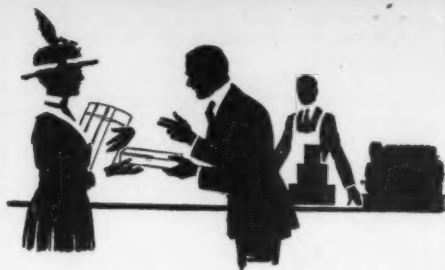
A REGRETFUL RUNAWAY

THE road to fame and fortune, as exploited widely in the boys' books of a class frequently banned but often read, is vastly alluring to many a youngster. *Tom the Bootblack* starts out ragged and friendless, but with ingrained love of industry, and the habit of the most scrupulous politeness toward wealthy old gentlemen, their wives, and their golden-haired daughters. In the last chapter he is a shining example of the vagabond triumphant. Others of his ilk start out similarly equipped, some for industry in city streets, some for a roaming life in the Far West. All, all return, on page 346, to shower golden beneficence on the friends of their destitute days. What boy can read such pages and feel no answering glow within him? Some, as the Indianapolis *Star* remarks, only dream of starting out themselves in just such a way; others actually go. We read on:

One of the latter, fourteen years of age, lives in Philadelphia; he has good parents, a comfortable home, and three square meals a day, but about two weeks ago he told a playmate that he was sick of going to school and was going out into the world to make his fortune. Then he disappeared.

A couple of weeks later the police found him forlorn and ragged, with a partly eaten loaf of bread under his arm, and had no difficulty whatever in inducing him to cease his wanderings. He did not conceal his opinions and discoursed freely, thus:

"Those fellers who write books about kids goin' out into the world and makin' their fortune ought to be locked up. It's all bunk. I ain't seen no fortune or no fame since I left home. I have seen nothin' but cold nights and hard knocks. Nights I slept on top of a gratin' of the engine—



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We want you to know one reason for the difference and where to look for this better kind of service.

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room of a bakery to keep warm. For two weeks I have lived on nothin' but bread given me by drivers of the bakery. I never want to see no more bread. Believe me, I'll never kick on the cookin' at home again. One of those home meals will look like a feast for a king when I get there. Huh! fame and fortune, there ain't no such things for kids. I want to go home."

PORCINE PREPAREDNESS

PORK and Preparedness begin with the same letter of the alphabet, but in other respects they are vastly different. For example: To widen Chickasha Creek at Federal expense is pork; but to widen Chickasha Creek at Federal expense so that, in case of an invasion of this country by the Chilean Army, it would serve as a protection to Chickasha City and give the citizens of Oskeola County time to arm and take the field—that is preparedness. Preparedness was at first misunderstood by a good many of our Congressmen. They looked upon it and saw in it a possible diversion of funds from thirsty constituencies. They became hostile toward it. But they have seen their mistake. Down with pork! Up with preparedness! It is not *au fait* nowadays to propose a measure without the careful enunciation of the four syllables of "preparedness" somewhere in the course of your remarks. As Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, has feelingly expressed it:

We spent five weeks on a power-dam bill. It was insisted that it was a question of preparedness. We passed from that to another power-dam bill, and that was a question of preparedness. Now we seem to have another dam proposition. It seems as if we have just one dam bill after another. Everything is under the cloak of preparedness.

Child-labor bills, rural-credits bills, the river and harbor bill, and many another, have swung in on the tail of the preparedness parade, to have a free ride on the national band-wagon. Perhaps the height of patriotic devotion has been reached, however, by the constituent of a certain United States Senator who lately wrote to him urging preparedness as the prime reason for the erection of a new post-office. A small section of his letter is presented to us by *The Advocate of Peace*, of Washington, as follows:

We are expecting a public building in our town. Our member of Congress promised it to us during the campaign, and we are entitled to it. Besides, think of what it may mean along the lines of preparedness. The public buildings to be constructed in the future should be constructed as a sort of fort. A round building is just as feasible as a square one for post-office purposes; then, when we are at the front fighting the battles of our country our wives and children can stay in the public building, if it is constructed as a fort, and we will feel that they are safe from foreign invaders.

If you are really a lover of your country, do not oppose any appropriations for public buildings. Of course, if you intend

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to side against your country and sympathize with its foes, and be untrue to the flag that means so much to us, then we can not expect any help from you in securing our public buildings.

The temptation to enlarge on the idea here presented proves irresistible to the editor of this pacific monthly. With amusing solemnity he declares that—

Here we have a patriotic citizen, a constituent who would advance the whole program of preparedness materially. Every public building a fort! There you have efficiency, a kind of preparedness which is indeed concrete.

While our ideas come hard, and we constantly need them in our business, let us carry this thought on a little and be consistent. Why forget our railroad-locomotives? Surely each should be mounted with a 42-centimeter howitzer at once. There are no engineering obstacles involved which seem to us insurmountable. Anyhow, every engine has an engineer. It might necessitate the raising of a few bridges, but when everything else around us is rising with such perfect freedom that would be a small matter. The expense of caring for the gun would by this process be greatly reduced, for the reason that its welfare in time of peace or war could be left wholly and appropriately to the fireman. It has always seemed to us strange that guns have not heretofore been exclusively in the charge of firemen. Anyhow, such a saving to our Government should not be overlooked.

Again, while we are not as expert with mitrailleuses as we might be, yet from what we know of them we feel that at least three might be very properly placed on the top of every watering-cart, and at least two on each ice-wagon in our national life. As will be readily seen, the watering-carts operating night and day would lend themselves especially to a very important aspect of preparedness. The ice-cart, being a permanent institution throughout our land, would lend itself particularly for service in the daytime. Then, too, if every Ford automobile were obliged to carry an aeroplane-destroyer we would be perfectly prepared, so far as danger from the air is concerned. But why go on? The wealth of suggestions is overwhelming, the possibilities infinite. If the Government, for example, were to take over the hat-manufacturing industries and supply each hat with revolving automatic rapid-fire guns, necessarily of a small caliber—we refer to men's hats only—then we would have a citizen soldiery indeed without interrupting the ordinary wheels of industry. Needless to say, ladies' hats lend themselves to infinite possibilities of preparedness-treatment, of which the extension of hat-pins is but one instance in point.

Is it not clear that those responsible for our defense in this country are derelict in their duty, lacking in vision, nodding, we may say, at the switch? Preparedness, preparedness for our dear political homes and firesides—that is the idea. Steel tips for pointed shoes have received little attention, while suspenders strong enough to throw grenades, so far as we know, have not been mentioned. But every public building a fort! That need is immediate, pressing, and mandatory. When will those responsible for the defense of this great nation rise to the demands of our enlightened age?

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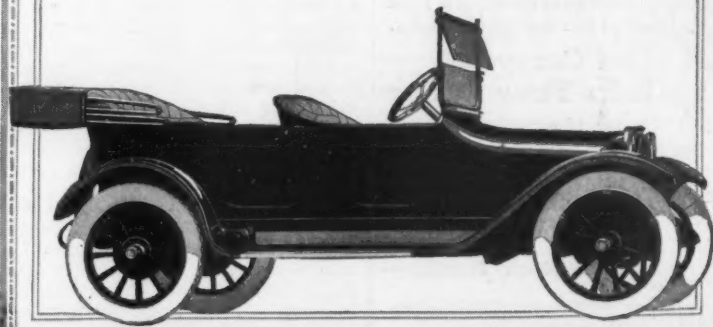
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GETTING BACK AT THE NEIGHBORS

HOW often have we fumed and raged inwardly at the doings of those whose property abuts upon ours and whose dispositions encroach? We have, doubtless, often wished for an impersonal bulletin-board, a sign-board as big as the biggest that constitutes landscape along the railway-line, on which, with no names mentioned, we might blazon forth the sins that sit so lightly upon our neighbor's conscience and so heavily upon our peace of mind. We would hope, ever so lightly, that by some bare chance our neighbor might stroll by that sign-board, read the measure of our tribulation, and perhaps take thought unto himself. *The American Magazine* recently provided such a sign-board, in one of the many little competitions which it runs for its readers' amusement, in which the prize-winners give expression to personal views upon matters of common interest to all men and women. This particular contest is attractively entitled "Things I Wish My Neighbor Would Not Do." We are told that the objection most commonly found in the replies was concerned with the entanglements involved in keeping chickens. One example is given:

There is nothing which makes me see red so quickly as to see my neighbor's hen surrounded by her brood scratching in my bed of pansies, or to hear a gawky old rooster calling to his harem to hurry and see which can get the nice fat worm he has just unearthed from the middle of my radish-bed; or to see, on a pleasant winter afternoon, scratching in my cherished bed of pinks, which I have tenderly covered with leaves, my neighbor's whole flock of hens, and to hear my neighbor's wife calling to a passing friend: "Yes, our chickens did fine this year—yes, we keep them up in the summer, but in the winter when there is nothing they can hurt we let them out."

But the breaking-point comes when, going peacefully about my work one pleasant afternoon the following spring, I am startled by a shot in my neighbor's yard, and looking out I see Tommy Traddles, my baby's "lovely kitty," crawling painfully toward the house, dragging a broken leg, and my neighbor calmly wiping his rifle as he strolls leisurely toward his back door. The piece of my mind which I hurl across the fence at that man would have crippled him if it had been a brick. I tell him that he may expect every chicken which meanders over to our side of the fence to go home in the same condition or worse. I do not approve of Tommy's theft of chickens, but I do think that forbearance is a virtue which should not be entirely one-sided.

Another prolific subject of disagreement appears to be the telephone. As follows:

We don't object to paying for our neighbor's telephone convenience. It's being roused out of our first sound sleep at night—or, worse yet, the last delicious snooze in the morning—that we seriously object to.

It's putting on our galoshes and rain-

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what you get when you buy The Florsheim Shoe—the ease of a perfect fit, the assurance of correct style, the satisfaction of long service—not what you pay but what you get.

Ask the Florsheim dealer for the style you prefer. Look for name in shoe.

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It dissolves in the hot water.

The cool air strikes it at the mouth of the leak and congeals it into a cement which repairs the leak automatically.

When leaking stops, drain and refill and your radiator is like new.

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coat and wading a quarter of a mile through slush, just to ask Mrs. X to please step to the phone. It's coming back and finding Jack, Jr., stuffing Baby Betty with pop-corn, to tell Mrs. Y that Mrs. X is not at home.

Briefly, then, to cut short a tragic story, I never put baby in her tub, pie in the oven, or lather my scalp with tar soap, that I do not have to entertain a neighbor who just ran in to phone, and who remains hours to gossip.

But the proverbial "last straw" was added when a newcomer, a comparative stranger to us, asked if I would mind putting the key under the mat when we went out so she could telephone her husband. The part that rankles is that I did!

Matters have come to a crisis, and but one of two courses is open to us. The first is to sell our home, since a telephone is a business necessity with us, and move to a telephone-equipped neighborhood. The second and practically decided-upon course of action is to enclose with glass a small square porch opening off the dining-room, and turn it into a telephone-booth for the use of our neighbors.

But the story that won the first prize was of a somewhat different sort—an anonymous statement that perhaps had never been uttered by the writer before, and never will be again. It is worth being read, however, by all of us who may be neighbors to some one or other—and few of us are not. It bears the title of "The Neglected Stranger." We read:

Her mother's death left her with no near relatives, and we were married the following week so she could accompany me to my new territory out in Kansas.

She had been away from home but little, and the idea of a new home in a new country thrilled her—new surroundings, new people under new conditions.

Our little rented home was in a good neighborhood. I wanted her to have friends in plenty, as my work allowed me home but two days a month.

But no friends came. Absorbed in their older friends, they forgot, possibly, to call on or to include the little stranger in their pleasures.

She never mentioned it to me—the "spunky" little body had too much pride; but I saw that the hunger for friendships and acquaintances was telling on her. She had always had them back home, and she wondered why not now.

Finally, a miniature duplicate of her came—but for a few days only. And when she left she took the mother with her.

Then the neighbors came, quantities of them and full of sympathy, but too late.

And honestly, perhaps ungratefully, I wished they hadn't come.

A Hard Life.—Here is a story which if it is not true ought to be. The soldier in the train was dilating on his changed life.

"They took me from my home," he said, "and put me in barracks; they took away my clothes and put me in khaki; they took away my name and made me 'No. 575'; they took me to church, where I'd never been before, and they made me listen to a sermon for forty minutes. Then the parson said, 'No. 575, Art thou weary, art thou languid?' and I got seven days' C.B. for giving him a civil answer."—*Manchester Guardian.*



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"But are you willing to offer the rest of yourself?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Expert.—"Pop, what is a promoter?"
"A promoter, my son, is a man who can make either a dollar or a penny look like thirty cents."—*Life.*

Too Smooth.—"Mr. Sinnick is very polished, isn't he?"
"Very! Everything he says reflects on some one."—*Boston Transcript.*

Sincere.—SHE—"He never even mentioned the price of gasoline!"
HER MOTHER—"That's love, all right—or else he's tongue-tied."—*Judge.*

A Bad Strain.—"Several horses belonging to A. S. McKinney, Girard liveryman, were stricken the other day with a strange melody."—*From the Warren Chronicle.*

Reform.—"Can you alter that gown to fit me, do you think?"
"Certainly not, *mademoiselle*. That isn't done any more. You must be altered to fit the gown."—*Life*

And Effect.—"Doctor, I am troubled with cold extremities. What do you suppose is the cause?"
"Cold weather. One dollar, please."—*Boston Transcript.*

Desperate Case.—"What might of proved fatal had Mr. Sam Willard not gotten up just when he did Wednesday morning when on hearing a peculiar noise in his son's bed room and on going in found his oldest son William in an unconscious state and but for the prompt assistance of them and Dr. Kurham of Ithaca who was called he might not of rallied."—*From the Gratiot County (Mich.) Herald.*

Revelation.—TRAVELER—"I say, what are you people so proud about? Last time I came here everybody was very friendly, and now I can hardly get a person to speak."

UNCLE EBEN.—"You'll pardon us, but it's our town pride. You see, Joe Summers picked up a guide-book that fell out of a motor-car last week and we found that the old tannery swamp is a mountain tarn, Simmons' stone-quarry a precipice, Bill Moodler's beer-house a wayside inn, and the whole country chock-full of historical antidotes and delusions."—*Toledo Blade.*

Asking Too Much.—According to the following anecdote our blockade of Germany has been much more effective than certain newspapers will admit. At a recent banquet the Belgian Consul, H. L. de Givie, said:

"I have just heard an anecdote about the German food-famine.

"A regiment of *Landsturm* men were setting out for the front from Berlin. The usual crowd were seeing the old boys off—an anxious, silent crowd. But finally there was one chap who screwed up spirit enough to shout, 'Long live Germany!'

"At this a gray-whiskered *Landsturm* man turned round and yelled reproachfully at the shouter, 'What on?'"—*Til-Bits.*



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Reminiscent.—"There is a real idea back of everything he writes."

"Yes, all the way from one to two thousand years back."—*Life*.

Perfectly Calm.—**ANGLER** (in deep water)—"Help! Help! I can't swim!"

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN (on shore)—"I can't, neither, but I ain't hollerin' about it."—*Harper's Magazine*.

Craft.—"I think I'll start a magazine to be called *Umbrage*."

"Why that somewhat unusual name?"

"People are so apt to take it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Knew Him.—"I'm going to decorate you for bravery, Mr. Wadleigh. Put this French war-orphan medal on your coat."

"But I haven't performed any deed of heroism."

"But you will when you give up twenty-five cents."—*New York World*.

Waiting.—The man getting his hair cut noticed that the barber's dog, which was lying on the floor beside the chair, had his eyes fixt on his master at work.

"Nice dog, that," said the customer.

"He is, sir."

"He seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

"It ain't that, sir," explained the barber.

"You see, sometimes I make a mistake and snip off a little bit of a customer's ear."—*Boston Transcript*.

His Need.—For three successive nights Newpope had walked the floor with the baby. On the fourth night he became desperate and bought a bottle of soothing-syrup.

"Why, James," exclaimed his wife when she saw the bottle, "what did you buy that for? Don't you know it is very dangerous to give a child anything like that?"

"Don't worry," was her husband's reply. "I'm going to take it myself."—*Wisconsin State Journal*.

Pacifism.—"Officer, what is the charge against these two men?" asked the court.

"Disturbing the peace by scuffling."

"Your Honor," piped one of the accused. "We wasn't scrappin'. I wuz tellin' him 'bout a fight dat de Rooshians won, an' he sez dat I didn't pernounce de name right. Den I called him a liar, an' den he hit me, an' I hit him back. Dat wuz all, your Honor."

"Discharged. But hereafter when you fellows have a dispute about a foreign name delete it. That's the way the censors do, and they never get hit."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

His Taking Ways.—Not long ago the editor of an English paper ordered a story of a certain length, but when the story arrived he discovered that the author had written several hundred words too many.

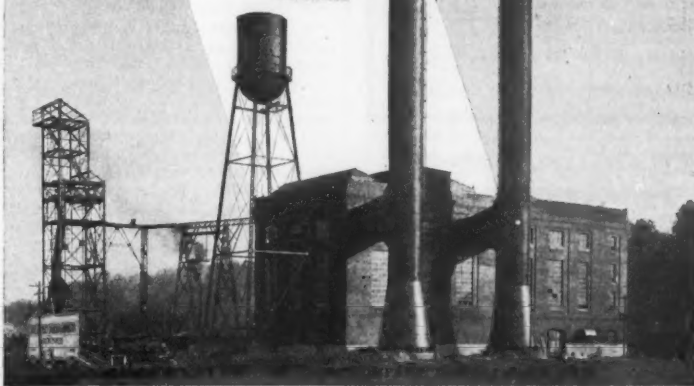
The paper was already late in going to press, so there was no alternative—the story must be condensed to fit the allotted space. Therefore the last few paragraphs were cut down to a single sentence. It read thus:

"The Earl took a Scotch high-ball, his hat, his departure, no notice of his pursuers, a revolver out of his hip-pocket, and, finally, his life."—*Everybody's Magazine*.



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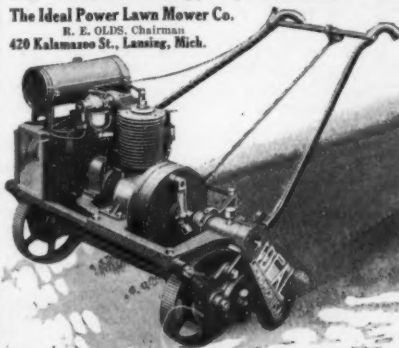


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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

FAR FEWER FAILURES IN APRIL

JUDGING from returns of failures for the month of April, *Bradstreet's* finds that prosperity has "made a decided step forward." In the number and in the amount of the liabilities, as compared with recent months, there was in April "something of a perpendicular drop." The number was the smallest for any month since the war began, while the liabilities were the smallest since May, 1912, and the smallest for any month of April since 1907. Returns for four months also made an encouraging showing as compared with a year ago. At the same time attention is directed by *Bradstreet's* to the restraining fact that, in the matter of numbers, the total failures both for April and for the first four months of the year "exceed the totals for any year previous to last year," and, in fact, "show heavy excesses over the period 1906 to 1913." Other interesting items in *Bradstreet's* article will be found below:

"There were 1,262 failures reported in April this year, a decrease of 22 per cent. from March and of 24.6 per cent. from April a year ago, but an increase of 3.3 per cent. over April, 1914. Liabilities in April aggregated \$13,111,396, a decrease of 27 per cent. from March, and were only one-third what they were a year ago in April. They are also smaller than in April of any year back to 1907. The April comparisons of failures, assets, and liabilities over a period of years are as follows:

	Number	Assets	Liabilities
1916.....	1,262	\$6,829,123	\$3,111,396
1915.....	1,674	20,755,179	33,950,205
1914.....	1,221	8,628,578	17,708,784
1913.....	1,148	12,473,968	20,404,323
1912.....	1,079	6,262,121	14,182,704
1911.....	985	6,221,136	13,279,650
1910.....	874	11,995,689	24,349,636
1909.....	998	9,734,383	17,963,197
1908.....	1,152	9,831,317	22,385,765
1907.....	733	5,626,601	9,888,052
1906.....	682	4,270,331	7,896,214
1905.....	765	5,072,948	9,386,430
1904.....	800	7,723,299	13,929,746
1903.....	708	5,579,892	10,229,957
1902.....	791	3,056,041	7,102,847
1901.....	909	3,671,741	8,348,446
1900.....	707	2,693,079	7,074,567
1899.....	886	3,236,167	7,426,174
1898.....	1,053	6,411,107	14,521,937
1897.....	980	10,840,746	17,847,990
1896.....	1,050	8,271,945	14,920,714
1895.....	1,086	7,473,377	13,665,759
1894.....	953	6,987,540	12,288,894
1893.....	903	21,169,177	37,209,473

"The failures, assets, and liabilities during the first four months of this year and last and those in the four months' periods of each year since 1908 compare as follows:

	No. of Failures	Assets	Liabilities
1916			
January.....	1,799	\$8,284,134	\$1,340,533
February.....	1,608	9,386,188	18,068,223
March.....	1,637	8,032,023	17,958,205

First quarter.....	5,044	\$25,702,345	\$53,366,961
April.....	1,262	\$6,829,123	\$3,111,396
Four months.....	6,306	\$32,531,468	\$56,478,357

	No. of Failures	Assets	Liabilities
1915			
January.....	2,378	\$35,428,030	\$50,576,581
February.....	1,865	13,663,744	24,943,644
March.....	1,876	16,615,409	30,171,610

First quarter.....	6,119	\$65,707,183	\$105,691,835
April.....	1,674	\$20,755,179	\$33,950,205
Four months.....	7,793	\$86,462,362	\$139,642,040

1914.....	5,416	\$53,400,686	\$89,221,622
1913.....	5,063	45,346,883	85,237,166
1912.....	5,089	34,721,149	67,180,009
1911.....	4,477	39,992,909	71,304,606
1910.....	4,176	34,483,221	69,803,280
1909.....	4,310	28,466,925	57,211,152
1908.....	5,339	79,890,208	134,192,265

"Failures for four months of 1916 ending with April number 6,306, a decrease of 19.7 per cent. from last year, but an increase of 16 per cent. over 1914, while liabilities aggregated \$66,478,357, a decrease of 52.5 per cent. from last year—less than half those of 1915, in fact—and were smaller than in any year back to 1907. The South still continues to show the greatest decrease in number from a year ago in April, the decrease being 40 per cent. in that group, as against a decrease of 27 per cent. in the Far West, 22 per cent. in the Middle States and the Northwest, and 20 per cent. in the Western group. In liabilities, New England shows only a fraction of 1 per cent. decrease in April, while the decrease in the middle States is 84 per cent. In the other groups the liabilities in April this year are only one-third to one-half what they were a year ago.

"New York City failures in April show a decrease of 36 per cent. from a year ago, while liabilities are less than one-tenth what they were last year. This heavy decrease is explained by one large department-store suspension and some heavy liabilities of dry-goods and steel-manufacturers in April, 1915."

PREFERRED STOCKS AS INVESTMENTS

Siegfried Strauss contributes to *The Magazine of Wall Street* an article on the value of certain classes of preferred stocks as investments, some of which have little actual value, while others are so well seasoned as to rank with excellent bonds, but they have the added advantage of yielding larger returns on the investment. It is true of preferred, as well as of common stocks, that many of them were originally given as bonuses to the purchasers of bonds when the roads were organized and built. That some of them now have real value is due to the fact that with the passing of years the roads became such earners of money as to make it possible for them to pay regular dividends on their stocks. Exceptions to this rule, however, still exist—for example, the preferred stock of the Denver & Rio Grande, which is now off the dividend list; the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, now in the hands of receivers; the Southern Railway and the Erie, neither of which at present, or for some years, has paid dividends on its preferred stock. Four roads are named by the writer as having issues of capital stock, common as well as preferred, totaling nearly \$100,000,000 in par value, and yet such stocks must still be regarded as largely water, any value that they have being based not so much on assets as on the voting power which ownership of them creates. There exist three classes of preferred stocks—first, those on which no dividends are paid, and on which none are paid on the common; those on which dividends are paid without payments on the common, and those on which dividends are paid on both preferred and common. Mr. Strauss prints a table of seasoned preferred investments, and with it comments on the general subject of preferred stocks:

"This division into three classes does not mean that there are no fundamental differences between the stocks of the same class. Denver preferred is quoted around 20, Erie preferred around 50, which distinctly indicates that Denver preferred is

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This New Mitchell body, with its new-style equipment, was designed after the New York Shows. The ablest designers exhibited there 257 new models. The Mitchell "Six of '16" was one.

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So you will find in this car 26 costly features which are practically exclusive to Mitchell.

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largely water, while a very large percentage of the water has been squeezed out of Erie preferred by reinvesting part of the earnings of the railroad in the property. Among the preferred stocks of Class 2 there are stocks like Loose-Wiles first preferred, which has paid its 7 per cent. dividend for the last four years, and is quoted about 90, while American Locomotive preferred stock, which has paid its 7 per cent. dividend ever since the company came into existence in 1901, is quoted around 102. In both cases the common stocks have not paid any dividends for years, but the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company shows a deficit after paying its preferred dividend, while the American Locomotive Company earned its preferred dividend with a satisfactory margin."

The writer then gives a list of "seasoned preferred investments," with price and yield, and comments further:

Company	P. c.	Amount Outstanding in Million Dollars	Price April 17th	Yield P. c.
Atchafalpa	5 n.c.	124	100%	5
Baltimore & Ohio	4 n.c.	60	76%	5 1/2
St. Paul	7 n.c.	115	129	5 1/2
Reading first	4 n.c.	28	90	4 1/2
Reading second	4 n.c.	42	90	4 1/2
Norfolk & West	4 n.c.	23	87 1/2	4 1/2
Union Pacific	4 n.c.	109	82 1/2	4 1/2
American Smelting	7 cum.	50	113	6 1/2
American Sugar	7 cum.	45	117 1/2	6
American Tobacco	6 cum.	52	106	5 1/2
General Chemical	6 cum.	15	115	5 1/2
National Biscuit	7 cum.	24	125 1/2	6 1/2
National Lead	7 cum.	24	114 1/2	6 1/2
U. S. Steel	7 cum.	360	117 1/2	6

"The only class of preferred stocks, however, which can be classed on a par with bonds for investment—purposes are the preferred stocks of corporations, which have paid dividends on both classes of their stock for a number of years. The table herewith gives the preferred stocks of seven railroads and of seven industrial, which corporations have paid dividends on the common stocks for the last ten years without interruption. The only exception is the United States Steel Corporation, which passed its common dividend for one year in 1915.

"Practically these preferred stocks are just as safe an investment as any first-class bond, with the great advantage of yielding from 4 1/2 per cent. to 6 1/2 interest per annum, which compares very favorably with the yield of 4 to 4 1/2 per cent. for a first-class bond. Theoretically, of course, the bondholder as a creditor is in a stronger position than the preferred stockholder, as the former owns part of the corporation. But this advantage of the bondholder is of no practical consequence when the corporation is of such financial strength as the ones mentioned in the above table. There are quite a number of corporations which have a rather poor record as far as their dividends are concerned, but their preferred stocks may at present be considered absolutely safe investments. To this class belong the preferred stocks of the 'war-brides,' like Bethlehem Steel, Baldwin Locomotive, Central Leather, etc. These corporations have made such tremendous profits during the war that dividends on their common stocks seem assured for a great many years to come.

"Investing in preferred stocks of corporations, which have a good ten-year record with regard to the dividend on their common stocks, may be strongly recommended to the most conservative investor."

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SECOND LANDLADY—"Oh, I don't know. You keep them so thin that they look longer than they really are."—*The Pathfinder.*

CURRENT EVENTS

EUROPEAN WAR

IN THE WEST

May 4.—The French hold and enlarge their positions at Dead Man's Hill, despite a violent bombardment by the Germans. A French offensive is noted in the Cheppy Wood, in the Argonne. The Germans inflict some punishment on the British lines at Monehy. The population of Metz is reported ordered to evacuate.

May 5.—The German bombardment of the "Hill 304" district and of Avocourt and Caurettes Woods continues unabated. A less violent but continuous bombardment is maintained east of the Meuse.

May 6.—The German attempt to take "Hill 304" continues. A few of the French trenches are gained, as the result of an "unprecedented" attack. The French occupy a German trench near Fort Douaumont.

May 7.—The Crown Prince's forces make further gains at "Hill 304," on the west bank of the Meuse. Following the two-days' bombardment they seize trenches on the east slope, near Bethincourt Brook, an acknowledged weak point in the French defense. The German holdings are on the north and east sides of the hill. Berlin reports the failure of a French attack at Thiamont Farm, east of the Meuse. Much artillery activity is reported on the British front.

May 8.—The attack on "Hill 304" is slightly shifted to the west in a sharp drive on "Hill 287," of which a portion, known as "The Ant-Hill," is already in German hands. Paris reports this halted by fire-curtain and mitrailleuses. The German statement claims that the crest of "Hill 304" is reached and all positions are held. A German attack in the region of Dixmude is checked by the Belgians.

May 9.—Paris reports the repulse of three German attacks of great violence on "Hill 304" and its immediate vicinity. A fourth attack, it is said, is stopt before it has time to leave its position. The principal feature of the French defense is said to be the extensive use of mitrailleuses in the front trenches, cutting down materially the number of men needed there.

May 10.—Another heavy attack by the Germans on the "Hill 304" region is reported frustrated by the French defense.

GENERAL

April 30.—Food and Socialist riots are reported in Vienna, with many casualties and arrests.

May 3.—An Austrian air-squadron attacks the barracks and other buildings at Ravenna, Italy, escaping unharmed. A reconnoitering squadron of torpedo-boats meets four Italian destroyers southwest of the mouth of the Po, engaging in a combat at long range.

Petrograd reports a repulse of the Turks at Baiburt, in the Caucasus, and the occupation of Turkish trenches before Erzingan.

May 4.—Another contingent of Russian troops disembarks at Marseilles.

May 5.—The executions of four more Irish rebels are announced. The condemned are Joseph Plunkett, Edward Daly, Michael O'Hanrahan, and William Pearse. The first-named is the eighth of his family to be executed by the British Government for treason.

On the Austro-Italian front, Rome claims heavy Austrian losses in the Giudicaria



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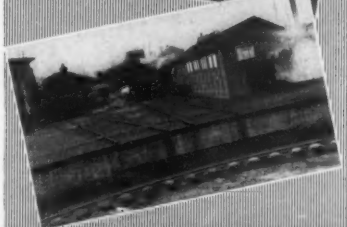
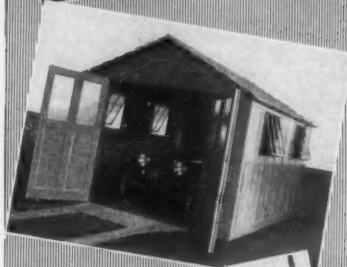
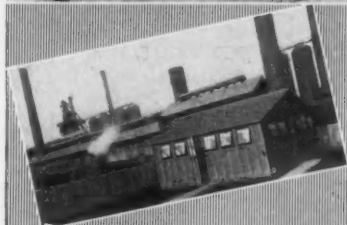
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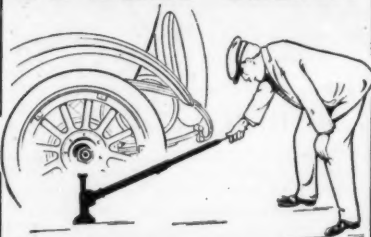
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Valley, the upper Astico Valley, and in the Marmolata zone. Paluzzo, in the Carnic sector, is shelled by the Austrians, the Italians replying with a bombardment of Mautern, in the Gail Valley. Cukla, in the Plezzo sector, is repeatedly attacked by Austrian forces, but without effect, say Italian dispatches.

Renewed activity is reported along the entire Russian front. The Germans attack the village of Dombrovka, but Petrograd claims a Russian advantage here, gained by counter-attack. Russian reports claim success also in a surprise-attack at Lake Med.

Copenhagen reports that the latest German official announcement of the Prussian casualties to date is 2,557,124.

The British estimate of losses for all Germany, exclusive of naval or colonial losses, is 2,822,907.

May 6.—Petrograd reports a repulse of the Turks at Primorsky, in the Caucasus. Near Bagdad, at Sermalkerind, the Turks suffer severely and fall back on the capital.

The Norwegian Government formally notifies the British and French Governments that she can not admit their interpretation of the rules of The Hague Convention of 1907, concerning the seizure at sea of neutral mails.

A semi-official statement is issued by Lord Robert Cecil, British Minister of Blockade, answering the declaration in the German note of the 4th that Great Britain has violated international laws, and is conducting her blockade less humanely than is Germany.

May 7.—Countess Markiewicz, said to be the moving spirit in the recent Irish rebellion, is sentenced to death by the British authorities, but the sentence is commuted to life imprisonment. The sentences of eighteen other rebels are commuted to imprisonment of varying terms.

Austrian troops are rushed to the Isonzo front to meet an anticipated Italian drive.

The White Star liner *Cymric* is torpedoed off the southwest coast of Ireland, 138 miles west of Fastnet, and subsequently sinks. No passengers were aboard. The captain asserts no warning was given.

Corfu reports the sinking by a mine of a Russian transport carrying soldiers to France. About 600 lives are lost. The British battle-ship *Russell* is lost also by a mine in the Mediterranean.

General Petain, hero of Verdun, is promoted to the command of the armies between Soissons and Verdun. Gen. Robert George Nivelle succeeds Petain in charge of the local operations.

May 8.—Four more Irish rebels are shot: Cornelius Colbert, Edmund Kent, Michael Mallon, and J. J. Houston.

Russian operations against the Turks are reported successful at Erzingan, Diabekr, and Bagdad. In each case heavy Turkish losses are claimed. The army near Diabekr is engaged in driving the Turks out of the range of mountains to the northeast.

The House of Commons adopts the daylight-saving resolution, whereby all clocks in Great Britain will be moved forward one hour between May 20 and September 30. It is calculated that \$12,500,000 in fuel and lighting will be saved.

Prince Bernhard von Bülów, so-called "Peace Minister," is called into conference with the Kaiser at Great General Army Headquarters.

May 9.—Petrograd reports that the Russian Army operating southwest of Kermanshah, Persia, captures Kasr-

Shirin, on the Dijala River, 25 miles from the border and 150 miles, as the crow flies, from Bagdad. The Dijala enters the Tigris below Bagdad and a serviceable road follows its course thither from Kasr-i-Shirin.

May 10.—The thirteenth Irish rebel to be executed, Thomas Kent, of Coole, near Fermoy, is reported shot.

MEXICAN-BORDER WAR

May 5.—At Ojo Azules, six troops of the Eleventh Cavalry, under Major Howze, overtake the largest of the scattered Villa bands and disperse it, killing fifty-five, and wounding and taking prisoner many others, without a single American casualty.

Mexican bandits, said to be commanded by Cervantes, the leader at Columbus, N. M., cross the border and attack Glenn Springs, Tex. After a three-hour fight they are driven off by Sergeant A. Smith and eight men of Troop A of the Fourteenth Cavalry, who lose three killed. At least two civilians are reported killed. The bandits flee south to Bouquillas, where they burn and loot.

May 6.—General Carranza ratifies the tentative agreement of General Obregon and General Scott, save for a few minor details. President Wilson has already ratified it *in toto*.

May 8.—Two troops of the Eighth Cavalry arrive at Marathon, Tex., to begin the pursuit of the Mexican bandits who attacked Glenn Springs. According to latest reports, fifty Mexicans were killed in that attack. General Pershing reports his troops greatly hampered by forest- and prairie-fires set by the Mexicans.

May 9.—Eleven companies of coast artillery, comprising 1,000 men, with five batteries of field artillery, are ordered to the border. The National Guard of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico are called out for duty on the border, and, in addition, three regiments of regular infantry, the Third, Thirtieth, and Twenty-first.

At a renewal of the Obregon-Scott conference, General Obregon offers to place a large Mexican guard-force along the southern side of the border, to protect the United States against bandit-raids, provided this country consents to withdraw its troops on any fixt date.

May 10.—Consul Edwards in Juarez receives orders from Washington to speed the removal of all civilian Americans from his district at once. General Pershing is ordered to fall back and shorten the line of communication.

Admiral Winslow, in command of the American naval squadron on the west coast of Mexico, reports that ninety-one American refugees have been taken from the two ports of Manzanillo and Mazatlan.

GENERAL FOREIGN

May 7.—The French canal connecting the Rhône and Saône rivers with the sea at Marseilles is completed and officially opened.

May 8.—A general strike on all railroads is ordered in Spain by a representative congress of labor-leaders.

DOMESTIC

WASHINGTON

May 4.—The President receives Germany's submarine note, in which Germany repudiates any implication of intentional destruction of vessels regardless of



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their nature or nationality, complains bitterly of British responsibility for the present state of affairs, and declares that no merchant-vessels shall be sunk without warning or without saving human lives, unless the ships attempt to escape or offer resistance, but asserts that "it must reserve to itself complete liberty of decision" in case the British Government cannot be brought to book by the United States.

The General Board of the Navy reports to Congress that reattainment of the place of second in the world's naval strength will cost the United States \$791,441,207 in initial outlay. The plan proposes one more vessel in each class than Germany has at present.

May 6.—Cooperating with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company,

Secretary Daniels mobilizes the country's media of communication, issuing orders and receiving reports in connection with vessels in many American ports, and at sea as far away as Honolulu, depending principally on the radio-telephone.

May 8.—The President dispatches a reply to Germany's note, accepting the German promises as to the future conduct of submarine warfare, but refusing to regard them as contingent on any action between this country and any other country.

May 9.—The House Committee on Merchant Marine proposes, with an urgent plea for immediate action, that Congress support the Administration Ship-Purchase Bill, which, it is asserted, will provide between 500,000 and

700,000 extra tonnage for our merchant marine.

May 10.—Secretary Lansing announces the receipt of a note from Germany admitting that a U-boat commander sank the *Susser*, and promising indemnity and the punishment of the commander.

GENERAL

May 4.—Troops arrive to take charge of the strike situation in Pittsburgh. Between 5,000 and 10,000 more men go on strike.

May 6.—Hostile attempts are made in Santo Domingo to overthrow President Jimenez, but American Minister Russell warns officials that armed intervention will take place within seventy-two hours unless the two factions come to a peaceful agreement.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

To "C. L. P.," Morrisonville, N. Y., and Several Correspondents.—The LEXICOGRAPHER has to thank a Member of Congress for the following: "The members of the Legislative Committees are not appointed by the Speaker, but are elected by vote of the House. The same is true of the Rules Committee. The Speaker of the House is not and can not be Chairman of the Rules Committee, and is even excluded from membership on that committee. Previous to the great fight a few years ago on what was called 'Cannonism,' the situation was as previously described; at present, however, Rule X of the rules adopted by the House for its own guidance provides that the standing committees 'shall be elected by the House at the commencement of each Congress,' and Section 47 of the same rule provides that a committee on rules shall 'consist of eleven members of which the Speaker shall not be a member.' In actual practise the members of the committees are nominated either by the regularly chosen 'floor leaders' of the respective parties, or by the party caucuses or conferences, an agreement having previously been reached as to the representation the minority party shall be permitted to have on each committee. At present, on a committee of 21 members there will be found 13 Democrats and 8 Republicans. Each party, having provided for the nomination of its own members to have various committee assignments, the two lists are handed to the 'floor leader' of the majority. On the floor of the House he puts these names regularly in nomination. Any member may move to amend the list by striking out names and inserting others, but, of course, this is not ordinarily done. The list prepared by the party leader, or by the nominating committee appointed by the party caucus, will ordinarily be elected by the House without change. The committees of the present Congress were elected December 14, 1915."

"N. J.," Mason City, Ill.—"Please tell me if there is justification for the use of the colon in such a sentence as: 'The players were: Brown, Jones, and Smith.'"

The use of the colon is justifiable when introducing a long list or category, but not in such a short sentence as the one submitted, where the meaning is clear if it be omitted; as, "The players were Brown, Jones, and Smith."

"M. L. L.," Lytton, Cal.—"(1) How is the word 'chiroplast' commonly pronounced? According to my dictionary, it should be 'khiropodist,' with a long 'i,' but I hear it pronounced almost invariably 'chiroplast,' the 'i' short. (2) Which expression is correct: 'We are very desirous of maintaining our position,' or, 'We are very desirous to maintain our position'? (3) A friend insists that 'bomb' should be pronounced 'bum,' and showed me an old school dictionary using that pronunciation. I hold that that pronunciation is obsolete. Am I wrong or right in my assertion?"

(1) Your dictionary is right, the *ch* has the hard sound of *k* and the *i* in the first syllable has the diphthongal sound heard in "aisle." There is no authority for the *sh* sound or for the short *i*. (2) "Desirous of maintaining our position" is the better form, this adjective taking the preposition of in modern English, the form with *to* being now obsolete. (3) The word *bomb* has two pronunciations: (1) *bum*, with the *u* as in "but"; and (2) *bom*, with the *o* as in "not."

"L. M. S.," Columbia, Mo.—"When and how did the expression 'no bones' originate?"

The circumstances under which the expression "to make no bones" about a thing, in the sense of having no scruples about doing it, or finding no difficulty in accomplishing it, are not generally known. It can be traced in English literature as far back as Nicholas Udal, who uses the expression in his *Apophthegms of Erasmus* (1542), since which time it is of frequent occurrence. The phrase may have related to the eating of a piece of meat, which would go down easily enough if there were no bones in it, but with difficulty did it contain bone.

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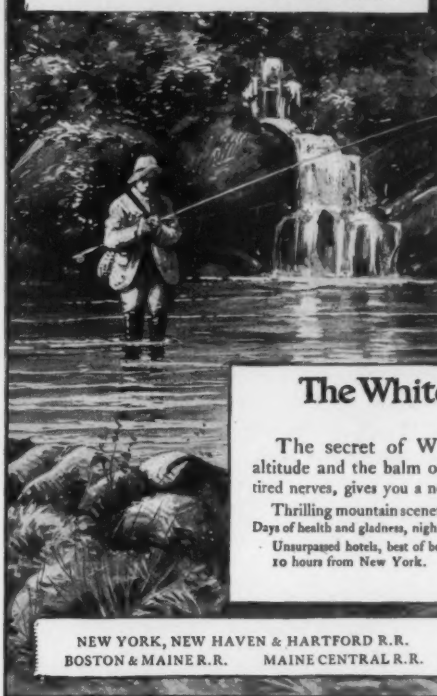
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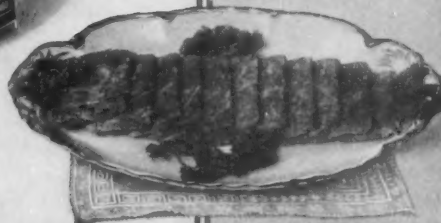
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